

## **OUR FAMILY TREASURY**

# **UNIT HISTORY**

OF THE

## **27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (LIGHT)**

### **U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS**

#### **WORLD WAR II**

**1 JANUARY 1940 - 1 SEPTEMBER 1942**

### **History of my uncle's military unit**

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**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**  
**G. Wayne Dow**



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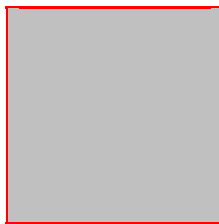
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## CONTENTS OVERVIEW

(3)

FOREWORD  
INTRODUCTION  
    THE MICROFILM  
    MY COMMENTS and OBSERVATIONS  
    ILLUSTRATIONS and APPENDIX  
    WHAT HAPPENED to THEM ?  
SELECTED PAGES from the MICROFILM  
    FILM REEL INFORMATION  
    DOCUMENT to ROLL INDEX  
    FOLDER HEADING  
    THE 27th REPORTS or "HOW TO GET SCROGGED, BUGGAR ALL"  
    CONTENTS  
    LETTER from COLONEL DAVIES  
    DEDICATION  
    AUTHORS and PUBLICATION COMMITTEE  
    PREFACE - "FOR WANT of an AIRPLANE"  
        PHOTOGRAPH of DOUGLAS DAUNTLESS A-24 DIVE BOMBER  
FEBRUARY 1940 to JULY 4, 1941 THE 27th GROUP  
    PHOTOGRAPH-OFFICERS of 16TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON at SAVANNAH ARMY  
AIR BASE  
    JULY 4 to OCTOBER 31, 1941 THE 27th GROUP  
        SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE ILLUSTRATION  
        PHOTOGRAPH-OFFICERS of 16TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON on PRESIDENT  
COOLIDGE  
    FIRST CLASS PASSENGER LIST  
        SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE POST CARD from MANILA  
        MAP of MANILA AREA  
        MAP of MANILA BAY AREA  
        MAP of the PHILIPPINES  
ROSTER of PERSONNEL - 27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)  
NOVEMBER 1 to DECEMBER 7, 1941  
DECEMBER 9 TO DECEMBER 17, 1941  
ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL to ASSEMBLE and MOVE AIRPLANES  
DECEMBER 8 to DECEMBER 22, 1941 16th SQUADRON  
DECEMBER 7 to DECEMBER 17, 1941 91st SQUADRON  
DECEMBER 8 to DECEMBER 17, 1941 17th SQUADRON  
ORDERS to CLARK FIELD  
DECEMBER 10 to DECEMBER 17, 1941 CLARK FIELD  
DECEMBER 18 to DECEMBER 22, 1941 THE AUSTRALIAN DETAIL  
DAVIES MESSAGE re GASOLINE  
DAVIES MESSAGE re FLIGHTS  
DECEMBER 18, 1941 to JANUARY 30, 1942 27th IN P.I.  
DECEMBER 18, 1941  
DARWIN to BRISBANE DECEMBER 22 to DECEMBER 24, 1941  
DAVIES COMMENDATION of S/L H.F.F. Le GOOD  
DAVIES PROGRESS REPORT - AMBERLEY FIELD  
AMBERLEY TRAINING SYLLABUS  
DECEMBER 28, 1941 - ARCHER FIELD, BRISBANE, Q  
TRAINING OPERATIONS at AMBERLEY FIELD  
CONFERENCE on FURTHER TRAINING to be GIVEN PILOTS of U.S. AIRCRAFT

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

DECEMBER 24, 1941 to FEBRUARY, 1942  
AUSTRALIAN and SUBSEQUENT UNIT MEMBERS' ACTIVITIES  
PHOTOGRAPH of OFFICERS at "THE LAST SLUG" at CHARTER TOWERS, AUSTRALIA  
APRIL to SEPTEMBER 1942  
3RD GROUP - 13TH SQUADRON  
MAP - THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN DECEMBER 8, 1941 - MAY 10, 1942  
MAP - THE RETREAT TO BATAAN DECEMBER 23, 1941 - JANUARY 9, 1942  
MAP - THE FIRST BATTLE OF BATAAN JANUARY 6 - FEBRUARY 13, 1942  
MAP - THE SECOND BATTLE OF BATAAN MARCH 15 - APRIL 9, 1942  
P-40 PILOTS at BATAAN FIELD  
BATAAN FILED SETUP  
AIR FIELDS BATAAN and CORREGIDOR  
NARRATIVE of the ACTIVITIES of 24TH PURSUIT GROUP  
AIR CORPS at BATAAN FIELD  
COMBAT STATUS of PHILIPPINE DEPARTMENT AIR FORCE DECEMBER 1, 1941  
MAP - LUZON - LOCATION of AIR UNITS DECEMBER 8, 1941  
TABLE of RATIONS BATAAN FORCE JANUARY 29, 1942  
CODE DESIGNATIONS - 20 JANUARY 1942  
CORRECT SPELLINGS  
FAR EAST AIR FORCE HISTORY in PHILIPPINES - ORGANIZATION and EQUIPMENT of the FEAF  
FAR EAST AIR FORCE CHAIN of COMMAND  
AWARDS - CITATIONS - PHILIPPINES  
LT THOMAS (TOM) GERRITY DIARY

ANNEX A - APPENDIX A

ANNOTATED ROSTER of PERSONNEL - 8 DECEMBER 1941  
ANNOTATED ROSTER of PERSONNEL - 13 DECEMBER 1941  
ROSTER of SURVIVORS and/or their SURVIVING FAMILIES - 1988  
MEMORIAL PROGRAM and DEDICATION - 8 OCTOBER 1977  
BIOGRAPHICAL and OTHER INFORMATION-OFFICERS of the 27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP

B

BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD N. BACKUS  
1ST LIEUTENANT HOMER P. BRASWELL  
COLONEL FRANK P. (PETE) BENDER  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE ARTICLE  
1ST LIEUTENANT RICHARD R. BIRNN

C

PRIVATE HORACE J. COMEAUX  
1ST LIEUTENANT LEROY COWART JR.

D

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN H. DAVIES  
1ST LIEUTENANT GEORGE S. DAVIS  
1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES R. DAVIS  
2ND LIEUTENANT SAMUEL (SAM) H. DILLARD III  
2ND LIEUTENANT OLIVER (OLLIE) C. DOAN  
1ST LIEUTENANT RICHARD B. DONNEWALD  
2ND LIEUTENANT PHIL R. DOWNEY  
1ST LIEUTENANT PAUL DUGAN  
WARRANT OFFICER JUNIOR GRADE JOE M DUNLAVY

E

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM E. EUBANK JR.

G

MAJOR DAMON J. GAUSE  
GENERAL THOMAS P. GERRITY  
1ST LIEUTENANT EDWARD E. GILBO  
1ST LIEUTENANT ANTHONY L. GLEBIS  
COLONEL PAUL IRVIN "PAPPY" GUNN

H

CAPTAIN WINFIELD S. HALTOM  
LT COLONEL ROBERT F. HAMBAUGH  
BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM G. HIPPS  
CAPTAIN GUSTAVE M. HEISS

J

1ST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM T. JOHNSTON

K

2ND LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. KANE JR.  
1ST LIEUTENANT CHARLES E. LASSMAN

L

2ND LIEUTENANT CHARLES E. LASSMAN

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

M

2ND LIEUTENANT GORDON E. MACCANI  
1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES H. MANGAN  
CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. MARROCCO  
1ST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. MARVEL  
LT COLONEL JAMES B. McAFEE  
1ST LIEUTENANT ROBERT F. McCLURE  
2ND LIEUTENANT EZRA McKENNEY  
1ST LIEUTENANT KENNETH G. MILLER  
1ST LIEUTENANT PAUL E. MITCHLER  
2ND LIEUTENANT RALPH I. MUSSON

O

1ST LIEUTENANT ALVAN S. OSE  
1ST LIEUTENANT WOODY T. OWEN

R

1ST LIEUTENANT HENRY J. ROSE  
2ND LIEUTENANT HARRY ROBERT ROTH  
LT GENERAL ROBERT G. RUEGG  
JOHN AMBROSE RYAN

S

COLONEL COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE  
1ST LIEUTENANT PEARLY H. SCARBORO JR.  
1ST LIEUTENANT RALPH L. L. SCHMIDT  
LT COLONEL JOHN W. SEWALL  
CAPTAIN GLENWOOD G. STEPHENSON  
SARGEANT LELAND W. SIMS  
2ND LIEUTENANT WILLIAM W. STRESE  
COLONEL JULIUS B. SUMMERS JR.  
1ST LIEUTENANT MELVIN R. SWENSON

T

2ND LIEUTENANT THOMAS P. TALLEY  
2ND LIEUTENANT ARNOLD W. THOMPSON  
COLONEL FRANCIS E. TIMLIN  
2ND LIEUTENANT EDWIN C. TOWNSEND

W

LT COLONEL LELAND A. WALKER  
2ND LIEUTENANT ALVIN E. WHALLEY  
LT COLONEL MARK M. WOHLFELD  
2ND LIEUTENANT MICHAEL F. WOLF

UNIT CONSTITUTION and ACTIVATION DOCUMENTS  
SPECIAL ORDERS - 16th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (L)

ANNEX B - APPENDIX A

THE END of the BATAAN AIR FORCE  
LT COLONEL JAMES B. McAFEE DIARY  
USS SEAWOLF SS197  
27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L) IN AUSTRALIA DURING WWII  
3rd BOMB GROUP (LIGHT) IN WORLD WAR II  
REINFORCEMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES  
SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE  
THE FATE of the SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE  
AIRCRAFT  
DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC  
DOUGLAS A-20A HAVOC  
DOUGLAS A-24 DAUNTLESS  
MARCH FIELD MUSEUM LETTER (5 July 1988)

ANNEX B - APPENDIX B

BIOGRAPHICAL and OTHER INFORMATION - OFFICERS and MEN of the 27TH BOMB GROUP  
2ND LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. KANE JR.  
2ND LIEUTENANT SAMUEL (SAM) H. DILLARD III  
1ST LIEUTENANT HENRY J. ROSE  
1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES H. MANGAN  
CAPTAIN GUSTAVE M. HEISS  
CAPTAIN GLENWOOD G. STEPHENSON  
COLONEL PAUL IRVIN "PAPPY" GUNN  
SARGEANT LELAND W. SIMS  
PRIVATE HORACE J. COMEAUX  
27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L) IN AUSTRALIA DURING WWII  
PHOTOGRAPHS - COLONEL JOHN H. DAVIES

**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**

**G. Wayne Dow**

GATEWAY TO VICTORY MEMORIAL STONE - BRETT'S WHARF  
3rd BOMB GROUP (LIGHT) IN WORLD WAR II  
REINFORCEMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES  
PUBLIC RELEASE OF OFFICIAL HISTORY  
DATING OF THE ORIGINAL HISTORY  
AIRCRAFT  
    DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC  
    DOUGLAS A-20A HAVOC  
    DOUGLAS A-24 DAUNTLESS  
SOURCES and CONTACTS  
    ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ABOUT SOURCES  
        EDWIN ROGERS  
        GUS BREYMAN  
        JOHN RICHIE  
        CLYDE G. STEPHENSON  
CONTACTS MADE - WHO REMEMBERS HARRY ROTH?  
    PRIVATE JAMES BOLICH - 16th Sq  
    PRIVATE JOSEPH CASSIN - 16th Sq  
    PRIVATE WESLEY H. WELLS - 48th Materiel Sq  
    CORPORAL GLADWYN R. NUNNALLY - Hq & Hqs Sq  
    PRIVATE CLETIS O. OVERTON - 16th Sq  
    COLONEL COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE - 16th Sq

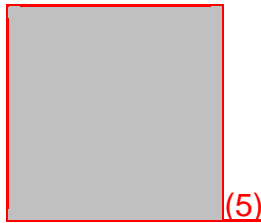
This infobase is a sub-infobase of the infobase titled:

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY



It is also a sub-infobase of the master infobase about my uncle, **Harry Robert Roth** [RN1072], titled:

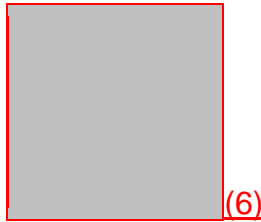
HARRY ROBERT ROTH





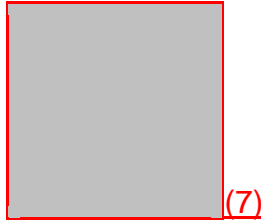
It is also a sub-infobase of the master infobase about his military service during World War II in the U.S. Army Air Corps, titled:

**U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS SERVICE of HARRY ROBERT ROTH**



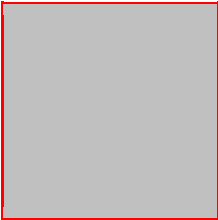
Another sub-infobase contains copies of Harry's military personnel, medical and prisoner of war files from the National Archives of the United States, titled:

**HARRY'S MILITARY RECORDS**



and another, a book written by Mary Cathrin May, that is "The Story of the 27th Bombardment Group (Light) in World War II", also titled:

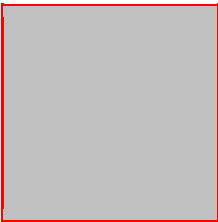
**THE STEADFAST LINE:**



(8)

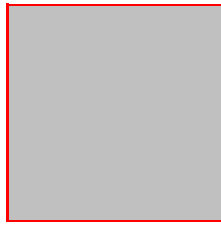
In addition, there are sub-infobases of the master infobase containing documents and other material about the sinking of the Japanese freighter ARISAN MARU by the American submarine *U.S.S. Snook* or *U.S.S. Shark II*, which resulted in Harry's death, titled:

**SINKING OF THE ARISAN MARU**



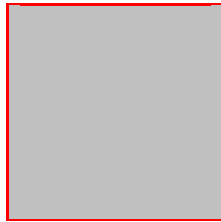
(9)

***U.S.S. SNOOK versus U.S.S. SHARK II - 24 October 1944***



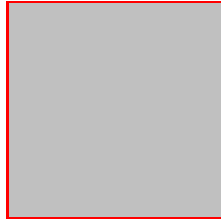
***(10)***

***SLEEP MY SONS - THE STORY OF THE ARISAN MARU***



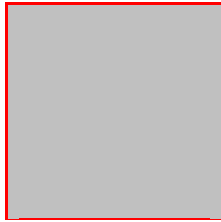
***(11)***

**RIDE THE WAVES TO FREEDOM**



(12)

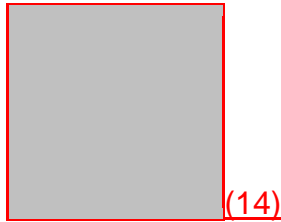
**ARISAN MARU ROSTER**



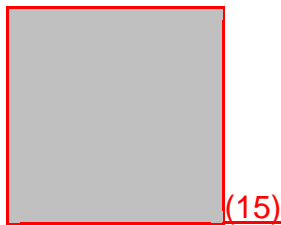
(13)

These two sub-infobases are about another member of Harry's squadron who trained and served with him:

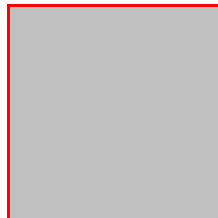
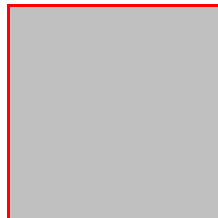
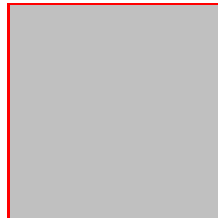
**COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE**



**U. S. AIR FORCE AWARDS CITATION CEREMONY**



This infobase has also been printed in color in three parts and bound as books. The primary book contains approximately 189 pages; Annex A contains approximately 193 pages; and Annex B contains approximately 168 pages.



## FOREWORD

This infobase and its linked sub-infobases were initially prepared in 1994. The "Revision date" on the "information" screen under "File", above, indicates when additions, revisions, corrections etc. were last made.

## INTRODUCTION

My early search for records of **Harry Robert Roth [RN1072]**'s Air Corps unit [16th Bomb Sq, 27th Bombardment Group (L)] led me to make an inquiry to March Air Force Base, near Riverside, in Southern California, where Harry's Air Corps career had started. They referred my letter to the March Field Museum, whose [5 July 1988 response](#) suggested I contact the USAF Historical Research Center at Maxwell AFB in Alabama.

## THE MICROFILM

The Albert F. Simpson Historical Research Center at Maxwell Air Force Base was able to provide me with a [16mm roll of microfilm\(16\)](#) (Roll No. A1873) containing over 1821 frames of documents, of which 158 pages were relevant to my research - namely, the history of the 27th Bombardment Group ("The 27th Reports") written by the officers of the 27th Group in Australia who survived at least until September 1942.(17)

The reader of this infobase who has an interest in this unit's history beyond the limited time frame of my interest (the Philippine service of this unit), should consult the original microfilm since it contains a great deal of material that is neither reproduced nor transcribed here (e.g., its activities in Australia, Java, and New Guinea). The microfilm also contains historical information about other Air Corps units in the Philippines (e.g., Pursuit Groups and other Bombardment Groups), copies of message exchanges between General MacArthur and President Roosevelt, reports of the investigation as to why the newly developed and deployed radar on Luzon did not provide warnings against the attacks on Clark Field, etc.

It should be noted that the [original copies of this history](#) that were reproduced and given to those who contributed to it contained a number of photographs that were not included in the microfilm copy that I have. There apparently exists another microfilm copy of this history that includes very poor reproductions of these photographs.

Also note that this history and the other material on the microfilm with it, although titled "The 27th Reports", only contains information about the Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron, the 16th Bombardment Squadron, the 17th Bombardment Squadron and the 91st Bombardment Squadron. The other units that were also part of the 27th Bombardment Group (Light), and the personnel in them, are [not included in this material\(18\)](#): 48th Materiel Squadron, 454th Ordnance Squadron and the 2nd Observation Squadron. Also not included is the 15th Bombardment Squadron, since it was separated from the 27th prior to the 27th's departure from the United States.

Reproduced below are only selected pages from this 158 page history and the microfilm that directly relate to Harry's squadron and its early history (i.e., from it's inception in the U. S. through its service in the Philippines). Only a few pages relating to the 27th's activities after Bataan fell are included here. In addition, portions or all of some of these selected pages have been transcribed so they may be word-searched. Names of individuals are **printed in bold green** in the transcriptions; 2nd Lt. Harry Roth's (my uncle) and Col. Columbus "Doc" Savage's are

printed in bold red, since they are the two individuals who I have personally known and who are of most interest to me.

## MY COMMENTS and OBSERVATIONS

As a former Army Captain in a different era I have had some experience with how the Army and its personnel think and operate, the politics of organizations, and the wide variation of individual personalities and abilities. For what they are worth, here are some of my observations about this chronicle, which I have studied over a number of years and re-read dozens of times. They are not in any way meant to be critical; they are just my reactions to this chronicle.

1. We should be eternally grateful that the authors took the time and made the effort to create this history. Without it, I at least would have no other source for much of the information it contains. The last letter communication our family ever received (other than a single censored prisoner-of-war post card) from **Harry Robert Roth [RN1072]** was written November 24, 1941 (four days after his arrival in the Philippines) and postmarked December 1, 1941 (seven days before war broke out). My guess is that we can primarily thank then Captain James B. McAfee for bringing this material together. A West Point graduate, McAfee's personal diary or journal through 5 October 1942 can also be found in the Air Force historical archives on microfilm. I have transcribed his [diary from 1 November 1941 through 28 February 1942 \(41 pages\)](#) in the [Appendix](#) below as a companion to the unit's history.

2. It is unclear when the 27th's historical narrative was actually written and completed - the total body of the history is not dated. It covers events that occurred between 1 January 1940 through 1 September 1942 (only a 21 month period), but there is no indication when the authors actually assembled the information from their diaries and other documents. However, my guess is that it was done in the last six months of 1942 since some of the people involved were transferred to other locations by the end of that year, but I do not have any way to really know.

3. Because the several contributors describe some of the same events, because their chronologies tend to overlap, and because the sequence of the pages is not necessarily in chronological order, the narrative requires careful study and analysis to understand and follow - unless you were a participant.

4. The narrative is primarily about events that effected the authors' unit, which is what the history was intended to do. The anecdotal descriptions are primarily about the authors and some of their fellow officers. Some of these officer's names are mentioned many times - some recognized for their drinking exploits, accidents or the dumb things they did. However, there are some of the unit's officers who are never mentioned in the narrative, even once. Perhaps this was partly a conscious or unconscious result of a desire to not "speak negatively" of anyone. Perhaps those not mentioned were never part of the "inner circle" or "in group" (e.g., graduates of West Point or regular army officers, as opposed those younger members who were reserve officers). A careful review of the names on rosters who are never mentioned in the narrative indicates they more often than not were "junior" officers. Nothing in this file tells us the age of any of the officers, but their serial numbers at least are an indication of their relative length of service. Perhaps some of those never mentioned never distinguished themselves in a way that permitted their senior officers to recall them when this was written - considering the interim events that the authors had gone through. Perhaps these are the ones who quietly did their jobs well, never screwed up and never got in trouble - the "unnoticed or non-memorable ones".

5. Nowhere in this history or the collection of documents on this microfilm is there a complete roster of all the enlisted men in the 27th Bombardment Group, like there is for the officers. Except for one or two rosters showing the names of a few of the senior non-commission officers, we don't know who they all were, let alone any anecdotal descriptions of them or of their experiences. Other than a couple notable exceptions, next to nothing is written about the enlisted

men of the organization, of whom there were much greater numbers (McAfee's personal diary is a notable exception to this observation). This is probably natural for a history written by a limited number of senior officers, whose resources contained only their own orders and diaries and who no longer had access to the unit's complete personnel records. Thanks to the efforts of Mary Cathrin May, complete rosters of all the enlisted men are contained in her book "[The Steadfast Line](#)".

6. Those "fortunate" enough to make it to Australia distinguished themselves by their actions in their subsequent service, and for the most part received commensurate recognition in the form of promotions and medal decorations. With regards to those "fortunate" enough to leave, I will always wonder about the selection process that determined who was on the original [list of "essential" personnel](#) to go (and who was not) and why some on the original list were able to go later while others were never able to leave. **Harry Robert Roth** did not make the "cut" to appear on "the original list", went through the Death March, spent three years in prisoner of war camps and ultimately died in the sinking by an American submarine of the Hell Ship [Arisan Maru](#). **Columbus "Doc" Savage** made the original list but was never permitted to leave, went through the Death March, spent four years as a prisoner of war, survived three Hell Ships ([Oryoku Maru](#), [Euoura Maru](#), and [Brazil Maru](#)), had a distinguished post-World War II Air Force career and lived until January 16, 2002.

7. War is hell, life is not always fair, and too often your destiny is controlled by others, events or luck.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS and APPENDIX

Most of the material in the [Appendix A](#) of this infobase was not part of the 27th Group's history found on the microfilm.

Included in [Appendix A](#) are links to sites on the internet (as of the date of this infobase) that contain information directly relevant to the content of this infobase that are the results of research done by others. Many are very interesting and contain photographs not available elsewhere. Because some sites on the internet have a propensity to disappear after a period of time, the relevant content has been reproduced, transcribed and/or extracted in [Appendix B](#) of this infobase that is available only to members of my immediate family. [Appendix B](#) also contains personal information not appropriate to post on the internet such as my sources personal addresses and telephone numbers and the names of former members of the 27th I have contacted who did not know or remember my uncle.

I have also inserted several items in the transcription of the history that were not part of the microfilm: a [color picture](#) of the SS President Coolidge, a President Coolidge [post card](#) sent to me by my uncle when he arrived in the Philippines, a [map](#) of the Manila area, a [map](#) of the Manila Bay area, a [map](#) of the Philippines, a [photograph](#) of the 16th Bombardment Squadron (Light) officers taken in 1941 at Savannah Army Air Base, a [photograph](#) of the same Squadron's officers taken on board the SS President Coolidge during the trip from San Francisco to Manila, a [photograph](#) of a [Douglas Dauntless A-24 Dive Bomber](#) from the 27th Bomb Group that never made it to the Philippines but was reassigned in Australia to the 8th Squadron of the 3rd Bomb Group, and a [photograph](#) of former 27th officers in front of the 3rd Bomb Group "The Last Slug" at Charter Towers, Australia, in mid-year 1942.



## WHAT HAPPENED to THEM ?

In the [Appendix A](#) of this infobase, you will find several items containing information about what happened to the officers mentioned in this unit history:

1. An [annotated duplicate](#) of the transcription of the 8 December 1941 roster of officer personnel in the Philippines. Each name with a line under it is a link to a pop-up note in this infobase (or a numbered endnote in the case of the PDF version of this infobase). I have included in these notes additional information about the named individual that I have come across in: the history narrative, both during the Philippine period and some of the Australian period; from other documents on the microfilm, and from other research material in my records. I have attempted to indicate how many times their name appears in the narrative pages that are included in this infobase only (does not include rosters, name lists, or all of the pages about the Australian period); whether they remained on Bataan or were able to go to Australia, and in some cases where they were on 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell and what I know about their subsequent fate. This additional information is by no means complete or comprehensive and I would welcome the contribution of anyone who can correct or add to this information.
2. An [annotated duplicate](#) of the transcription of the 13 December 1941 list of "Essential Personnel to Assemble and Move Airplanes". This has been annotated by color to show who on the list actually went to Australia and when they went; who on the list never went; and who went even though their name does not appear on this list.
3. Biographical and other information about some of officers and enlisted men, some of whom survived World War II and remained in the Air Force, including [Davies](#), [Gerrity](#), [Summers](#), [Hipps](#), [Backus](#), [Ruegg](#), [Eubank](#), [Savage](#), [Roth](#), [Kane](#), [Timlin](#), [Talley](#), [Marrocco](#), [Ryan](#), [Walker](#), [Hambaugh](#), [Doan](#), [Gause](#), [McAfee](#), [Townsend](#), [Heiss](#), [Mangan](#), [Stephenson](#), [Wohlfeld](#), [Sims](#), and [Comeaux](#).
4. A [1988 Roster](#) of the 27th Bombardment Group (L) which lists names and addresses of those known survivors (or their surviving families) as of that year.

## SELECTED PAGES from the MICROFILM

(19)

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## FILM REEL INFORMATION

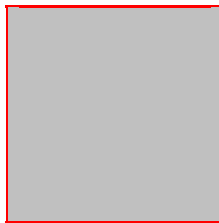


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## DOCUMENT to ROLL INDEX

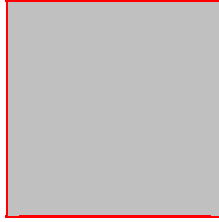


Note: the following shows the Roll Index for the James H. Davies Collection (Roll 32837), which is a separate collection from that shown above.



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**FOLDER HEADING**

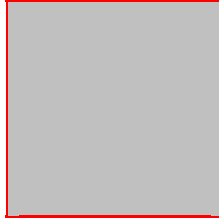


**THE 27th REPORTS or "HOW TO GET SCROGGED, BUGGAR ALL"**



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# CONTENTS



## Transcription

CONTENTS

This book consists of extracts from diaries, copies of official orders, and stories covering the 27th Bombardment Group from Jan 1, 1940 to May 7, 1942, and it covers the survivors of this Group from May 7, 1942 to Sept 1, 1942. All holders or owners of this book are hereby notified and warned that under no circumstances whatsoever can any part or parts of this publication be sold, used for publicity, or in any way exploited. The utmost care must be taken during this war that this book does not fall into improper hands. This is in no way an official publication.

The Staff working on this book begs your leniency for the over-lapping of periods of time but in order to get as much of the activities of the 27th Group as possible it was certainly necessary. We hope to put out in the future a permanent copy and a much more complete one. In order to do this anyone who can add information or pictures to this book will help a great deal by forwarding same at once to **Captain James B. McAfee**, 0-23263, U.S. Army Air Force.

The 27th Reports

1. Letter from **Colonel Davies**.
2. Dedication
3. Authors
4. Preface
5. Jan 1, 1940 to July 4, 1941
6. July 4, 1941 to Oct 31 1941
7. Nov 1, 1941 to Dec 8, 1941
8. Dec 8, 1941 to Dec 17, 1941, covering all squadrons
9. Clark Field
10. Ferry Pilots to Australia
11. 27th on Bataan
12. Formation of new 27th on Australia
13. 91st Squadron in Java
14. Operation of 16th and 17th squadrons in Australia
15. Submersion of 27th in 3rd Bombardment Group
16. 8th Squadron at Port Moresby
17. 13th and 90th Squadrons in action
18. 89th Squadron at Port Moresby.

---

**LETTER from COLONEL DAVIES**



## Transcription

To the Surviving Officers and Men of the 27th Bomb Group:

Being anxious to retain for ourselves a narrative of the activities of the 27th Bomb Group from the time it left America until it was rendered inactive by the War Department due to the almost complete depletion of its personnel in the Philippines and the activities of the few remaining survivors in Australia, I have asked **Cap. McAfee**, the Group Intelligence Officer, to allot certain phases or periods of time to you to report on. It will be an unofficial diary solely for us and what you have to say will not be altered in any way by me. The only request I make is that you please refrain from adverse criticism of personnel unless you consider it necessary to bring out some mistake that by so reporting you can hope to definitely prevent its recurrence in the future. The resultant chronicle should serve the purpose of preserving for us a closer relationship with the comrades we had to leave behind and between ourselves when time begins to shadow our memories. In addition, it should provide us with information that will make better soldiers out of us all in recording the mistakes that caused us so much despair and so hampered our struggle to hit the enemy with something. I would like here to list a few of the gravest mistakes that were most apparent to me and some of you may some day be in a position to prevent such conditions under future similar situations:

1. The sending of personnel in one medium of transportation and their fighting equipment in another should be one of the fundamentals of warfare and history has given us previous examples of disastrous results from not following this doctrine. Had we had our dive-bombers with us when the Japs moved south with their surface craft against the Philippine Archipelago at the outbreak of hostilities the whole situation I am sure would have been vastly different than that in which the Southwest Pacific finds itself today.

2. When our dive-bombers did arrive in Australia they were lacking parts that prevented their assembly for combat activity until the opportunity to get them against the advancing enemy in the Philippines had gone. The persons in America responsible for sending out dive-bombers over without gun mounts, trigger motors, sights, etc. in my opinion are subject to trial for criminal negligence. Never send equipment into the combat zone unless it can be immediately used for combat.

To that grand group of Officers and men that remained behind, I wish to pay the highest tribute. It grieves me when I recall how our Air Force lacked the authority to move that group to where it could do the job it had been trained for. It would be easier to replace ten aircraft carriers than to replace that group of highly trained specialist which had reached perfection as a result of practical and theoretical training. The enemy achieved a greater success than they will ever realize when they deprived our Air Force of their services. Try and replace men like **M/Sgt Saunders** with his bombsight maintenance and armament inspection ability. Think what we could do with highly trained and experience specialist like **M/Sgts Smith, Dunlavy, Green, Hucks, Cox, Cameron, Rushin** and others in our rapidly expanding Air Force. To those officers and men all I can say is you formed one of the finest organizations in the Air Force and if our attempts in your behalf had been successful we would be together now doing a job that you were so capable of performing in a superior manner. May we meet again ere long.

To those of you who were able to carry on the fight from this theater of activity you have my highest praise. Your determination to get something to fight with and your



struggle to get it where it could be used regardless of the tremendous handicaps confronting you proved your loyalty to your country. You exemplified the spirit of getting the job done regardless of hardships, heartaches, and apparent lack of support. That spirit is the stuff that our country depends on to accomplish the task facing it today. You are worthy of every praise I can possibly give you and I take this opportunity to salute you.

**JOHN H. DAVIES**  
Colonel, Air Corps

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## **DEDICATION**



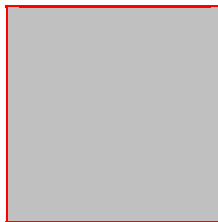
Transcription

### **DEDICATION**

To the Officers and Enlisted Men of the 27th Bombardment Group (L) dead or missing in action in the Philippine Islands, Australia, Java, and New Guinea, we dedicate this book and all our efforts to repay, ten thousand times over, the Japanese for every one of our men lost.

---

## **AUTHORS and PUBLICATION COMMITTEE**



Transcription

AUTHORS

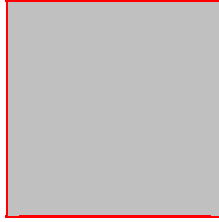
|         |  |
|---------|--|
| Colonel | <b>John H. Davies</b> , D.S.C. and Silver Star.                    |
| Major   | <b>Ronald D. Hubbard</b> , D.S.C. and Silver Star.                 |
| Captain | <b>James B. McAfee</b> , Silver Star.                              |
| Captain | <b>Robert G. Ruegg</b> , D.S.C.                                    |
| Captain | <b>Julius B. Summers</b> , D.F.C.                                  |
| Captain | <b>Harry L. Galusha</b> , D.F.C. and Silver Star.                  |
| Captain | <b>Thomas P. Gerrity</b> , Purple Heart.                           |
| 1st Lt. | <b>James H. Mangan</b> , Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster.        |
| 1st Lt. | <b>Henry J. Rose</b> , D.S.C and Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster |
| 1st Lt. | <b>Leland A. Walker</b> , D.S.C. and Silver Star.                  |
| 1st Lt. | <b>Howard B. West</b> , Silver Star                                |
| 1st Lt. | <b>Thomas P. Talley</b> , Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster.       |

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

|                        |                                  |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <u>Editor-in-Chief</u> | <b>Captain James B. McAfee</b>   |
| Assistant Editor       | <b>1st Lt. Francis E. Timlin</b> |
| Chief Censor           | x (Name Deleted) Ed.             |
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|                        | <b>Cpl. Edmond Lewis</b>         |
|                        | <b>Pvt. Peter A. Covitch</b>     |
|                        | <b>Pvt. A. Hayes</b>             |

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## PREFACE - "FOR WANT of an AIRPLANE"



## Transcription

PREFACE

"For want of an Airplane" -- The reader has only to bear in mind that one phrase and the tragedy, pathos, comedy, and all other elements of this book are explained for once and all.

This is the story of the ill-fated 27th Bombardment Group (Light) and written by officer who survived the destruction of that Group. It is not in our hearts to make this a sad story -- rather, we hope you will be able, as you read, to live with us, to laugh with us, to understand why those who died did die, to take into account the surge of war against those whom you knew in the 27th, and lastly, and most important, to forever record, for those of us who have up to now survived this war, a story of "The Old 27th". To those of you who read this and are unfortunate enough to have lost a son, husband, relative, or friend we hope you will understand what it meant for us to lose them, too. They were our team mates, every man. None of us in the remnants of "The Old 27th" has ever gotten over the fall of Bataan and with it the 27th.

We were not able to make this as complete as we wanted -- we haven't near enough pictures -- we haven't a true picture of the 27th's last hours -- we have no news from the Red Cross that most of those on Bataan are Prisoners of War -- though this seems a wealth of material, we haven't been able to put in over a half of our experiences due to time and the information not being on hand at the time of printing. Nevertheless, we are not able to figure the value of this book in terms of rate of exchange for it isn't worth money. **Colonel John H. Davies** inspired the conception of this book.

The Empire of Japan bought the 27th Bombardment Group. On April 10, 1942, they, the exchequers of the Japanese War Machine, closed the account of the 27th Group and marked it "Paid on Bataan". Strictly speaking that was a very one-sided view to take -- a slant-eyed view you might say, for on April 11th, 1942, the survivors of the 27th Gp. re-opened the account and this time it was marked "Bought on Bataan". The account at this writing is still open and many installments have been paid, but the final installment will be paid by Tokio.

For want of an airplane the 27th Group lost it's life -- but Tojo, there might not have been enough airplanes in the Philippines for the 27th Group but don't you wish you had captured us all? God give us Strength -----.

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**PHOTOGRAPH of DOUGLAS DAUNTLESS A-24 DIVE BOMBER**

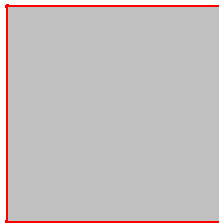
(20)

This photograph is of an [A-24 Douglas Dauntless dive bomber](#) of the 27th Bombardment Group that was reassigned in Australia to the 8th Squadron of the 3rd Bomb Group.



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**FEBRUARY 1940 to JULY 4, 1941 - THE 27th GROUP**



Transcription

FEBRUARY 1940 to JULY 4, 1941

The 27th Group

The 27th Bomb Gp (L) came into being in February, 1940, at Barksdale Field. The birth pangs were suffered solely by the 3rd Bomb Group, who furnished the personnel.

**Colonel Clarence L. Tinker**, lost in action in Midway Battle, was the first Commanding Officer, succeeded shortly thereafter by **Lt. Col W. Wright**. In October 1940, the Group moved to a new base at Savannah, Georgia.

Our time at Savannah was spent with B-18s, doing bombing and gunnery and a few A-18s thrown in "for general hell-raising". March, 1941, saw the first A-20s arrive for us and from then until August we had an enjoyable time, which was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of the Dauntless Douglas [Douglas Aircraft's "Dauntless"], or the A-24 dive-bomber more familiarly know as the the Blue Rock Clay Pigeons.

**PHOTOGRAPH - OFFICERS of 16TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (L) - 1941**  
**SAVANNAH ARMY AIR BASE**

([larger version](#))

(21)



1. 2nd Lt **Harry R. Roth**
2. 2nd Lt **Melvin (Mel) R. Swensen** (Hq & Hq Squadron later in Philippines)
3. 2nd Lt **Columbus "Doc" Savage**

(If anyone can positively identify any of the others in the photo, I would appreciate hearing from them)

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**JULY 4 to OCTOBER 31, 1941 - THE 27th GROUP**





## Transcription

JULY 4 TO OCTOBER 31, 1941  
The 27th Group

It was a beautiful fourth of July in Savannah, Georgia, and the day found the 27th Group's hangar line quiet. The usual guards stood about the various planes parked on the field and civilian visitors rode through the base slightly awed by the sudden rise of an Army Air field within their midst. It was quiet then, but in the days that followed the 27th was destined to find all the problems and emotions of life thrust violently upon them. What a really full measure fate had in store for them.

The "fourth" passed, and the 17th, 16th, and 91st Squadrons of the 27th Group busied themselves with training for the forthcoming maneuvers. There were pilots to be checked out on the new **Douglas A-24s** that had arrived, flight leaders needed training, the squadrons had new commanders to become accustomed to, and the organization as a whole needed a common association to weld them as one. **Col Guy McNeil** was now Group Commander, **Major J. H. Davies** was the new Operations Officer, and the 16th, 17th, and 91st Squadrons had **Capt. William Hipps**, **Capt. Render D. Denson** and **Lt. William Eubanks** respectively for the new Squadron Commanders. All were men who gave the group a new impetus and a new lease for a hopeful future. So with the passing of the July month, the 27th found itself fast becoming a unified unit and the personnel getting trained and eager for the forthcoming maneuvers. A few officers such as **Lt. Ruegg**, **Lt. Rush**, **Lt. McAfee**, and **Lt. Stafford** left to help the Ferry Command ferry DB-7s to the English, but in the main, the group lent all its efforts for the big maneuvers.

August came and with it the first change. The 17th Squadron was slated to go to Shreveport, La., so **Render Denson** and his boys left on the 18th for the Shreveport Municipal Airport. Here they staged a one squadron war, flying for both the Red and Blue Armies until joined by the 8th Squadron and later the 3rd Group. The entire early phase went well with on or two minor mishaps. **Harry Mangan** on a test flight in an **A-20A** had one engine go out on the take-off and landed in the Red River, a little wet and a little wiser. **Dick Birnn** tore out six high tension lines and blacked out seven towns, coming out O.K. except for a power company complaint. Then, too, there was the famous episode told of the 17th when they bombed and routed their own cavalry. But who can tell which side one's on when he's on both.

And so came September and the Lake Charles mud. Many a 27th man will never forget the huge lumps of mud he carried around for days at a time. The maneuvers here were packed with activity. **"Rocky" Gause** had a forced landing due to oil trouble and **"Zeke" Summers** landed at Clark Field and was trying to make San Antonio. Being the largest maneuvers ever attempted in the United States, the 17th, 16th, and 15th Squadrons had their hands full. But despite this, they turned in an enviable record in that they flew many more missions than the competing groups stationed with them. Members of the 91st flew with the 15th during these missions.

September passed quickly and the people of Savannah saw their hardened heroes returning on or about the 31st. The married officers were pleased to be back to their families, the bachelor officers gave forth cries of glee when back in their good old B.O.Q. and Remler's; and the enlisted personnel fast dug out their old "red books" of

Savannah gals. Yes, it was back into the groove for all. But a rumor soon started. The 27th was slated for the Philippines. Philippines! Why what started that "deal"? Some wild idea no doubt that would never materialize.

But, brother, materialize it did. One week after the Group had arrived in Savannah, they were "sweatin" T.B.A.'s and loading lists; everywhere people were packing and preparing to move. Some got married - **Talley, Hambaugh, Gause, Dillard** and **Stevenson**. Cars were sold, families sent home, and whole squadrons checked and re-checked for equipment of all sorts. So pack they did, and on the 19th of October, the officers and men of the Group started for San Francisco, California - the designated port of embarkation. Some officers went by private conveyance and some went with their various units on the train. **Lt. Herman Lowery, 1st Lt. "Willie" Eubanks** and **Lt. Floyd Rogers** now had the 17th, 16th and 91st Squadrons respectively. So on to Fisco it was. The Groups moved to Angel Island, but not before a lot of their baggage had been dumped into the bay by a runaway car, received their physical examinations, and then started down the Angel Island Hill on a dreary, drizzling Nov. 1st. It somehow fitted the mood of the time. Everyone was naturally sad at leaving their friends and families, but each had an inner conviction that he was doing a right thing. Sad - perhaps, but the men were really sure of themselves.

On to the small ferry boats the Squadron passed. Each man was checked as he got on the boat. Finally, loaded, the little vessel poked into the harbor and the first famous words of the 27th were uttered from the wet deck. **"Willie" Eubanks** spoke, "This rumor has gone too far!" Then at once laughter and jeers broke out relieving the tension. That made the ferry land amidst a great deal of kidding and laughter.

Up the gangplanks into the U.S.S Coolidge poured the 27th Group, you men, elderly men, eager men, anxious men, sad men, but all men. They were really a wonderful crew and the Group commander had a reason to feel proud.

At last the whistle blew, people waved and the great ship shuddered as her props dug into the water and headed for the Golden Gate Bridge. Everyone craned his neck for the 1st look and then into the Pacific Ocean the ship slipped. The 27th Group was P.I. bound!

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**SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE ILLUSTRATION**

(22)



## PHOTOGRAPH - OFFICERS of 16th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON on PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

(23)

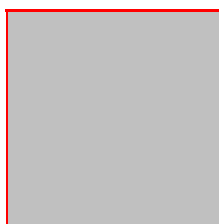
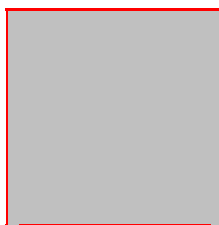


16th Bombardment Squadron of the 27th Bombardment Group (Light)  
aboard the SS President Coolidge - November 1-20, 1941  
[see also [similar photos taken by 2nd Lt Oliver C. Doan](#)]

1. 2nd Lt **Arthur G. Hilley**
2. 2nd Lt **Roy E. Thomas**
3. 1st Lt **David A. Hochman**
4. 2nd Lt **Leroy W. Cowart Jr.**
5. 1st Lt **Paul E. Mitchler**
6. 1st Lt **Robert (Bob) F. McClure**
7. 2nd Lt **Charles M. Cannon Jr.**
8. 2nd Lt **Oliver (Ollie) C. Doan**
9. 2nd Lt **Robert (Bob) G. Ruegg**
10. 1st Lt **James (Jim) B. McAfee**
11. 1st Lt **Glenwood G. Stephenson**
12. Capt **William G. Hipps**
13. **2nd Lt Harry R. Roth**
14. 1st Lt **Frank P. (Pete) Bender**
15. **2nd Lt Columbus "Doc" Savage**
16. 2nd Lt **Richard B. Donnewald**
17. 2nd Lt **Alvan S. Ose**
18. 2nd Lt **Samuel (Sam) H. Dillard III**
19. 2nd Lt **Ralph L. L. Schmidt**
20. 2nd Lt **Harry J. Rose**
21. 2nd Lt **Gordon E. Maccani**

[Note: Columbus "Doc" Savage believed that the above key is in error; he believed #4 is Dillard and that #18 is Cowart. However, [Peter Dunn's web site\(24\)](#), as well as the [information provided to me by John J. Richie](#), agrees with the above identification key with respect to these two men]

## FIRST CLASS PASSENGER LIST



[Note: Officer and flying cadet members of Harry's squadron (the 16th Bomb Sq) are highlighted in yellow below. Harry and "Doc" Savage are highlighted in gray below. Note also that there are some differences between this list and the roster shown immediately below it - with regards to rank, names and spellings; these are highlighted in violet. It is difficult for me to know which are the right spellings, initials etc. I assume in most cases the roster is more accurate.]

### Transcription

HEADQUARTERS 27TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)  
AIR FORCE COMBAT COMMAND

**FORT MCDOWELL(25)**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
OCTOBER 29, 1941

### FIRST CLASS PASSENGER LIST

|     |                         |          |         |              |
|-----|-------------------------|----------|---------|--------------|
| 1.  | VANCE, REGINALD F. C.   | 0-17464  | MAJOR'S | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 2.  | DAVIES, JOHN H.         | 0-17999  |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 3.  | HIPPS, WILLIAM G        | 0-20787  | CAPTAIN | 16TH BOMB SQ |
| 4.  | MARROCCO, WILLIAM A.    | 0-2830 9 |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 5.  | SEWELL, JOHN W.         | 0-251331 |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 6.  | WOHLFIELD(26), MARK M.  | 0-314054 |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 7.  | LOWERY, HERMAN F.       | 0-21662  | 1ST LT  | 17TH BOMB SQ |
| 8.  | ROGERS, FLOYD           | 0-22494  |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 9.  | EUBANKS, WILLIAM E. JR. | 0-22349  |         | 91ST BOMB SQ |
| 10. | MITCHLER, PAUL E.       | 0-30044  |         | 16TH BOMB SQ |
| 11. | HALTOM, WINFIELD S.     | 0-220194 |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 12. | MARVEL, WILLIAM R.      | 0-350519 |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 13. | BACKUS, EDWARD N.       | 0-303125 |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 14. | HOBBS, LOUIS E.         | 0-249501 |         | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 15. | McCLURE, ROBERT F.      | 0-327688 |         | 16TH BOMB SQ |
| 16. | MOERSCH, EDWARD J.      | 0-342486 |         | 17TH BOMB SQ |
| 17. | GILLON, JACK A.         | 0-307167 |         | 17TH BOMB SQ |
| 18. | SMITH, HORACE A.        | 0-351722 |         | 91ST BOMB SQ |

## UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

|         |                            |          |                       |
|---------|----------------------------|----------|-----------------------|
| 19.     | SCHULTZ, BLACK             | 0-363264 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 20.     | GALUSHA, HARRY L.          | 0-373895 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 21.     | MANGO, CARL L.             | 0-357452 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 22.     | HUBBARD, RONALD D.         | 0-371850 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 23.     | BANK, BERTRAM              | 0-354455 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 24.     | DANIELS, CLAUDE P.         | 0-400963 | 2d LT<br>16TH BOMB SQ |
| 25.     | HOCHMAN, DAVID             | 0-420069 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 26.     | STAVENSON(27), GLENWOOD C. | 0-23138  | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 27.     | SUMMERS, JULIUS B. JR.     | 0-23271  | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 28.     | BENDER, FRANK P.           | 0-302735 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 29.     | MCAFEE, JAMES B.           | 0-23263  | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 30.     | RUEGG, ROBERT G.           | 0-378042 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 31.     | SAVAGE, COLUMBUS           | 0-365942 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 32.     | SALVATORE, ALEXANDER R.    | 0-403816 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 33.     | SCHMIDT, RALPH L. L.       | 0-430818 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 34.     | ROTH, HARRY R.             | 0-403810 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 35.     | ROSE, HENRY J.             | 0-403809 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 36.     | STAFFORD, ROBERT F.        | 0-403943 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 37.     | DOAN, OLIVER C.            | 0-431732 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 38.     | DILLARD, SAMUEL H. III     | 0-431737 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 39.     | DONNEWALD, RICHARD S.      | 0-421739 | 16TH BOMB SQ          |
| 40.     | DOWNEY, PHIL R.            | 0-421888 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 41.     | CANNON, CHARLES JR.        | 0-420575 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 42.     | COWART, LEROY JR.          | 0-429145 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 43.     | MILLER, KENNETH G.         | 0-420751 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 44.     | SCHWARE, BERT              | 0-420648 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 45.     | CONNOR, HENRY C. JR.       | 0-429144 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 46.     | LANCASTER, OLLIE JR.       | 0-393658 | HQ & HQ SQ            |
| 47.     | SWENSEN, MELVIN R.         | 0-375788 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 48.     | KANE, GEORGE W. JR.        | 0-311602 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 49.     | GRAHAM, LEONARD C.         | 0-370449 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 50.     | BIRNN, RICHARD R.          | 0-403701 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 51.     | GAUSE, DAMON J.            | 0-421599 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 52.     | GERRITY, THOMAS P.         | 0-393108 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 53.     | GILBO, EDWARD E.           | 0-421600 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 54.     | HEISS, GUSTAVE M. JR.      | 0-403821 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 55.     | MANGAN, JAMES H.           | 0-404121 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 56.     | TOWNSEND, EDWIN C.         | 0-388196 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 57.     | TUBB, DOUGLAS B.           | 0-421633 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 58.     | WALKER, LELAND A. JR.      | 0-404097 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 59.     | WEST, HOWARD B.            | 0-404104 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 60.     | McKINNEY, EZRA             | 0-404121 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 61.     | STIRLING, WARREN G.        | 0-23230  | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 62.     | TALLEY, THOMAS P.          | 0-403948 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 63.     | TIMLIN, FRANCIS E.         | 0-403954 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 64.     | WHIPPLE, ROBERT W.         | 0-404105 | 17TH BOMB SQ          |
| 65.     | WEINERT, JOHN C.           | 0-404107 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 67(28). | WOLFE, MICHAEL F.          | 0-418262 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 68.     | SMITH, JAMES R.            | 0-393156 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 69.     | MUSSON, RALPH I.           | 0-424777 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 70.     | DAVIS, GEORGE S.           | 0-424717 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 71.     | JOHNSTON, WILLIAM T.       | 0-424768 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 72.     | DUGAN, PAUL                | 0-424718 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 73.     | BRASWELL, HOMER P.         | 0-424701 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 74.     | HILLEY, ARTHUR G.          | 0-421703 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 75.     | HAMBRAUGH, ROBERT G.       | 0-421691 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 76.     | STRESE, WILLIAM J.         | 0-421599 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 77.     | DALE, EUGENE P.            | 0-421898 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 78.     | SCARBOROUGH, PEARLY H.     | 0-424732 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 79.     | THOMAS, ROY E.             | 0-424761 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |
| 80.     | WOOD, CHARLES E.           | 0-424786 | 91ST BOMB SQ          |

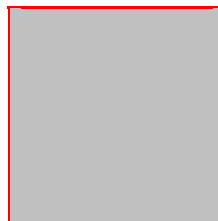
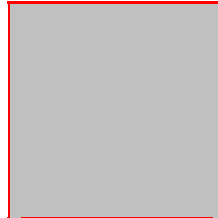
UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

|     |                      |          |                |              |
|-----|----------------------|----------|----------------|--------------|
| 81. | BIRD, WILLIAM W.     | 0-425233 |                | 91ST BOMB SQ |
| 82. | PATTERSON, HORACE B. | 0-424720 |                | 91ST BOMB SQ |
| 83. | RYAN, JOHN A.        | 15015194 | (FLYING CADET) | 16TH BOMB SQ |
| 84. | KELSEY, JOHN W.      | 12025674 | (FLYING CADET) | HQ & HQ SQ   |
| 85. | WHALLEY, ALVIN L.    | 11-24691 | (FLYING CADET) | 17TH BOMB SQ |

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**SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE POST CARD from MANILA**



21 Nov 1941 President Coolidge Post Card (showing the Coolidge in Hong Kong Harbor) from my uncle, Lt. Harry R. Roth, to me

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**MAP of MANILA AREA**

Northwest





Southeast

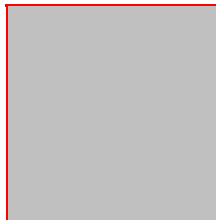
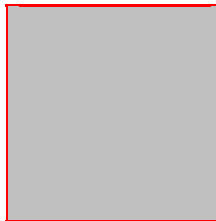
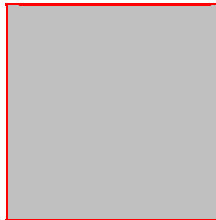


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## **MAPS of MANILA BAY AREA**

(29)

These maps show the positions of [Neilson\(30\)](#) and Nichols Fields in relation to the then metropolitan area of Manila, the road route from Manila to Bataan peninsula via San Fernando, and the relative locations of Bataan Field, Meriveles, Cavite and Corregidor to Neilson and Nichols Fields. These maps also shows the route of the Death March and Camp O'Donnell and Cabanatuan, both prisoner of war camps.

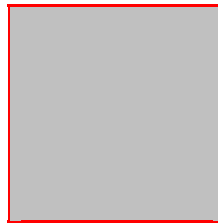


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**MAP of the PHILIPPINES**



## ROSTER of PERSONNEL - 27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)



[Note that there are some differences between this roster and the list shown immediately above it - with regards to rank, names and spellings; these are **highlighted in violet**. I assume this roster is more accurate than the previous list.

Another copy of this roster in the Appendix, is annotated to indicate what ultimately happened to each of these officers.

### Transcription

HEADQUARTERS 27TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L)  
FAR EAST AIR FORCE

FORT WILLIAM McKINLEY, P.I.

DECEMBER 8, 1941

### MEMORANDUM:

TO: All concerned.

1. The following is a roster of Officer personnel of this Group.

#### Hq & Hq Squadron

|         |                               |         |                       |
|---------|-------------------------------|---------|-----------------------|
| Maj     | Davies, John H.               | Capt.   | Backus, Edward N.     |
| Capt.   | Marrocco, William A.          | Capt.   | Hobbs, Louis E.       |
| Capt.   | Sewell, John W.               | 2nd Lt. | Kane, George W. Jr.   |
| Capt.   | <b>Wohlfeld(31)</b> , Mark M. | 2nd Lt. | Graham, Leonard C.    |
| 1st Lt. | Rogers, Floyd                 | 2nd Lt. | Downey, Phil R.       |
| 1st Lt. | Haltom, Winfield S.           | 2nd Lt. | Birnn, Richard R.     |
| 1st Lt. | Marvel, William <b>H</b> .    | 2nd Lt. | Glebis, Anthony L.    |
| 1st Lt. | Hubbard, Ronald D.            | 2nd Lt. | Miller, Kenneth G.    |
| 1st Lt. | Daniels, Claude P.            | 2nd Lt. | <b>Schwarz</b> , Bert |
| 1st Lt. | Swensen, Melvin R.            | 2nd Lt. | Lancaster, Ollie Jr.  |

#### 16th Bomb Squadron

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

|                |                         |         |                      |
|----------------|-------------------------|---------|----------------------|
| Capt.          | Hipps, William G.       | 2nd Lt  | .Stafford, Robert F. |
| 1st Lt.        | Mitchler, Paul E.       | 2nd Lt. | Doan, Oliver C.      |
| 1st Lt.        | McClure, Robert F.      | 2nd Lt. | Dillard, Samuel III  |
| 1st Lt.        | Hochman, David          | 2nd Lt. | Donnewald, Richard   |
| 1st Lt.        | Stephenson, Glenwood    | 2nd Lt. | Cannon, Charles Jr.  |
| 1st Lt.        | McAfee, James B.        | 2nd Lt. | Cowart, Leroy Jr.    |
| 2nd Lt.        | Bender, Frank P.        | 2nd Lt. | Hilley, Arthur G.    |
| 2nd Lt.        | Ruegg, Robert G.        | 2nd Lt. | Thomas, Roy E.       |
| <u>2nd Lt.</u> | <u>Savage, Columbus</u> | 2nd Lt. | Owen, Woody T.       |
| 2nd Lt.        | Schmidt, Ralph L. L.    | 2nd Lt. | Maccani, Gorden E.   |
| <u>2nd Lt.</u> | <u>Roth, Harry R.</u>   | 2nd Lt. | Mann, Richard R.     |
| 2nd Lt.        | Rose, Henry J.          | 2nd Lt. | Ose, Alvan S.        |

17th Bomb Squadron

|                |                           |         |                      |
|----------------|---------------------------|---------|----------------------|
| 1st Lt.        | Lowery, Herman F.         | 2nd Lt  | Stirling, Warren G.  |
| 1st Lt.        | Moersch, Edward J.        | 2nd Lt. | Talley, Thomas P.    |
| 1st Lt.        | Gillon, Jack A.           | 2nd Lt. | Timlin, Francis E.   |
| 1st Lt.        | Mango, Carl L.            | 2nd Lt. | Townsend, Edwin C.   |
| 1st Lt.        | Bank, Bertham             | 2nd Lt. | Tubb, Douglas B.     |
| 2nd Lt.        | Gause, Damon J.           | 2nd Lt. | Walker, Leland A.    |
| <u>2nd Lt.</u> | <u>Gerrity, Thomas P.</u> | 2nd Lt. | West, Howard B.      |
| 2nd Lt.        | Gilbo, Edward E.          | 2nd Lt. | Whipple, Robert W.   |
| 2nd Lt.        | Heiss, Gustave M. Jr.     | 2nd Lt. | Patterson, Horace B. |
| 2nd Lt.        | Mangan, James H.          | 2nd Lt. | Johnston, William T. |
| 2nd Lt.        | Kloster, Leif B.          | 2nd Lt. | Lassman, Charles E.  |
| 2nd Lt.        | Kokjer, [Madson C.]       |         |                      |

91st Bomb Squadron

|         |                         |         |                      |
|---------|-------------------------|---------|----------------------|
| 1st Lt. | Eubanks, William E. Jr. | 2nd Lt. | Davis, George S.     |
| 1st Lt. | Smith, Horace A.        | 2nd Lt. | Dugan, Paul          |
| 1st Lt. | Schultz, Black          | 2nd Lt. | Braswell, Homer P.   |
| 1st Lt. | Galusha, Harry L.       | 2nd Lt. | Hambraugh, Robert F. |
| 1st Lt. | Smith, James R.         | 2nd Lt. | Strese, William W.   |
| 2nd Lt. | Summers, Julius B. Jr.  | 2nd Lt. | Dale, Eugene P.      |
| 2nd Lt. | Salvatore, Alexander R. | 2nd Lt. | Scarboro(32) Pearly  |
| 2nd Lt. | McKenney, Ezra          | 2nd Lt. | Wood, Charles W.     |
| 2nd Lt. | Wienert, John C.        | 2nd Lt. | Bird, William W.     |
| 2nd Lt. | Thompson, Arnold W.     | 2nd Lt. | Bjoring, Robert G.   |
| 2nd Lt. | Wolf, Michael F.        | 2nd Lt. | Davis, James R.      |
| 2nd Lt. | Musson, Ralph I.        |         |                      |

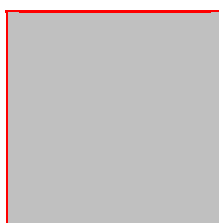
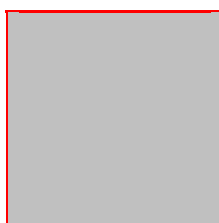
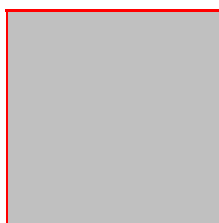
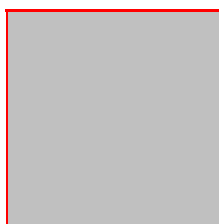
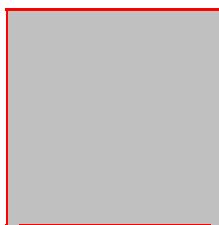
Aviation Cadets

Whalley, Alvin E.  
Kelsey, John W.  
Ryan, John A.

By order of Major DAVIES:

**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**  
**G. Wayne Dow**

## NOVEMBER 1 to DECEMBER 7, 1941



Transcription

NOVEMBER 1, 1941 TO DECEMBER 7, 1941

The 27th Group

At 1:00 PM Nov 1, 1941, the United States Line's "President Coolidge" chose to run. The 27th Group, less one man, **Lt Merch**, who missed the boat, was aboard, of course, and everyone stood at the rails and watched Frisco recede into the fog and rain as the Coolidge chugged her way under the Golden Gate and out to sea. The skies were black as our spirits, but the sea itself wasn't rough so nearly everyone was able to settle their uneasy stomachs in time to do ample justice to a surprisingly good supper.

November 2, 1941, every Officer and Enlisted Man knew by dawn of this day that there was no beer or liquor to be bought from the ships stores (the bell boys had a secret stock they sold for twice a bottle's value and they did a box office business), and it was also very obvious to everyone that, with the exception of two women in the PX and the Doctors Office, that there were only two women passengers aboard. The powers that be (the brains and wheels) met in the lounge and set up a recreation committee to promote boxing, swimming, lectures, deck tennis, etc -- **Major Davies**, appointed **Lt Tony Clebis** the athletic director to arrange the contests. **Bob Ruegg** and **Lowery** were assistants and judges also.

The Coolidge is an excellent ship. It still being peace time, she wasn't crowded and the Officers were living three to a stateroom and the men all below in their bunks except for the first 3 graders who also had staterooms. The mess was extra good -- steaks, squab, cheeses or all kinds, salads of all descriptions; all of this continued to be available right on through the trip.

It was sort of funny but the rank and file didn't know for certain what the group's destination was. "Plum" was written on all the baggage and equipment, but no official orders had been seen directly quoting the new station. However, no one would bet a sad sack against the Philippines as the ship's end.

The movies at night were solidly packed with men -- The Coolidge sailed alone and there were no restrictions much of a military nature. **Brigadier General Lough** was the ship's commander, and he wanted us all to be comfortable. We were! -- basking in the sun all day, gorging ourselves at meal times, swimming, writing letters, reading, playing cards, and wearing civilian clothes!

November 6, 1941, the big ship slowly rounded Diamond Head at 6:00 AM and slid into the docks at Honolulu about 8:00 AM. Everyone crowded out early in order to get a look at Hawaii, and most everyone thought the travel adds did an injustice to the beauty of the scene. **Major Davies** issued passes to everyone, and we rushed ashore about 8:30 to take a good look before the boat sailed again at 2:00 PM.

To those who hadn't seen it before Honolulu was a rather strange and oriental place, but most of the boys found the bars quick enough -- there's no difference to be found in the bottom of a glass. We all saw Waikiki, the Upside Down Falls, Pearl Harbor, etc, and the cable and telephone companies made much money during those brief hours.

Back on board at 2:00 and everyone was practically stiff -- **Stafford** looked like he was in a hell of a bad sea. **Ruegg, Heiss, Gerrity**, and **McAfee** spent the first hour getting [pictures of each other with Hawaii as a background](#) as we slipped out to sea. **Hubbard** was so covered with leis all you could see was his shiny knot. Others had bought fancy shirts and trousers and paraded them all over the ship -- we looked quite festive.

It definitely looks as if the the P.I.'s are our last stop. We blacked out last night but not before we had a peep at the ships steaming along with us. One was the Army Transport Winfield S. Scott and the other was the U.S.S. Louisville, a heavy Cruiser. Everyone was required to draw a silhouette of the Louisville for identification purpose.

We could see tanks and men on the decks of the Scott.

The long days from Hawaii on passed somehow without incident. **Sunny Walker** learned to play bridge and would bet anyone 50-50 whether he had trump or not -- **Gus Heiss** had similar troubles. **Ruegg** and **Gerrity** managed to eat more of the "Good" food in the mess than anyone else. **Stephenson, Backus, Major Davies, Hobbs** and **Haltom** got on board at Hawaii with cases of bottled hair tonic, and most everyone attended their usual "Slug" parties every PM. **Bert Banks** and **Lancaster** fought nightly and mightily to see who could tell the biggest one -- Bert won. At this point, it must be added that as the days passed the two Army nurses got better and better looking -- as a matter of fact, it was rumored that Garbo and Gable were aboard incognito! That rumor started a week out of Hawaii. During the black-out nights several officers who had had previous experience in P.I. gave us valuable advice in lectures in the lounge. It might be noted that some of these officers had seen service in P.I. during the last war!

The liner Meigs was supposed to be en route from Frisco with our planes, but so far we have no news of her.

The group held regular meetings in the morning in the lounge. Officers gave short talks on dive bombing, etc. One in particular was quite a grind. **Captain Hipps** talked for 30 minutes on wearing metal shin guards while flying in case a bullet hit you on the shin. We expected our planes to meet us there.

The Louisville showed off one day by rolling over on her side and swinging her guns about as she took off after a dark blot, hull down on the horizon. Everyone said, "A Nari Raider"! Time hung heavy -- we argued for days as to what the dark blot was. Anyway, the Louisville slipped back into place an hour later with a satisfied smugness about her.

Off Guam, nothing but a small island and we couldn't see much. The Louisville let her planes off by catapult and they flew over us a maximum speed not exceeding a Sea Gull's. The Scott needed water so they said.

Down in the mess the Captain put out a small poop sheet every day giving our position and miles covered since the previous day. As we got nearer P.I. everyone took more interest in the poop sheet -- we got sort of tired of the boat. **"Zeke" Summers** was having the time of his life hazing the two nurses and vice versa.

**Major Vance** lectured us on England -- said he thought the Germans had actually tried to invade Britain last fall.

November 20, 1941. Manila Bay - Corregidor - Bataan Field on left as ship sailed down Harbor - Small boats still searching for survivors of the "Corregidor", and inter-island boat blown up by a mine in the bay on the 19th - Manila coming into view - ship allowed to stop and Army Official boarding party came aboard - all squadrons in group kept milling about until orders came down saying disembark and proceed to Ft McKinley - land under our feet (also natives selling cigars and cokes at 15 centavos) - into trucks and rolling down Dewey Blvd. - Little brown urchins shouted "hi-Joe" at the Yankee troops - between the lions at the gate of Ft McKinley - around the officer's quarters loop to our stopping place - enlisted men to live in tents on the golf course in front of the officer's quarters where the officers are to live 8 to a house - everyone was



hot and tired - our baggage sent up from the boat - some of the stuff was still wet from its dunking in Frisco Bay -- **Summers** scooted off and came back with a cute little Filipino girl (about 15 years old but big for her size) and announced to all that she was his lavendera - a lavendera is short for a woman who will beat all the life out of your clothes and buttons but will wash and starch them at the same time. The officers quarters were big and rather like a barn, but they were pleasant at any rate - at lunch on our first day we all got a shock out of seeing the first Iquana (an alligator-like lizard about three feet long ) crawl across the officer's club floor - our first night in Manila was spent touring all the bars, night clubs, dives and what not - there was the Jai Alai Club (bets, beers, babes, broke), The Grass Shack, Casa Manana, Manila Polo Club, Army and Navy Club, Bamboo Hut, Manila Hotel, Tom's Dixie Kitchen, Oriental Gardens (next to the graveyard going out to McKinley) - **Mangan, Talley, West** and **Timlin** made them all several times - and so, and end of the dashes and the first day.

The next two days were occupied with locating ourselves with respect to the local grog shops, tailors, lavenderas, irons, ironing boards, charcoal, mailing times to meet Clippers, meeting old friends (**McAfee** lived next door to a classmate in the Infantry, **Freddy Yeager** and **Mac, Backus** and **Hipps** ate their meals with him), and generally settling themselves down. **General Wainwright** chewed the group out for not dressing as neat and clean as the Filipinos - otherwise, he welcomed us to P.I.

Ft. McKinley was a reception center and the 27th was to stay there until its airplanes arrived. There was still no news of the ships either. All squadrons rolled out of bed at 6:00 AM and spent the morning at close order drill and all the usual squadron duties. Each sq. organized a soft ball team, and we played numerous games on the gold course. The 17 Sq. claimed the championship, but their claims were bitterly object to by everyone else.

We have all been speculating on our move from McKinley to San Marcelino. San Marcelino was over on the west coast north of Bataan Peninsula and so far as we could find out it didn't have anything for us in the way of water, food, runways, houses or any of the essentials necessary to maintain a group. The last two days of Nov. we borrowed four old and very decrepit B-18s from the 19th Group at Clark Field. None of us had flying time for the month so the group arranged a schedule with those ships so we could all fly out necessary four hours apiece. As stated before the ships were in extremely sad shape - parts were held together with bailing wire and other parts held together with what appeared to be only gravity. **Backus** and a pilot from the 19th took off together with a load of 19th pilots. The 19th was skeptical of our flying ability and they had arranged that one of their pilots was to co-pilot every time we flew. **Backus** is an old airplane pilot by the way. On this take-off **Ed Backus's** co-pilot forgot to pull up his wheels and as a result they didn't gain much altitude on account of the load. They asked **Backus** to let them fly from then on - he hit the roof, naturally. **Schmidt** blew out a tire and **Hipps** ground looped again. **Stephenson** and **McAfee** clipped the tops out of threes for 100 yards after a scrogged up take-off. But back to San Marcelino, we looked the field over while we were getting our flying time in. It looked sort of wild and wooly so we decided to rent a house in Manila for an Officer's Club. We planned on flying men down for the week-end and officers could sleep and eat at the Club.

**Lancaster** was given the job of Club Officer and commissioned to rent us a house. He natcherly had to collect 10 pesos off every officer before he could start his work, but **Bert** found a fine house with furnishing which he rented for 50 pesos a month.

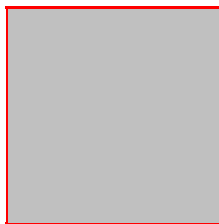
Most all the Officers put their wool clothing and uniforms in the Club House for storage.

The Army-Navy game on Nov. 29, was certainly a fine event for it gave everyone in Manila a chance to fill up on grog and be very fraternal down at the Army-Navy Club. **McAfee** was a cheer leader for the Army along with **Horace Greeley** and **Wynekeep**. **Colin Kelley** was supposed to have been the 4th Cheer Leader, but he was on alert at Clark Field that night. **Stephenson** worked the lights on the score board. It was a good game so they say -- we didn't hear it on account of static interference. The Army lost. **Herman Lowery** took off cross-country in a jeep going home from the Club, he, **Walker** and **Ruegg** ended up in a rice patty with mud up to their ears, almost sober.

On the 7th of Dec, we were at peace on account of the difference in Hawaii and P.I. times, the 27th was challenged to a soft ball game by the Manila Polo Club. An all-star team was chosen for all sqs. and the group left at 1:00 PM for the Polo Club. The game began at 2:00 and by 4:00 PM the score was 19 to 2 in favor of the Polo Club. **Hipps** and **Schmidt** had a fine argument over who had made the most errors, and that little tiff was finally fairly well settled. The game gradually shifted to the bar at the club where everyone got stiff in preparation for the dinner the group was giving in honor of **General Brereton** who was the C. G. of the Air Force -- **Gen. Brereton** was the old 3rd Gp. C.O. and our Base C. O. at Savannah at one time.

The dinner was given at the [Manila Hotel](#) and was really quite a gay affair. Everyone was on their very best drunken behavior and **Gen. B** had to keep his eyes on the floor to keep from disciplining the lot. **Mangan** and **Townsend** kept making faces at their Sq C. O., **Lowery**, who sat at the head table with the **General**. **"Zeke" Summers** was giving **Hipps** hell at the other end, and generally it "was the best entertainment this side of "Minsky's".

At 2:00 AM the dinner gradually broke up and we felt our way for McKinley. The dawn broke, War broke, we lived from today on, tormented with the old, worn-out phrase -- "Where in hell are our airplanes?" Somebody made an awful mistake -- we all hoped they were paying for it!

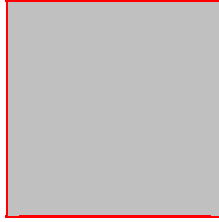


Roger's scan of Oliver C. Doan's photograph of 2nd Lt Harry Robert Roth (right) and unknown member of group (left)

[may be Oliver C. Doan, himself, or perhaps Alvan Ose, Leroy Cowart Jr., or Ralph Schmidt]  
(Note Aloha Tower next to dock in Honolulu in the background - [November 6, 1941](#))

---

**DECEMBER 9 to DECEMBER 17, 1941**



Transcription

DECEMBER 9, 1941 to DECEMBER 17, 1941

27th GROUP HQ

The day war started in the Philippines (Dec. 8th as we were across the International Date Line) Hq of the 27th Gp was in quarters #4, Fort McKinley. Late on when the air raids started Hq. was transferred to a tent in the ravine back of the quarters. Here **George Kane**, the Group Adjutant still managed to keep all of the paper work going in spite of the war. How he did it he didn't know -- he used to make paper planes out of his poop sheets just to watch something without a red dot in it fly around.

To be as mild as possible, it was a hell of a situation. No planes not weapons except a few pistols and let's condense it and just say "No Nothing". Right here was where the 27th had their first run in with that all powerful chunk of paper called the T.B.A. The T.B.A. said no rifles and no machine guns and that the material Sq at an Air Base was supposed to do our protecting for us. What Material Sq and what Air Base weren't specified and that ended that. We learned fast though and with a little aid and some fast paper work that was never proven 450 rifles appeared on the scene and the Group started training. Some of the wilder souls next suggested hand-grenades. But on due consideration (after ducking every five minutes when some simple bloke decided that grenades were an in human weapon and not for use by the air force.

The first afternoon the Group was asked to furnish three B-18 crews for night bombing on Formosa. They never got to bomb but were later used as transports. We also furnished personnel to run Nielson Field for the Big Shots and for the interceptor command. I never was quite sure what there was to run at Nielson but anyway we ran too -- **McAfee** can tell about that. We were also called on to furnish men to man a/c machine guns at Nichols Field and a detail to ten officers was sent to Clark Field. Everyone wanted to be on the last detail because they thought they would fly P-40s. Too bad they didn't get to, we would have shot down the Nip sooner.

Just before the war started our Group had been busy filling sand bags and building revetments at Nielson for our planes when they came (they were always coming around the mountain). We filled 100,000 and **Ed Backus** went down to draw another 150,000. Less than 500 were available. This was two days before the war started. Ed went in to see the Col. in charge of the depot and asked if they couldn't be procured for us. The Col. laughed and said, "Well, we have authority to buy them locally and local manufacturers can furnish us about 100,000 a week. But I don't think there's enough of an emergency now to justify spending Gov't funds for that purpose". Ed was always sort of outspoken so we will omit his reply but the Col. don't like us any more. To get back to Nielson though we had the first revetment half built when war was declared and that's as far as it got. The next morning there was a truck backed up against it and they were loading the bags on to stack around the Hqs building.

Our chemical defense plan is worthy of mention also. The Group early acquired the habit of getting our supplies and asking questions afterwards. So about the second or third day a large supply of chloride of lime arrived. Not our full T.B.A. allotment but adequate. One hour later two indignant chemical officers arrived wanting to know what kind of Capitalists we were, trying to corner the entire Philippine lime market! Our lime

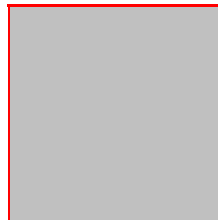
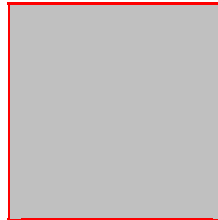
departed with them. So we ended up with ten gallons of kerosene and some strong soap distributed among the squadrons. Immediately after an attack the boys were to grab the kerosene and soap, sprint for the nearest showers, dissolve the mustard with the kerosene, and wash off all traces with soap. All this to be done, we guess, to the strains of "We're gonna slap the dirty Jap."

## ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL to ASSEMBLE and MOVE AIRPLANES

[Note: A careful review of the text of the history, as well as other materials, indicates that many of the men shown on this list were not among those who actually eventually left the Philippines to go to Australia to "get" the Group's aircraft. For example, note [Gerrity's comment](#) in his diary about this on December 17th, four days after this memo. Also, clearly Lieut. Savage was not among the group. Note that Harry's name did not even make this "essential" list.

[See an annotated copy of this list](#) of officers in the Appendix that shows who left, and when, and who stayed in the Philippines.

This document is one of the very few in this history that shows even some of the names of Enlisted men in the unit. Officers known to be in the 16th Bomb Sq. are **highlighted in yellow**].



Transcription

HEADQUARTERS  
27th BOMB GROUP

December 13, 1941

SECRET

SUBJECT: Essential Personnel to Assemble and Move Airplanes.

TO: Commanding General, Far East Air Force, San Pedro, Makati, Risal, P.I.

### PILOT OFFICERS

|       |        |
|-------|--------|
| Major | DAVIES |
| Capt. | BACKUS |
| Capt. | HIPPS  |

### ENLISTED MEN

|    |        |         |           |
|----|--------|---------|-----------|
| 1. | M/Sgt. | WESLEY  | Inspector |
| 2. | M/Sgt. | SANDERS | Armament  |
| 3. | T/Sgt. | THOMAS  | Mechanic  |

## UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

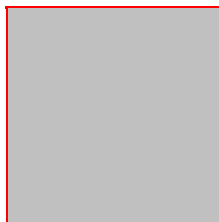
|        |             |     |        |           |           |
|--------|-------------|-----|--------|-----------|-----------|
| Lieut. | HUBBARD     | 4.  | S/Sgt. | INGROW    | Armament  |
| Lieut. | LOWERY      | 5.  | S/Sgt. | KNOX      | Inspector |
| Lieut. | EUBANKS     | 6.  | S/Sgt. | RUSS      | Armorer   |
| Lieut. | GERRITY     | 7.  | S/Sgt. | IRBY      | CC.       |
| Lieut. | STEVENSON   | 8.  | M/Sgt. | SMITH     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | GALUSHA     | 9.  | M/Sgt. | DULAVY    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | J. R. SMITH | 10. | M/Sgt. | HICKS     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | SUMMERS     | 11. | M/Sgt. | YOUNG     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | SWENSEN     | 12. | M/Sgt. | MORRIS    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | BIRNN       | 13. | T/Sgt. | ADAMS     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | ROGERS      | 14. | T/Sgt. | CLEMANS   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | MANGAN      | 15. | T/Sgt. | LOSSETT   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | MCAFEE      | 16. | T/Sgt. | BUNDY     | Utilities |
| Lieut. | TOWNSEND    | 17. | S/Sgt. | HARBIN    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | BIRD        | 18. | Sgt.   | FARMER    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | RUEGG       | 19. | Sgt.   | LARY      | CC.       |
| Lieut. | BRASWELL    | 20. | Sgt.   | CULP      | CC.       |
| Lieut. | WALKER      | 21. | Sgt.   | COX       | CC.       |
| Lieut. | SAVAGE      | 22. | Sgt.   | SCRUGGS   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | DALE        | 23. | Sgt.   | TOLER     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | WEST        | 24. | Sgt.   | BROOKS    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | SCHMIDT     | 25. | Sgt.   | MCDILL    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | G. S. DAVIS | 26. | Sgt.   | TATURN    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | TUBB        | 27. | Sgt.   | MOORE     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | ROSE        | 28. | Sgt.   | POPE      | CC.       |
| Lieut. | DUGAN       | 29. | Sgt.   | ROBINSON  | CC.       |
| Lieut. | GIBBS       | 30. | Sgt.   | O'BRYANT  | Radio     |
| Lieut. | STAFFORD    | 31. | Sgt.   | GOSS      | CC.       |
| Lieut. | HAMBOUGH    | 32. | Sgt.   | BRYANT    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | TALLEY      | 33. | Sgt.   | JONES     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | DOAN        | 34. | Sgt.   | KING      | CC.       |
| Lieut. | MUSSON      | 35. | Sgt.   | LEEMAN    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | PATTERSON   | 36. | Sgt.   | LEDBARY   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | DILLARD     | 37. | Sgt.   | MARTEL    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | MCKINNEY    | 38. | Sgt.   | SHOUSE    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | JOHNSTON    | 39. | Sgt.   | BAKER, R. | CC.       |
| Lieut. | DONNEWALD   | 40. | Sgt.   | CAUSEY    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | SCHWARTZ    | 41. | Sgt.   | COLOUITT  | CC.       |
| Lieut. | STIRLING    | 42. | Sgt.   | DAY       | CC.       |
| Lieut. | WHIPPLE     | 43. | Sgt.   | HAGAU     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | SALVATORE   | 44. | Sgt.   | HUTCHINS  | CC.       |
| Lieut. | WEINERT     | 45. | Sgt.   | PALMER    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | GAUSE       | 46. | Sgt.   | PEARSON   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | SCARBORO    | 47. | Sgt.   | STRAWN    | CC.       |
| Lieut. | CANNON      | 48. | Sgt.   | TUNEBURG  | CC.       |
| Lieut. | HILLEY      | 49. | Sgt.   | LAWRENCE  | CC.       |
| Lieut. | KLOSTER     | 50. | Sgt.   | SWEENEY   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | THOMAS      | 51. | Sgt.   | INZER     | CC.       |
| Lieut. | MILLER      | 52. | Sgt.   | LE CROY   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | J. R. DAVIS | 53. | Sgt.   | CAMERER   | CC.       |
| Lieut. | WOOD        | 54. | Sgt.   | WATKINS   | CC.       |

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

|     |      |         |     |
|-----|------|---------|-----|
| 55. | Sgt. | GEARIN  | CC. |
| 56. | Sgt. | HESTER  | CC. |
| 57. | Sgt. | KNOWLES | CC. |

J. H. DAVIES,  
Major, Air Corps  
Commanding



Transcription

DECEMBER 8, 1941 to DECEMBER 17, 1941 Cont'd

27th GROUP HQ

The first air raid was quite an experience. It came at 0300 December 9th with no warning at all and after two of three false alarms. **Broth Hubbard** got so tangled up in his mosquito net he thought it was made to fly paper and **Bert Banks** went thru the porch screen without bothering to find the door.

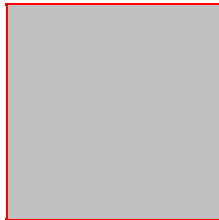
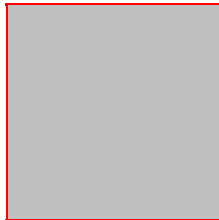
After that when the daylight raids started our man pastime was getting mad at the ACK-ACK. Poor devils - only four guns to cover the triangle Nichols Field, Nielson, and Ft. Mc Kinley. The guns used to get so hot they had to stop in the middle of the raid to cool off.

**Col. Davies** idea on the situation was that the 27th should be withdrawn to some place where they could be equipped with planes. Over half our men were trained specialists and would take years to replace. If we could only get planes the group would be a first rate fighting unit and it was no use throwing technicians away as they were too hard to get already. **Swenson Glebis** haunted the docks constantly sizing up each ship and figuring where we could stow the equipment. Everything was ready but we never got permission. Even **General B.** worked on it and finally December 17th came around.

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**DECEMBER 8 to DECEMBER 22, 1941**  
**16th SQUADRON**

The hand-written notation in the center of this page reads "Gerrity says he was the 3rd man".





Transcription

DECEMBER 8 to DECEMBER 22, 1941

16th SQUADRON

On December 8, 1941, the 16th was peacefully sleeping in various buildings and tents on the pleasant campus of Ft. Mc Kinley. Our planes had not arrived as yet and we had fully enjoyed our brief stay in the Philippines seeing the sights and trying to tell taxi drivers where we wanted to go in our fluent Tagaleay dialect. The hardest thing about conversing with the Gook driver was the fact that we were usually holding our breath as they more or less skillfully and very luckily piloted their taxis through, over and around calesas, dogs, bicycles, and kids. **Lt. Stevenson** was more or less at home, having spent a few years here as a G.I. some years previous.

Without planes and our field not ready for occupation, we were unable to do any training or preparation. Everyone was anxious to get our planes and start to work. We were aware that we were sitting on a powder keg and time was precious but with no ships we weren't worth our transportation across the Pacific.

And on December 8th the Japs struck. At 4:30 AM **Major Davies**, our C.O. got a phone call. Pearl Harbor had been bombed. War had come. 25 years of peace and a phone call at an ungodly hour stating that peace was no more. We were stunned. We couldn't believe it. And all we could do was sit tight and hope our ships arrived. So we went back to bed. At 8:00 AM reports started coming in of other raids and most of them in the Philippines. Clark Field and Iba were hit the hardest. Nobody knew what to do. The only thing we knew how to fight with was planes and we had none. **Capt. W. H. Hipps**, the 16th C.O. started the men off on small arms drill and we went about unimportant details in a daze.

About noon three B-18s were assigned our group. **Ruegg, Peter Bender** and **Salvatore** were to take the first mission. Crews were assigned and we waited for the word to go. It didn't come and the next day another squadron took over the ships and we didn't see the ships again for 10 days. The rest of the day was taken up with digging foxholes and camouflaging. By night we were more or less used to the idea that war was here and spent hours cussing whoever was responsible for the shipping of the 27th Group to the P.I. without planes. We went to bed ready for anything. And it came. About 1:00 AM we had an air raid alarm which got everyone up but nothing happened. At 2:00 we had another false alarm. And at 4:30 we were sound asleep when a terrific blast shook all the buildings followed by a weird display of fireworks. And 1000 men more or less made a desperate dive for the comparative shelter of a ravine 50 yards away. A 12 foot drop into the ravine was no obstacle and we all piled up neatly at the bottom. Total casualties: One sprained ankle. Sleep was out of the question from then on.

Detachments of men were sent to Nichols and Neison Fields for duty and the Japs struck Nichols. The first casualty in the Group was **Pfc. Chitwood**, of the 16th Squadron, manning a machine gun and a bomb hit him. **Hipps** was transferred to headquarters at Nielson, along with **McAfee, Stevenson**, and **Ruegg**. Those on day shift couldn't sleep much at night because of the constant fear of night raids, and on the night shift sleeping in the daytime was taboo because of the heat and the air raids. So

most of us went without. **Peter Bender** was flying a B-18 somewhere on the island and we would get reports of him every day or so.

On the third day, word came through that some of us would be sent to Clark Field to fly pursuit. Everyone wanted to go and have a crack at the Nips but on 10 left, **Rose, Stafford, Savage, Birnn** were among them.

The next few days were a night mare, and G-2 wasn't the best place to work. Reports started coming of Jap ships landing troops. There must have been enough ships to float Luzon if all reports were correct.

**Lt. Rose**, who had gone to Clark Field with the boys, was heard from occasionally and it wasn't good news. They were all ground officers. Not enough ships.

And rumors. An army travels as much on rumors as it does on its stomach. One of the best was that the Navy was speeding to our rescue sweeping everything before it. This kept us going at least two days. And before we could get downhearted about it not being true, word came out that Dewey Boulevard was lined with **A-20s** just waiting for us to come take them off. And the classic was a call to headquarters late one afternoon stating that our **A-24s** were on the dock. A frantic rush to the docks revealed nothing except that there was probably a Fifth Columnist or two on Luzon and they had our number.

Blood, sweat , and tears. Now we knew for the first time what the British were taking. Enemy planes overhead, wondering where the bombs would fall next, digging in when they came too close, watching our hopelessly small Air Force forced down by superior numbers of the Nips, eating in a hurry, sleeping in a hurry, doing everything in a hurry, and waiting. Waiting for what? More planes, the Navy, the collapse of Japan or a miracle? The Nips landed on both ends of Luzon and were closing in. Not very fast but certainly steady. What bombers were left moved south and the pursuits were used sparingly for recon and came back to report more Nip ships. Lingayen Gulf was always full of ships, Olangapoo was covered with Nips, northern Luzon was alive with Nips, all closing in.

We still had good days. **Buzzy Wagner** went out alone and got 8 or 9 Nip planes, **Grant Mahoney** on another lone recon strafed a Nip base getting several ships and various other suicide missions came in with cheerful reports. Just enough for us to cling to the delirious here for a few minutes that 30 P-40s could take the whole Nip Air Force.

And we had moments of realization, if you could call it that. Driving into pitch black Manila to the Officers Club for a good meal, and being challenged every few blocks by an itch-fingered Filipino sentry. And driving home slightly potted and trying to stay in the road.

And going downtown during the day and being asked by everyone if we'd stop them. Sure we would, with 29 planes and 20,000 men.

**McAfee** was working at Nielson trying to build an air force. **Ruegg** was released from headquarters and was helping **McAfee**. **Rose, Birnn, Stafford** and **Savage** were still at Clark getting hell 24 hours a day. **Bender** hadn't been heard

from. **Doan, Hambaugh, Schmidt** and the rest of the boys were running the squadron.

Earl one afternoon a meeting was called by **Major Davies**. We were told to pack 30 lbs of possessions for a ten day trip. Our planes were in Australia and we were to get them. **Ruegg, Birnn, Rose, Schmidt,** and **Doan** from the 16th. All very secret, meet at 6:00 PM to go to Nichols.

About 8:15 PM we started for Nichols Field in sedans. To get there we had to pass through a Filipino village recently bombed while the Nips were trying to hit Nichols Field. The stench was nauseating, and with the complete blackout, broken only by the flow of Cavite across the bay, and sinister silence broken only by an occasional pistol shot, we had a sense of forboding about the trip ahead.

We had a short meeting, plane assignments and the news that takeoff was at 3:00 AM. **Geiss** and **Timlin** had one ship, **Fred Hoffman** and **Salvatore** another, and **Strong** another. We slept little that night due to the mosquitos, and partly the macabre appearance of our sleeping quarters. They had been bombed considerable. Doors and window were missing, shrapnel had ventilated each room and debris was littered everywhere. But we slept some.

We were away at 3:00 AM December 19 for Tarakan. An uneventful trip, but we were weary. Too many Nips around, and the rear gun was out. We'd have been cold turkey for one Nip float plane. Ran into bad weather and had to skim the waves the last hundred miles. Landed at Tarakan where a small Dutch Air Force Detachment made us welcome. We stayed for a few hours and then off for Balikpapan. Shortly after leaving Tarakan, **Colonel Jim** get very busy on a paper of some sort. Also got a bottle of grog from his bag and as we crossed the equator we signed a very impressive article stating we had crossed and had a drink all around. By this time we began to think we'd get through. Made Balikpapan without incident and stayed the night in some officers quarters.

We were introduced to Dutch hospitality and beer. Both excellent. Also the "Dutch Wife/" Most of the boys kicked the "Dutch Wife" to one side and went without.

December 20th and Tarakan behind. Next stop Macassar, made without incident. Macassar was a good example of Dutch thoroughness. Machine gun nests and barb wire barricades everywhere. A short stop there and on to Koepang. Some miles out of Koepang, a strange ship came up to look us over, everyone was on edge. Plane turned out to be RAAF and brought us in. Stayed in Koepang that night. Everyone too tired to do more than eat and turn in.

The next morning we got an early start and off on the last leg of the trip to Darwin. A long hop over water and the old crate was on her last legs. Nothing radically wrong but just strange noises and wheezes from both engines. But we did make it and landed only to ground loop due to a soft spot, **Gus** says, causing no damage.

Darwin, with mosquitoes, heat and not much beer. A frontier town of few women and fewer comforts. A few Aussie ships and ground crews. A good field with good quarters. Aussie shorts and hats. More mosquitoes. **Wesley** admitting now that he hadn't told us before how bad a condition the ship was in. Didn't want to worry us. And the first premonition that maybe our ships weren't quite ready to go. But at least we

were in Australia where our planes were and we all felt it would only take a few days to get them in shape and start back. How little we knew.

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**DECEMBER 7 to DECEMBER 17, 1941 - 91st SQUADRON**



Transcription

DEC. 7 to DEC 17, 1941

91st SQUADRON

On December 7th, 1941, everybody had big plans for the training and operation of the 91st Bomb Squadron (L). The squadron was then stationed at Ft. William Mc Kinley, P.I. under the command of **Lt. W. E. Eubank, Jr.** All these big plans were suddenly destroyed when news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor was received everything was in turmoil. Everybody suddenly realized that the squadron was completely out of training in regards to the use of pistols, rifles, and ground machine guns.

**Lt. Eubanks** was assigned to Intelligence at Headquarters, and **Lt. Galusha** took over temporary command of the squadron. All officers were given a platoon of men and were told to give their men training in the use of firearms. Everyone had just about as much to learn as the next, including officers. They even went as far as to make plans for evacuation if it came to that.

**Lts. J. R. Smith** and **A. R. Salvatore** were assigned to assist in operations at Nielson Field, and **Lt. J. B. Summers** with other officers was sent to Clark Field for duty.

On December 9th at 3:00 AM they had their first night air raid. All the officer's quarters, when the first bomb fell. **Lt. Galusha** tried to get out of the mosquito bar, and what seemed like an hour later he finally succeeded during the time he was trying to get out of bed, the bombs were falling, shaking the buildings, and the Filipinos, having set up machine guns throughout the area, were shooting tracer bullets everywhere. The first impression was that the end had come and stars were shooting everywhere. Bits of hot shrapnel were falling all around. It looked like a great Fourth of July celebration.

It must not have taken over a few seconds to get out of bed, because as we were getting out, we were almost stepped on by rushing half naked men. About the time you could get up you'd be pushed back down again by another person.

After about two nights of having to get up and rush outside everyone decided to move into the woods where all one had to do was dive into a slit trench beside the bed. This worked fine until it began to rain, then we were torn between two desires. One to be near a dive trench and other to be dry. We tried the first one and then the other.

We kept this up until December 17th, when several of the officers were secretly called to headquarters. **Zeke Summers, J. R. Smith, Salvatore** and **Galusha** were called from the 91st; they were all half scared to death. No one knew what he had done or what he was going to do. They were told they would all go to Nichols Field about 7:00 o'clock that night, and would receive orders there. Everyone was guessing where they might be going. Everyone had an idea it would be south, but due to the fact that they were only allowed to bring 30 pounds of luggage, they thought it couldn't be very far south. They all expected to be back within two weeks ready with planes and equipment for combat.

When they got to Nichols Field that night they learned very little and at 3:00 AM

the next morning everybody loaded into 2 ~~B-25s~~ (B-18s) and a C-39 heading south.

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**DECEMBER 8 to DECEMBER 17, 1941 - 17th SQUADRON**





Transcription

DEC. 8 to DEC 17, 1941

17th SQUADRON

The 17th Bomb Sq was rudely awakened on the morning of Dec. 8th by bombing at Nichols Field. The Japs had raided Clark Field that afternoon and this night they gave Nichols a pelting. One bomb came close to where the 17th was stationed. It hit the P.A.A. [*Pan American Airways*] radio station not a mile distant. The Squadron had now moved from the parade ground to the jungle nearby.

The next morning, the Squadron quickly issued small arms, ammunition, and gas masks. Everyone was keyed up and an air of tenseness and excitement was about. All dug fox holes.

**Major Davies** had the squadron C.O.'s in for a short meeting and standing by for orders. Crews were formed to man the B-18s and they had to stand by.

The next day, (9th), found the 17th with some of the crews manning machine gun posts at Nichols Field and with flying crews standing by to man the B-18s. **Tom Gerrity** and **Ed Townsend** had one, **Pete Bender** and **Harry Roth** of the 16th had the second, and **Gus Heiss** and **F. E. Timlin** of the 17th had the third. All had it easy on the 9th but on the 10th all were called out. **Tom** and **Ed** were down at Nichols preparing for a bombing mission when shortly afternoon the Nips staged a huge raid. **Tom** and **Ed** ran for cover as the Zeros began to strafe the B-18 that they were to use on their mission. **Tom** unfortunately was hit in the hand by a piece of shrapnel and **Ed** got to cover just as the B-18s load of bombs blew up. "**Tim**" and "**Gus**" ran into a dog fight but finally managed to get to San Marcelino.

To the same raid, several of the 17th gunners at Nichols were strafed and one crew manned its post until blown out by bombs.

The next few days saw the squadron sending "**Sonny**" **Walker**, "**Pete**" **Talley**, "**Whip**" **Whipple**, and others up to Clark Field to fly P-40s. **Herman Lowery**, the C.O. went to Nichols to work in the G-2 section. Several others left to help and **Harry Mangan**, then a 2nd Lt., was left to run the Squadron.

On the 12th, Fort Mc Kinley was blessed with rain and no Nips. The time was well used to get the men settled. Spirit was a little low due to the lack of real activity by the Squadron but thru the efforts of **Sgt. Pearsons**, **Sgt. Cameron**, and others it was soon high.

The 13th was a day of raids. Huge formations of 27,36, and 57 bombers came over Manila and nearby installations. A/A fire engaged them but were only moderately successful. The squadron in the meantime was working hard to help at Nichols and the 14th passed as the 13th had, more and bigger raids and still no real action for the 17th due to lack of planes and orders.

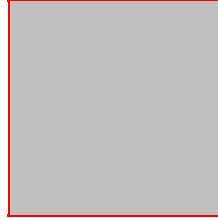
The 15th passed and then the 16th. **Ed Townsend**, **Pete Talley**, **Sonny Walker** and other returned from Clark complaining that after all the rush they had failed to get to

fly the P40s. **Herman Lowery** also returned and once more assumed command of the 17th.

On the same 17th, **Herman**, with some of the boys -- **Walker, Tubb, Talley, Mangan**, and **Townsend** were picked to go to Australia to ferry the **A-24s** of the Squadron back to P.I. **Lt. Sterling** was left to command the Squadron and on the morning of the 17th all the foregoing gang left from Nichols Field for Australia.

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## ORDERS to CLARK FIELD



Transcription

December 10, 1941

Major G. L. Grover,  
Pursuit Group Commander,  
Clark Field, PanPang, P.I.

By order of Colonel GEORGE the following officers of the  
27th Bombardment Group are directed to report to you for duty. They  
are damn good pilots and officers:

|               |                        |
|---------------|------------------------|
| Capt          | Edward N. Backus       |
| Lieut.        | Warren G. Stirling     |
| Lieut.        | Thomas P. Talley       |
| Lieut.        | Richard R. Birnn       |
| Lieut.        | Robert F. Stafford     |
| Lieut.        | Henry J. Rose          |
| <b>Lieut.</b> | <b>Columbus Savage</b> |
| Lieut.        | Robert W. Whipple      |
| Lieut.        | Leland A. Walker       |
| Lieut.        | Howard B. West         |
| Lieut.        | Charles Cannon         |
| Lieut.        | Julius B. Summers      |

J. H. DAVIES  
CO, 27th Bomb Gp

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**DECEMBER 10 to DECEMBER 17, 1941 - CLARK FIELD**



Transcription

DEC 10, 1941 to DEC 17, 1941

CLARK FIELD

The following named officers from the 27th Bomb Group were ordered to go to Clark Field to join a pursuit group and fly P-40s. **Capt Ed Backus**, Lt.s **Summers**, **Stirling**, **Walker**, **Rose**, **West**, **Talley**, **Cannon**, **Whipple**, **Birnn**, **Savage** and **Stafford**. Upon receiving orders to depart we grabbed our parachutes and Mae Wests and headed for Nielson Field to fly up in **General Brereton's** C-49 which was to be piloted by **Lt Hampton** from Savannah who was the General's aide. We were shoved into one of the operations offices to receive our instructions before leaving. While we were waiting **General B.** ran past and told us to excuse him that he had a date. **Bill Eubank** saved our necks by telling us to scam, that the Nips were on the way. We figured out later that **Gen. B.** had a date with a bomb shelter. We were all headed for a ditch when the zeros hit and burned up the plan in which we going to Clark Field. We never could figure out which was the worse, the Japs strafing us or **Wienert** trying to hit one of them with his .45.

After the raid we were sent back to Ft. Mc Kinley to go up in a recon car. We were told before departing that paratroops had landed between Manila and Clark Field, so we all left with our pistols cocked and our hearts in our throats. We finally made it safely after riding on the edge of our seats for two hours.

The night was spent by the edge of headquarters which was concealed in a patch of trees south of the field, although we didn't know there was a soul around until daylight. Everyone slept without blankets except **Summers**, who found a man that had gone for a short walk in the bushes and also a lot smaller than he was. When the man came back **Summers** was sound asleep all rolled up in a nice warm blanket. It looked like **Summers** used his head and his size to steal the poor men's blanket. **Walker** tried to sleep under his gas mask but found it a bit small to keep him warm. All in all we spent a lovely night freezing to death with the ground colder than h--l and the country a bit Nippy.

Next morning we found that our dreams or rather good luck of becoming pursuit pilots was nil due to superior Jap planes and very darn few P-40s. On top of it all we found out that about 100 pursuit pilots were in a rest camp about 10 miles from the field. We were all given jobs around the field in place of the pilots who had been sent to the bush due to the lack of planes.

**Summers** and **Rose** were to salvage parts of shot up planes and had about 30 planes to work on. **Stirling** moved into operations. **Talley** and **Walker** were assigned to the 24th Pursuit Group as Group Communications officers. Sweet job, all they had to do was sit around and listen to a secret line to headquarters which had a line tapped by the Japs to Gen. Tojo and a couple more for his staff and on top of it all they couldn't hear a darn thing. **Whipple** and **Birnn** had a sweet job of sitting on top of one of the hangers as look outs. It was nice job if you didn't care about Jap planes and bombs. Every time they sighted something they had to run up a red flag and then run or fall down about 100 steps and dive into a bomb hole. **Whipple** used to look at his watch and tell us he had only 12 hours to live. Seems he guarded his life from the time he got

off duty until he went back to work. One day while getting ready to take **Birnn's** place as a flag pole sitter on top of the hangar, **Whipple** watched **Birnn** put up the red flag and lead his men down the stairs to safety. Always before **Whipple** had let his men go first, but he decided that **Birnn** had the right idea about leading his men instead of following them. He thought he could move a lot faster than they could under such conditions. **West** and **Savage** were working in transportation. **Capt. Backus** was in charge of the engineering and in his spare time kept his stooges out of trouble if he find them.

The second day **West** and **Walker** went over to the far side of the field to look things over. There was a 2,500 ft ceiling at the time so everyone felt happy about the Japs not being able to find us. About the time the 2 w's were a mile from the field, Jap bombers were heard overhead and about 10 minutes later the air raid warning sounded. Men started running for fox holes and the rain started pouring down while **West** and **Walker** started going through grass shacks getting a rain coat that wouldn't fit. After covering about a mile they got back to Headquarters just in time to have 18 Jap bombers come down through the clouds. They opened their bomb doors where we could all see them and then proceeded to drop their eggs in our area. Some of the bombs had a big sign on them which read "to whom it may concern" and brother they were all for us. At this same time **Birnn** and **Talley** had just finished taking a shower and had started walking home, when the bombs started falling. It looked plenty bad for them at the time because they had one tiny little tree to hide behind and no fox holes. The bombs fell in a perfect line up to about 40 ft. from them and then stopped. It seems that this little raid cured them of taking any more showers. Of course you can't blame them for that. After all, it doesn't make you very happy to get nice and clean and then have some peanut brain cover you up with dust from a yellow bomb.

During the time we weren't working part of the boys used to spend the day in the mountains away from all the noise and bombs. **Heiss, Timlin, Talley, Whipple** and **Walker** during one of these days counted 74 bombers and escorting fighters go by heading for Manila and they were all in one formation.

We kept alive on rumors that our planes were down in Manila and that they were being assembled and flow off of Dewey Blvd. They had everything from **A-24s** to P-38s waiting for us. We all wondered what they army would be like without General Rumor and his staff to keep us bucked up.

Many humorous incidents during the week kept us from becoming bored with our jobs. We had our mess up in a slaughter house owned by an old Negro. He had formerly belonged to the 10th Cavalry, but before the commencement of hostilities he was furnishing meat for the troops at Fort Stotsenburg. Thus we always had plenty of meat for our mess but it was rather disconcerting to miss Porky the Pig from our vicinity and then find him in our mess kit for lunch.

**Birnn** was continually hungry. He ate early breakfast, regular breakfast, and many times managed to make the line for late chow. This continued through the day. At one particular time during a six hour raid he was kept in a trench from 7:30 till 1:30; all the time in easy sight and sniffing range of the kitchen.

One morning during an early raid **Walker** and **Summers** grew bold. They filled their plates with eggs and settled behind the house for breakfast. A hissing noise

caused them to raise their heads, not missing a bite. Later investigation showed that a dud bomb had dropped fifty feet from their table and this destroyed their appetite for the next few hours.

The morning of the 10th we were all in fox holes before 8:00. The Nips buzzed and buzzed above our heads but no strafing or bombing followed. Around 11:30 the old Negro who had become our mess Sergeant remarked. "Well, Boss, I guess they'll be going home soon for lunch", however, the buzzing continued. At 1:15 he raised his head and said "Lordy me, they done brung their lunch with them".

On Thursday **Backus** was determined to get a bath. He had been doing a great job of repairing and hiding our last 16 P-40s. So -- he started out for the showers, which were still intact in the soldier's quarters. Two raids forced him to cover before getting their. However, he got his shower and feeling nice and clean started back for camp. No sooner had he left the shower room than the Zeros came. It almost broke his heart to be forced to take refuge in one of the man holes in that vicinity. Thereafter, we heard no more talk about baths.

We thought the high point of the week was the arrival of **Gus Heiss** and **Timlin** in a B-18. They landed and about that time the red flag went up on the tower. Both boys displayed untold courage in flying that old patched craft around. **Heiss** suddenly remembered that he had left his last suit of clean underwear in the plane. So amid the bullets from the strafing planes he made his way back to his plane and then back to our manger, which was 300 yds of open country from where they were caught. They had no armor plate and only three .30 calibre machine guns, of which only the front gun worked with any degree of success.

**Heiss** and **Timlin** were standing around telling us about their experiences and how fast they could run, when a bomb dropped about 400 yards from the trees we were under. **Walker** told us later that one minute he saw **Heiss** and the next second he saw a few trees rustling where **Gus** had gone through them. About the same time his own legs got into action and he started down the trail to find a hole. Poor **Timlin** had never been there before and could just keep track of the dust **Sonny** was kicking up. They finally hit a hole and both lay there shaking so bad they couldn't talk. After it was all over **Gus** came out of his hole covered with dust and cussing because the laundry he had risked his neck to save earlier in the day had gotten covered with dirt from the trench that was coved in by a close miss. Poor **Gus**, and he tried so hard to keep clean.

On day while **Walker**, **Timlin**, and **Talley** were walking from the field to dinner at Headquarter the Japs started coming over to bomb. The only hole that could be found was about two feet deep in the blackest dirt in P.I. **Walker** and **Timlin** jumped a fence and started digging in. **Talley** said he always wanted to see what Jap bombers looked like, so he stayed in the middle of the road. The first bomb went off about 200 yds from their cosy little hole and **Talley** cleared the fence at the same time and tried to get under **Walker** and **Timlin** to get protection. In doing this he caved in both sides of the trench and covered the rest of the boys up with dirt so black that it made them look like 3/4's of the population of Savannah, Ga., which is really black. When the bombs started going off, **Talley** yelled, "Jesus Christ" and the noise seemed to have some effect on a Filipino woman who came out of her hold after the raid and proceeded to sit under a tree with a cross in her hand and yell, "Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ". **Talley** was cured of

watching bombing and **Walker** and **Timlin** decided that they knew a new form of praying under fire. On Friday we became decidedly bored with sleeping on the ground. We had also found that the Japs seldom came over at night so we move up to one of the houses at Fort Stotsenburg to sleep. The next day **Summers** went back to the house for some reason or other and saw "**Lt Rosen**" printed on the house next to it. He was immediately curious because he had roomed with a **Melvin Rosen** at West Point. He went in and saw to his surprise a dining room with table set for seven and a half eaten meal on it. However, upon closer inspection he noticed that the salad had congealed and ants were running all over the table. At one plate was a newspaper dated Dec 8th. Looked as if the boys had been disturbed and rushed to battle stations in a hurry. Luckily they had left about five gallons of Tanduay Rum and two cases of Coca Cola. Life was OK until the Nips hit the ice house.

On Dec 17th, we were recalled to Manila --- **Summers** had to fix the radiator on our reconnaissance car which had been hit by shrapnel. He did a hasty job and started back to the hangar to return the tools, and found much to his surprise that he had been working about six feet from an unexploded bomb. We were all back at Fort Mc Kinley by four on the afternoon of the 17th. Something was stirring we could tell but a shower and shave were uppermost in our minds.

We figured later that we had undergone at least 35 raids in five days and that we would never get used to the hissing sound and the blasting effect the bombs had on us.

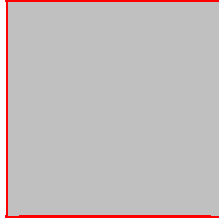


**DECEMBER 18 to DECEMBER 22, 1941 - THE AUSTRALIAN DETAIL**



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**DAVIES MESSAGES re GASOLINE**



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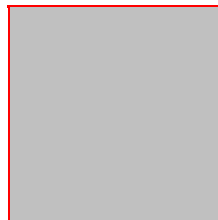
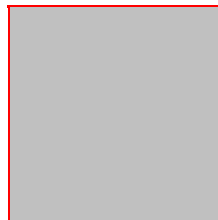
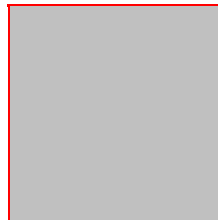
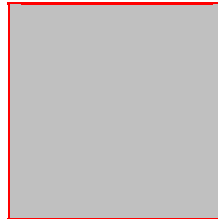
## DAVIES MESSAGES re FLIGHTS



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**DECEMBER 18, 1941 to JANUARY 30, 1942**  
**27th IN P.I.**

[Note: These next pages appear to be the work of one, (perhaps with the help of one of the others) of these men: Stephenson, McAfee, Bender, and Stafford. It is very well written (better than many of the other sections) and I suspect it is the work primarily of McAfee (the Editor-in-Chief of this history) - it reflects an intimate knowledge of the activities and men of the 16th Squadron during the period covered]



Transcription

DECEMBER 18, 1941 to JANUARY 30, 1942

27th in P.I.

December 18, 1941 - this was the Group's first day with its new Group and Squadron Commanders. **Lt. Eubanks** was supposed to take command of the Group, but **Major Sewell** actually did. **Eubanks** took charge of the 91st, **Stephenson** the 16th, and **Stirling** the 17th. All 3 Squadrons were merely sitting at Fort Mc Kinley waiting for orders - 120 men from the Group were assigned to **McAfee** at Nielson Field. Several of the officers from all Squadrons had various jobs at Air Force Hq, and a few men were manning machine guns at Nichols Field. **Corporal Bandish**, 16th Squadron, distinguished himself first in shooting down a Zero that was strafing Nichols Field - He didn't hit the Zero but shot the pilot through the head and the Zero ended up in the graveyard along the Mc Kinley - Manila Road. Several others got partial credit for shooting strafing Zeros.

On December 21st, all Squadrons were notified by Hq that they were to move to new stations to prepare fields for the receptions of A-24s which **Major Davies** and 17 other pilots had gone to Australia to fetch. This was quite a joke, though a very serious one, to us; we felt that the new stations would all be occupied by the enemy very shortly since the war in northern and southern Luzon was going badly. The 16th Sq was supposed to go to Lipa (40 miles south of Manila), the 91st to San Marceleno, the 17th to San Fernando (the latter two northwest of Manila). The situation was this - south of Manila on the tip of Luzon the Japs were forcing our troops back and north of Manila 80 Jap transports had pitched off about 50,000 troops in Lingayen Gulf and from the north and south we were being rapidly pushed into a sack. Anyway, during an air raid on December 22nd, the Squadrons left Manila and took camp at their new stations.

All that was left in Manila was **George Kane** and a few Hq men and officers, **McAfee** and 120 men at Nielson Field, and **Major Sewell** at Air Force Hq. Gerrity was air liaison with Gen Wainwright's Hq in the field.

However, the whole works collapsed on Dec 24th. The Japs had constantly been raiding Manila every day for some time, but they had done no appreciable damage to anything but Nichols Field and Cavite. This didn't damage anyone's morale to a great extent though. Anyway, this December 24th was at once the wildest and most fantastic day in the annals of the 27th Bomb Group. It was the day before Christmas, and all through Manila, not a creature was stirring (during the bombing hour), not even a Jap - until one o'clock. At this time **Stephenson** got up from lunch at Lipa and ordered his Squadron to pack up and depart for Manila again - he had just gotten orders to evacuate Lipa and move to the docks at Manila where he would get more orders. **Stirling** and **Eubanks** got no orders for their Squadrons at San Marceleno and San Fernando. **Kane** was ordered to have his men move from Ft. Mc Kinley to the docks by 7:00 PM and **McAfee** got orders to have his men join the 16th and Hq Squadron at the docks. Not a word of explanation was given other than Manila was an open city. This meant one of two things, either the Japs had broken thru in the north and were plowing down towards Manila or we were sailing somewhere. Neither turned out to be true - not exactly but both were partly true.

Anyhow, the greatest haste (amounting to nearly a rout) and speed were urged. You couldn't take any more luggage and equipment than you could carry and no specific things were designated to be taken. Air Force Hq just quit work and disappeared all at once. Every officer and enlisted man had to leave behind all his personnel belongings and nothing but the barest essential were taken.

At four o'clock nine P-40s from Clark Field landed at Nielson Field and one poor devil flew through the hangar wall and caught fire. The pilot got out O.K. Another landed on the barricaded runway and tore his ship all to pieces. All personnel with the exception of **McAfee**, **Dillard**, **Stafford**, and **Owen** and four enlisted men had left the field, but they helped gas up the P-40s to get them away. At the same time the gas storage and house at Nichols were set afire and other demolition work was going on. **Pappy Gunn** flew in and then out when he found **General Brereton** wasn't there. **Dillard**, **Stafford** and **Owen** took off in three C-49s on a road behind the field - the road was lined with trees but they all made it O.K. Their destination was Corregidor. No one knew whether they would make it or not without being shot down. **McAfee** was going to stay on the field until the A-27 out on reconnaissance came in and take it to Corregidor. When the A-27 did come in, the pilot cracked his left aileron and tail against the revetment - **Mac** thought for sure he was caught in Manila by Japs since his plane was cracked up.

The 16th pulled out of Manila dock area at 8:00 PM and **Stephenson** had, (against orders) brought all of his food and equipment in the Squadron; this turned out to be a big break later. **Steve** and **McAfee** got together on the docks and decided that since everything was so tied up that they would just take care of themselves. The situation was that the Group was supposed to evacuate to Bataan. This move was to be accomplished by boat. **Steve** and **Mac** decided to H--I with this since it meant leaving all the trucks and equipment on the docks. **Steve** took the trucks and half the men around to Bataan by road, and **Mac** took the other half of the 16th over to Bataan by boat. The men in the trucks got through safely except for an accident on the road which hurt no one. The boat crowd got caught in a bombing raid without life vests and the Gook Captain got lost in a mine field, otherwise the rest of the 16th made it to Bataan O.K. too.

By 5:00 PM the entire 16th Squadron had assembled in a ravine close to Cabcaban on Bataan and proceeded to have their first meal (Christmas dinner) since noon the day before. It consisted of bread and hot coffee. Everyone's spirits got a lift from the coffee, and a little Christmas cheer crept into the crowd. During this "coffee hour" a rabble of men piled out of trucks out on the road and descended upon the 16th. This rabble turned out to be the 17th, led by "Goon" **Stirling**.

It turned out the 17th had just gotten "unofficial" wind of the "rout" from Manila and had just sailed right on back to Bataan after advising **Eubank** of the situation. **Willie Eubank** also moved in a camp with the 91st and Hq Sq about 5 miles from the 16th. So Christmas day found the entire 27th safely out on Bataan. The 17th left so hurriedly that they brought no stoves or food so they began to live off the 16th for the time being.

It was a terrible Christmas day from every angle - no food, no idea of the war situation (which didn't get desperate until a week later so the "rout" wasn't necessary). No place to sleep, no orders, the Group scattered to the four winds, and prospects for

getting airplanes and into the war was NIL.

Some of the officers had brought a bottle of grog or two and they all had a round, wishing Merry Christmas to the Group.

December 26th the Group spent in getting their two camps organized - **Major Sewell** had the 91st and Hq Sq at a camp about a mile from Limay and it was certainly a fine place. A fairly large creek of crystal clear water ran through the area and there were huge trees all about the small valley in which the Squadrons were encamped. The 16th and 17th Sqs were at Cabcaban and were not so well off though they had a creek of sorts and tree cover of a sketchy type. The Group was so used to being bombed that in everything they did they kept an eye peeled at the sky - tree cover was a necessity.

On the 27th the Nips bombed Corregidor for three hours -- most of the Group sat on the beach about a mile and a half away and watched the destruction. It didn't seem as if anything or anybody could have survived it. We heard later that 31 men were killed.

On December 28, 1941, - **Stephenson** and **McAfee** went up to Air Force Hq and talked to **Col George** about getting a job for the 16th Sq. They had success as **Col George** assigned that Sq to Bataan Field and ordered the 16th to take charge of the servicing and maintenance of some P-40s that were coming in, also, big joke - they would be on hand if the dive bombers came in. They were to build revetments for the expected A-24s --- really!

Everyone had begun to realize that there wasn't a great stock of goods in reserve on Bataan so **Stephenson** sent the 17th Sq on up to Limay to live off the Hq and 49th [91st] Sq. These three squadrons then began to dig in and really made up a fine nest back in their valley. They built a dam and everyone built themselves a miniature Shangri-La out of leaves and branches. It was certainly cool and fine there, and **Major Sewell** felt that they would stay in their hide-away until **Major Davies** and the boys got back with their A-24s - that the A-24s would arrive was doubtful though.

The 16th took over Bataan Field on the 29th - **Stephenson** was in charge of the Squadron and the field -- **McAfee** was the field operations officer - **Bender** was the Engineering officer - **Dillard** took over the building of revetments. The other three Squadrons felt they had the laugh on the 16th since all they had to do was be comfortable and wait. Twelve P-40s came in and landed at Bataan Field and were immediately shoved away in the trees.

Corregidor in the meantime was being regularly pestered from the air by formations of eighty Jap bombers. On the 30th, the 16th got their first "working over" by Jap Zeros. During the time from Dec 25th to the 30th, all Sqdns had been sending trucks back into Manila to bring out supplies. This later proved to have been the only thing that kept the Group going after food got very short.

New Years - the outlook of all concerned on Bataan was not bright to say the least. The last bit of whiskey gave out and numerous toasts were drunk to this and that, mostly to wives and families back home. Simply, the 27th Group knew its future was dark, and no one expected to get out of it alive or at best P.O.W. The men ignored that and carried on as if everything was O.K.

The Japs entered Manila on Jan 2, 1942. We were all praying that they wouldn't go in on the first. Manila was still burning on the 2nd but a day or so after that all fires were out. There were, however, still other fires to be seen - an oil dump on Corregidor was still burning after four days.

Also on Jan 2 the order came from the Rock that all Air Corps units would immediately begin training as infantry units. **Major Sewell** took this in hand and throughout the 27th camp areas there were infantry classes going on. The 16th being occupied with Bataan Field, just issued rifles to all men and kept on as usual, nursing the remaining nine (three flew to Del Monte) P-40s.

On January 5th, the Hq, 91st and 17th Sq moved to the 2nd reserve line on the east side of the lines. They made anti-tank bombs out of beer bottles filled with gasoline, put up barbed wire, and generally dug in as if they were seasoned troops from the German Army. They kept this position for two weeks and never saw a Jap, but they got in much valuable training which was bear on their future.

Through the period of Jan 1 to Jan 25th the 16th Sq on Bataan Field suffered thirty-two bombings with no casualties to themselves although four men from an engineer outfit were killed. Their record on Bataan Field was the best yet since through all that bombing not a man was hurt (except by shock), not one airplane was scratched, nor a single piece of equipment damaged. The 16th drew a big white circle in the middle of the runway so that the Japs would have a target to shoot at - they never hit it but they came too darn close for comfort.

Up on the reserve line the other three squadrons got their first taste of the Nip dive bombers when the Japs put a bomb in the 17th Sq's kitchen, so for the second time on Bataan the 17th was kitchenless. The 27th was beginning to feel like a veteran outfit though. All night long the 155's pounded the Japs and all day long the Japs pounded us.

On the 15th Tokyo radio stated that the defenders of Bataan would be driven into the China Sea by the 20th. That gave everyone a laugh, but it also made everyone think twice. The 20th came and went with no swimming parties.

The food situation was very bad. Since the first of the year everyone had been on half rations and the meals were cut down to two a day. Each meal was virtually the same, consisting of bad rice and what the boys called "Slum gullion", i.e., Hash. The bread was scarce and coffee ran right out, no butter, milk, meat, fat, or otherwise. That was the worse thing anyone had to bear, the food was sickening and Dam little.

Enlisted men stood up well and were in the best of spirits, as best as could be expected under the circumstances. No one gave much of a hoot what kind of a job they did as long as it was a job. They didn't care if they were bombed or shot at as long as they were working or helping. They were brave men to a man and their example was a credit to everyone.

One **Corporal Allen**, 16th Sq, wasn't at all perturbed when a bomb hit 12 feet away from him as he manned a .30 calibre machine gun against bombers at 28,000 feet! **M/Sgt George Smith** and **Ruskin** put P-40s together as if they had worked over



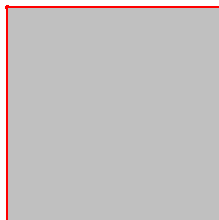
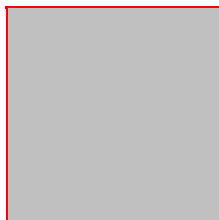
them all their life.

All in all, January was a hectic month. The Group settled itself down in jobs that they held, up until Bataan fell. On the 30th of January, **Stephenson, McAfee, Bender** and **Stafford** left Bataan for Corregidor and sailed on the U.S.S. Seawolf, a 315 foot submarine, for the south. **Savage** took over command of the 16th and that Squadron continued as before. The four officers on the Seawolf sailed (or rather chugged along under water) through the Macassar Straits while that big Jap fleet was being sunk and scattered to the four winds and eventually on Feb 9th, they landed at Scerabaya, Java. Their new job was to run another pursuit field and this they did until the day before Java fell. Another sub wasn't available so they left this time by a C-49 and landed at Daly Waters, Australia. **McAfee** left 17,500 guldans in the bank at Surabaya; he was an acting Finance Officer among other things. He, **Bender** and **Stafford (Stevenson)** went to Australia via B-17) held babies and took care of two expectant mothers during the trip out from Java. At Daly Waters they wired **Col Davies** that they were present for duty from the P.I. **Col Davies** ordered them to Brisbane, where they went post haste, eager to get a little civilization after Bataan, Java, and the flies of Daly Waters.

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## **DECEMBER 18, 1941 [to APRIL 3, 1942]**

[Note: These two pages were obviously written by **Lt. Tom Gerrity** - I believe he was one of only two of the last member of the 27th Group to get out of Bataan (the other was **Lt. John (Jack) Wienert(33)**), and thus one who could report on events after January 30th. He left Bataan on April 3rd. See below for **excerpts from his diary**. They both went to **Del Monte where they met up with men of the 27th** who had just completed a mission to the Philippines and were taken to Australia by them.



Transcription

December 18, 1941 (actually through April 3, 1942)

The 27th Group Commander, **Major Davies** and a number of pilots left early this morning by plane for Australia. They plan to pick up the 27th's **A-24 dive bombers** and ferry them back to the Philippines. In the absence of **Major Davies**, **Major Sewell** acted as Group Commander with **Capt Whoffel(34)** as executive officer and **Tom Gerrity** as Group Material Officer.

Due to lack of aircraft and the dis-organization of the entire situation, the 27th was left high and dry. A complete air corps unit with no airplanes with which to fight. The "Powers that be" later turned the Group into an Infantry outfit.

On December 20th **Tom Gerrity** was assigned to the North Luzon Force as Air Corps Liaison Officer. On the way north he stopped off at Stotsenburg. Clark Field was a shamble. Wrecked airplanes lay burned all over the field.

On the 22nd of December the Nips effected another landing. This time they came in at Damortis with 80 to 90 transports. Headquarters requested an attack by the B-17s but for some reason the big fellows never arrived.

The green untrained Filipino troops got a terrific beating at Rosario. The entire 71st Division was routed after a short skirmish with Jap patrols. **Gen Wainwright** had the U.S. withdrawn to a line running East and West thru Mount Aryat. Rumors were running rampant throughout Manila. No one seemed to know exactly what the situation was. Possibly this fact had more to do with the Jap successes than anything else. The calmest people were those on the front lines.

All the Far Eastern Air Force Hq was evacuated to Australia at this time and installation and equipment in and around Manila were destroyed. **Gen MacArthur's** headquarters moved to Corregidor, and Manila was declared an open city. **Gen George** was then in command of all Air Corps in the Philippines. About this time all the troops on Bataan were so ill-informed, and rumors were so plentiful, that they expected the Nips to come popping over the hill at any minute. The North Luzon Forces covered the retreat of the Southern Luzon Forces, so that the latter had the opportunity of retreating under cover to Bataan.

In the hurried evacuation of Clark Field, the Air Corps left several P-40s and P-35s on the field. **Tom Gerrity** flew over to Corregidor to acquaint Headquarters with the situation. **Major R.F.C. Vance** was Air Officer on **Gen MacArthur's** Staff.

Corregidor suffered its first bombing on December 28th. Many troops were caught on "top side"; the casualties were not heavy.

By December 29th the evacuation to Bataan had grown to such proportions that the roads were jammed from San Fernando to Mariveles. The Japs missed an excellent target. However, they did hit a supply train loaded with 75mm and every bit of it was destroyed. By 2:00 AM on New Year's day, personnel were still in Manila destroying installations. This personnel was later evacuated by boat to Bataan just as the Japs were entering the city. **Gen Wainwright** conducted a masterly retreat to

Bataan. The Filipinos had a tendency to run (except for Filipino Scouts) but nevertheless the General got his forces on to Bataan with a minimum of losses.

On the night of Jan 25th, the American Forces were pushed back to the final defense line - any point further would result in the collapse of our forces since the formation of the terrain permitted no further withdrawal. At this point the 27th Groups (part of the Air Corps Provisional Regt) took up a front line position. On this same date a force of 700 Japs landed behind the lines on the West Coast. The situation was critical.

A major Jap effort on the front developed at the same time and so Jan 25th was a bleak day for Bataan. After heavy fighting this critical stage was cleared up by Feb 12th. Artillery duels kept on and patrol skirmishes were frequent, but outside of this, fighting was nil. Our Air Forces at this time consisted of five P-40s. On the 1st of March three more of these five were lost and our air strength was down to two ships.

On the front, the 27th was having a time. **"Rocky" Gause** was the Communications Officer and was still as cocky as ever with his beat up garrison cap on the side of his head. He was trying to get a radio going to send cables home. **Warren Stirling** had a long beard and was doing a good job with the 17th. **Gilbo, Patterson** and **Whipple** were the backbone of the 17th - they were always out on patrols. Once during an artillery barrage, **Whip** fixed hot cakes for everyone regardless of the shells.

**Roth** and **Savage** were still with the 16th at Bataan Field and the Squadron was doing a great job still. **Olli Lancaster** was operating the supply depot for the group and was still handing out the pre-election poop. **Tony Glebis** was doing a fine job with the 21st Pursuit helping to keep the two ships flying.

When the Nips finally took Bataan it was thru the 27th and the Air Corps Regiment that they made their way. Their positions were on flat level country along the East Coast and was most difficult to defend. For a week preceding the break-through the Nips bombed the Regt continually - even at night. Weak from lack of food, Malaria and harried from the ceaseless bombardment, the 27th fought bravely and fiercely and extracted a heavy toll from the Japs before finally going under the yellow tidal wave.

What happened to the 27th we don't know until Tokio gives up - we do know this though - it would be a cruel and insane enemy who, after victory, could not treat such a brave and honorable foe as gentlemen and brave soldiers. Never before in U. S. history has the Air Force been reduced to fighting on its feet, and never before did any group of men fight more bravely or heroically. Those of us who left you during the early stages of the war are proud to have been a part of that gallant band.

## DARWIN to BRISBANE - DEC 22 to DEC 24, 1941

The hand-written notation near the top on the right says "(See p.54 - they tried but did not get through". The page 54 referred to is [page 60 in this compilation](#).





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**DAVIES COMMENDATION of S/L H.F.F. Le GOOD**



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## DAVIES PROGRESS REPORT - AMBERLEY FIELD



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## AMBERLEY TRAINING SYLLABUS



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**DECEMBER 28, 1941 - ARCHER FIELD, BRISBANE, Q**



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**TRAINING OPERATIONS at AMBERLEY FIELD**





**CONFERENCE on FURTHER TRAINING to be GIVEN PILOTS of U.S.  
AIRCRAFT**



## DECEMBER 24, 1941 to FEBRUARY 1942



## AUSTRALIAN and SUBSEQUENT UNIT MEMBERS' ACTIVITIES

Pages 61 through 158 of my copies of the microfilm pages deal with activities and training of the people in Australia at Brisbane, Amberley Field, Batchelor Field, operations in Java, Broome, Melbourne and Charter Towers, as well as the exploits of the members of the 27th after their arrival in Australia in the subsequent units to which they were assigned. For the most part they are not reproduced here because my interest primarily centers around the unit members left in the Philippines. There are a few of these pages, however, reproduced below.

## PHOTOGRAPH of OFFICERS at "THE LAST SLUG" at CHARTER TOWERS, AUSTRALIA

(35)



post May 1942

Left to right:

Verandah: Rube Rubenstein, "**Jim**" **Davies**, **James Smith** and **Tom Gerrity**

Top step: **Alex Salvatore**, Scanlon, **Zeke Summers**

3rd step: **Ron Hubbard**, **Oliver Doan**

4th step: **Harry Mangan**, Howie West, **Pete Talley**

5th step: **Harry Galusha**

6th step: **Harry Rose**, **Bob Ruegg**, "**Pappy**" **Gunn**, Bob Strickland

Bottom step: **Leland Walker**, **Frank Timlin**, **Jim McAfee**

---

**APRIL to SEPTEMBER 1942**



Transcription

APRIL 1942 to SEPTEMBER 1942

April 13th

-----

Total results: 3 transports sunk, 4 damaged, and 3 seaplanes shot down - docks at Cebu and Davao extremely damaged.

-----

The results of this flight didn't help the 27th on Bataan - it probably caused the Japs to invade Mindanao sooner than planned. But it was a surprise to Mr. Nip at any rate and surprise was the safety factor in the whole operation. Nine-tenth surprise and one-tenth luck.

**Col. Davies** and **McAfee** went with **General Royce** to Melbourne, and there **Col. Davies** was given the D.S.C. for leading the raid.

On April 20th the 27th lost its first pilot while operating with the 3rd Bomb. **Stephenson** and **Keeter** [ *John J. Keeter Jr.*] flew into Mount Bartle Frere. This wasn't to be the only loss either for in the months that follow **Herman Lowery**, **Gus Heiss**, **Buck Rogers**, **Doug Tubb**, **Dick Birnn**, **Ralph Schmidt** and **Ed Townsend** were also lost. **Pete Bender** was so seriously injured as to become incapacitated for further operations.

No officers or enlisted men from the 27th ever forgot he was from the 27th. The work they did was done with the 27th in mind, always. Those of us left were lucky in that they had the finest leader in all the U.S. Army. All **Col. Davies** had to do was speak and every man would have given his life for him. Through all the trials and tribulations that his men had to endure **Col. Davies** was right with them sharing every hardship. He cared for his men in every thing he did - he flew on their missions, he saw to it they got leave to rest, he went on their parties, he fought to see that not one of his men was hurt for an unjust cause, and always he was available to talk to anyone about anything. **Col Davies'** men respect and love him and for good cause - he lived with his men.

It was only through the efforts of **Col Davies** that his men from the 27th made such a fine showing. When it seemed in January, 1942, that nothing could be done to get the A-24s in service, **Col. Davies** so managed that even the toughest Aussie opposition came to heel. In Manila he fought to have the 27th sent out by boat \_ was unable to fix it. Col. **Davies** got us B-26s and A-20s and maintained a continuous struggle to see to it that they were used properly. His men gave their lives willingly for **Col. Davies**; men can say no more -- WE LOVE HIM.

**M/Sgts Wesley** and **Hewitt** for the main body of the enlisted men brought out of Manila. **Wesley** is known all over for being the finest airplane technician in the Air Force. Likewise **Hewitt** has a fine name in radio. To Wesley's honor his Group Commander has recommended he be promoted to the rank of CAPTAIN.

The destruction of the 27th Bomb Gp was a terrible loss to the US Air Force -- one that never can be replaced, all of "Want of an Airplane"....

**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**  
**G. Wayne Dow**

---

## 3RD GROUP - 13TH SQUADRON



Transcription

3rd GROUP - 13th SQUADRON

-----

The old 27th men now flying for the 13th Squadron were **Capt Lowery, Heiss, Mangan, Townsend, Talley, Timlin, Walker,** and **West**. On April 7th, rumor got around that a big trip was in the offing - a long overwater haul. ----

Here the pilots were given the dope on the long flight, which was to be a secret mission against targets in the Jap-held Philippines 3000 miles away

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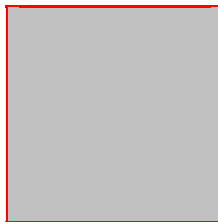
Three B-17s and 11 B-25s roared off into the darkness on the longest and most daring mission our Air Force had ever planned. --- **Gen Royce** was in the leading B-17, **Col. Davies** was leading the first flight of five B-25s and **Capt Lowery** was leading the second flight of five.

-----

After the last mission both flights landed at Del Monte, and under cover of darkness bomb-bay tanks were reinstalled and the ships were serviced for the long hop back to Darwin. Up at the clubhouse, the 27th Pilots welcomed back into the fold two 27th men who had made their way down from Bataan bare hours before its fall.

The faces of **Tom Gerrity** and **Jack Wienert(36)** clearly showed the strain of four months on beleaguered Bataan. They could give no information about the men of the 27th who remained on Bataan to the last, except that all the officers were still alive up to the last day and that the casualties among the men had been small. ----

(37)



Thirty-nine of the crew that made the mission from  
Charter Towers to Minanao, P.I. in April 1942

---

**DAVIES LETTER TO HQ ALLIED AIR FORCES, AUSTRALIA - 1**  
**AUGUST 1942**





Transcription

HEADQUARTERS 3RD BOMBARDMENT GROUP (LIGHT)  
ARMY AIR FORCES

A.P.O 922  
1 August 1942

Headquarters Allied Air Forces  
North Eastern Area,  
Townsville, Queensland

Dear General,

-----

General, there is one situation I would like to bring before you while I have the opportunity. As you know I had the 27th Bombardment Group in the Philippines at the outbreak of hostilities consisting of 1000 officers and men. The only survivors of this group with the exception of perhaps 3 or 4 that **General Brereton** brought out with him are the 20 that I brought out by order of **General Brereton** to assemble the **A-24s** in Brisbane. I picked each one of them for their dependableness and ability. Since our arrival in Australia they have participated in almost every air battle. They sank surface craft in the Java Sea battle and have been continuously participating in the New Guinea air operations. Of the 20 that left Manila on December 17, 1941 eight have been killed or missing in action since their arrival in Australia. Two of these officers were Squadron Commanders in the 27th Bombardment Group. The following is a list of them:

|         |                                   |                                   |
|---------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Major   | <b>HERMAN F. LOWERY</b>           | <b>Distinguished Flying Cross</b> |
| Major   | <b>FLOYD W. ROGERS</b>            | <b>Distinguished Flying Cross</b> |
| 1st Lt. | <b>RALPH L. L. SCHMIDT</b>        | <b>Silver Star</b>                |
| Capt.   | <b>FRANK P. BENDER (1)</b>        | <b>Silver Star</b>                |
| Capt.   | <b>GLENWOOD G. STEPHENSON (1)</b> | <b>Purple Heart</b>               |
| 2nd Lt. | <b>DOUGLAS B TUBB</b>             | <b>Distinguished Flying Cross</b> |
| 2nd Lt. | <b>EDWIN C. TOWNSEND</b>          | <b>Silver Star</b>                |
| 1st Lt. | <b>RICHARD R. BIRNN</b>           | <b>Distinguished Flying Cross</b> |

The remaining survivors of the 27th Bombardment Group still in combat and now members of the 3rd Bombardment Group are:

|         |                               |  |
|---------|-------------------------------|--|
| Major   | <b>RONALD D. HUBBARD</b>      | <b>Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star</b>   |
| Captain | <b>JAMES B. McAFEE (1)</b>    | <b>Silver Star</b>                                   |
| Captain | <b>JAMES R. SMITH</b>         | <b>Silver Star</b>                                   |
| Captain | <b>THOMAS P. GERRITY (2)</b>  |  |
| Captain | <b>GUSTAVE M. HEISS</b>       | <b>Silver Star</b>                                   |
| Captain | <b>ROBERT G. RUEGG</b>        | <b>Distinguished Service Cross</b>                   |
| Captain | <b>JULIUS B. SUMMERS, JR.</b> | <b>Distinguished Flying Cross</b>                    |
| Captain | <b>HARRY L. GALUSHA</b>       | <b>Distinguished Flying Cross</b>                    |
| 1st Lt. | <b>HENRY J. ROSE</b>          | <b>Silver Star</b>                                   |
| 1st Lt. | <b>LELAND A. WALKER</b>       | <b>Distinguished Service Cross Seriously wounded</b> |
| 1st Lt. | <b>JAMES H. MANGAN</b>        | <b>Silver Star</b>                                   |
| 1st Lt. | <b>FRANCIS E. TIMLIN</b>      | <b>Silver Star</b>                                   |
| 1st Lt. | <b>OLIVER G. DOAN</b>         | <b>Missing in New Guinea for six weeks</b>           |
| 1st Lt. | <b>ROBERT F. HAMBAUGH</b>     |  |

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

|         |                        |                            |
|---------|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1st Lt. | HOWARD B. WEST         | Silver Star                |
| 1st Lt. | THOMAS P. TALLEY       | Distinguished Flying Cross |
| 2nd Lt. | ALEXANDER R. SALVATORE |                            |
| M/Sgt.  | WILLIAM H. HEWITT      |                            |
| M/Sgt   | WILLIAM A. WESLEY      |                            |

- (1) came out by submarine
- (2) came out in April

Although none of them have approached me on the subject I would like to recommend they be replaced and returned to the United States.

They are of the very highest type of officers and men and should be returned with the understanding that their combat experience is to be used to train units in the United States to better further the war effort. The 3rd Bombardment Group can continue to operate as usual requiring some personnel replacements. I would like to see this happen before the 27th becomes completely destroyed. Eight of these officers are fully qualified Squadron Commanders. They have been in the thick of it since hostilities commenced and it is believed that their value to their country, as a result of their experience, in the capacity of commanders of newly formed units warrants their being returned.

**JOHN H. DAVIES**

Colonel, Air Corps  
Commanding

# MAP - THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN - DECEMBER 8, 1941 - MAY 10, 1942

[\(larger version\)](#)



**MAP - THE RETREAT TO BATAAN - DECEMBER 23, 1941 -  
JANUARY 6, 1942**

[\(larger version\)](#)



# MAP - THE FIRST BATTLE OF BATAAN - JANUARY 6 - FEBRUARY 13, 1942

[\(larger version\)](#)



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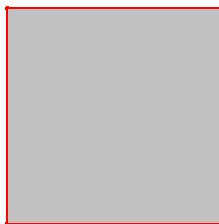
**MAP - SECOND BATTLE OF BATAAN - MARCH 15 - APRIL 9, 1942**

[\(larger version\)](#)



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**P-40 PILOTS at BATAAN FIELD**



Transcription

P-40 PILOTS at BATAAN FIELD

----- advised that this was a part of an overall plan in which we would be reinforced by additional fighters. It seems that Lt Warden had succeeded in erecting four P-40s at Del Monte. These P-40s were all that were saved from a consignment en route from Australia to Mindanao which had been discovered by the Japanese. Pilots for these P-40s were to have been transported from Bataan by submarine and were to return to Bataan by air where they would provide fighter cover for bombers from Australia which were to stage through Mindanao.

Upon reporting to the strip we checked in with the Flight Surgeon who after checking us carefully, pronounced us unfit for flying. However, we were told that we would probably be all right in two or three weeks in as much as we were to be put on the training table: At Bataan Field, through the efforts of the Flight Surgeon, there was established a mess-limited in size to 12 person-where a well balanced diet was available. This food although it was all canned, was the first balanced food which we had in a long time and was a welcome departure from the diet of rice which had caused our present physical condition. For the next week we did nothing but eat and rest. In the meantime, of course, Singapore had fallen to the Japanese and, as we expected, the Jap turned his all out effort to the remnants of resistance in the Philippines. Day after day Japanese aircraft in large numbers strafed and bombed the front area as well as the rear echelons. Beginning on or about the 6th [April] a stream of Filipinos plodded wearily down the north-south road on the east side of the peninsula which extended across our landing strip.

---

## **BATAAN FIELD SETUP**

[\(larger version\)](#)



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## **AIR FIELDS BATAAN and CORREGIDOR**

[\(larger version\)](#)





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**NARRATIVE of the ACTIVITIES of 24th PURSUIT GROUP**



## NARRATIVE of the ACTIVITIES of 24th PURSUIT GROUP

-----

On April 10 **General Royce** with his bombardment arrived in Mindanao, and proceeded on their mission. However this could not be successful due to enemy action, in landing at Cebu and destroying ships that were to run the blockade.

April 7-10, on the night of April 7 the enemy ruptured the 2nd corps front. This necessitated all aircraft in Bataan being dispatched to Mindanao, and all pursuit were concentrated in Mindanao to reconnoiter and to cover the bombardment.

The bombardment carried out attacks against the enemy concentrated at Legaspi, Cebu, Iloilo and Davao. During this time the fighters performed reconnaissance throughout the area, made a strafing attack on Davao, destroying several aircraft on the ground and two in the air. Losses - one B-17, one pursuit plane and pilot (pilot killed at take-off). Enemy losses - on light cruiser, several transports and damage to ground installations at Davao.

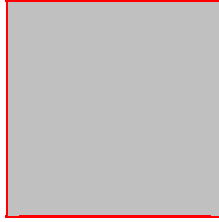
April 12 - Bombardment returned to Australia.

-----

March 2 - 27. This period was devoted to reconnaissance with remaining aircraft. During the period February 1 - April 7 the group was also engaged in ferrying medical supplies in to Bataan from Mindanao and **personnel and records from Bataan to Mindanao**, using an obsolete naval aircraft which had been sunk due to enemy action and reclaimed by the Group; two Beechcraft, one Waco, which had been commandeered from civilians in Cebu and Loilo.....

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## AIR CORPS at BATAAN FIELD



## AIR CORPS at BATAAN FIELD - PURSUIT HISTORY - 3rd REGIMENT

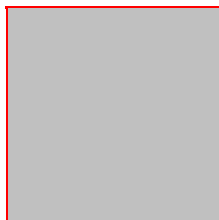
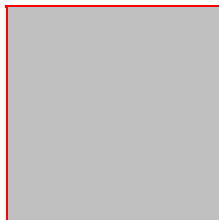
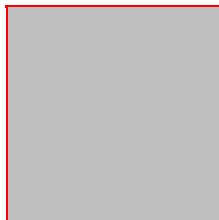
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But seriously, we worked very hard, built three beautiful fields, and generally made ready for the reinforcement we were sure would come. We who had been there couldn't see how the United States could let the Philippines go.

A few pilots, mechanics, and engineer troops were detailed to Bataan Field, and all the rest of the Air Corps was put on beach defense.

The 3rd drew its sector and moved into it, and that is the beginning of another long story. ----

## COMBAT STATUS of PHILIPPINE DEPARTMENT AIR FORCE DECEMBER 1, 1941



|                                  |                    |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Aircraft Model:                  | <u>A-24</u> (*)    |
| Type:                            | Dive bomber        |
| Speed:                           | 247 mph            |
| Service Ceiling:                 | 23,000 ft          |
| Radius of Action:                | 176                |
| Bombs:                           | 1000               |
| Armament:                        | 1-30cal<br>2-50cal |
| No. in P.I.                      | 0                  |
| No. depart prior<br>to 12/15/41: | 52                 |
| Total:                           | 52                 |

(\*) Though not so listed in this paper, the A-24s had neither long range tanks or armor

---

## **MAP - LUZON - LOCATION of AIR UNITS** **DECEMBER 8, 1941**

Note that this map shows the relative locations of both O'Donnell and Cabanatuan, both locations of prisoner of war camps that Harry and "Doc" Savage later were to be held in (as well as Bilibid Prison in Manila, itself)



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**TABLE of RATIONS BATAAN FORCE - JANUARY 29, 1942**



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**CODE DESIGNATIONS - 20 JANUARY 1942**





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## CORRECT SPELLINGS



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**FAR EAST AIR FORCE HISTORY in PHILIPPINES -  
ORGANIZATION and EQUIPMENT of the FEAF**



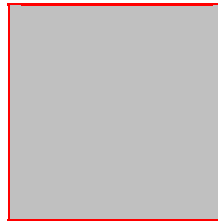
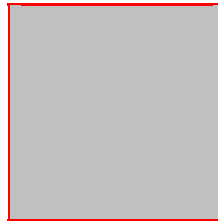
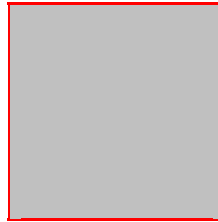
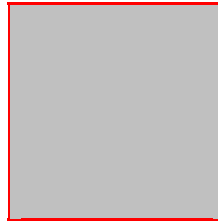
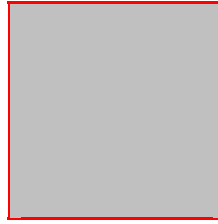
FAR EAST AIR FORCE  
BOMBARDMENT UNITS

In fall of 41, the 19th Bombardment Gp (H) with B-17s arrived in PI. Commanded by **Lt Col Eugene L. Eubank**. Prior to its arrival, the bombers in the PI had been B-10s and B-18s, which were not suitable for combat. These planes had been assigned to the 28th Bombardment Sq of the Fourth Composite Gp. With arrival of 19th Gp, the 29th B Sq was transferred to it, re-equipped with B-17, and redesignated from Medium to Heavy on 16 Nov 41. This gave the 19th Bomb a Hqs Sq and a total of four instead of three subordinate squadrons. The group had a grand total of 35 B-17s.

On 20 Nov the 27th Bombardment Gp (D) arrived in PI. This unit was commanded by **Maj John H. Davies**. (SEE History in our Washn Files). All of its aircraft (**A-24s**) were on a later convoy, which was on the high seas at the time war broke out, and had to be diverted to Brisbane, Australia. The non-arrival of the dive-bombers left the bombardment component of the FEAF unbalanced, there being no unit especially adapted for use against shipping.

Also in the PI was part of the ground echelon of the 7th (17th?) Bombardment Gp (H). On Dec 7 (West Long) part of the air echelon, flying from Calif, landed at Pearl Harbor; but none of the air echelon reached PI.

## FAR EAST AIR FORCE CHAIN of COMMAND



FEAF CHAIN OF COMMAND (As of outbreak of war ; no change on December 25, 1941)

### 10. 27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L) (Mc Kinley)

|            |                             |
|------------|-----------------------------|
| Commanding | - <b>Major J. H. Davies</b> |
| Executive  | - <b>Major J. Sewell</b>    |
| Materiel   | - <b>Lt. E. Backus</b>      |
| Adj        | - <b>Lt. G. Kane</b>        |
| Operations | - None                      |

Hq & Hq Squadron

Commanding - **Lt. F. W. Rogers**

16 Bombardment Sq

Commanding **Capt W. G. Hipps**

17th Bombardment Sq

Commanding - **Lt Herman Lowrey**

91st Bombardment Sq

Commanding - **Lt W. E. Eubanks**

### SECTION III

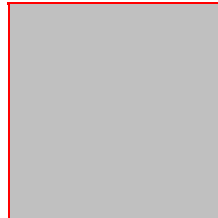
#### Subsequent Changes:

(b) 27th Bombardment Group (this unit without planes) reinforced from 20th Air Base Group atchd to the II Corps and given a sector on the front line, Air Echelon to Australia.

Commanding - Lt. Col Laughinghouse  
Executive - Maj William H. Maverick  
C.O. Troops - Capt J. Y. Parker

---

## AWARDS - CITATIONS - PHILIPPINES



Transcription

AWARDS

CITATIONS

PHILIPPINES

**GAUSE, Lt. Damon J.**, 27th Bomb Group, Winder, Ga.

April 11 to Oct. 11, 1942. A Prisoner of War near Cabcaben Bataan, **Gause** escaped on the night of April 11, and by swimming and using an improvised raft, reached Corregidor. On the surrender of Corregidor, he again escaped, making his way by native banca and by swimming to the southern shore of Manila Bay.

He then made his way on foot across enemy territory and crossed to the neighboring island of Mindoro. Hearing of American officers in Batangas province, Luzon, he sent a message to them to join him in escaping in a sailing vessel he had found. One officer (1) joined him and they returned to Batangas where a motor and sail vessel 20 feet long had been located.

With this officer on August 20 Capt Gause undertook the long journey to Australia through waters patrolled by the enemy, and without adequate navigational aids. Oct 11 he reached Wyndnam, Aust. DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS.

(1) Capt William ----- [William Osborne]

[See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).]

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## LT THOMAS (TOM) GERRITY DIARY

Pages 143 through 158 I copied from the microfilm are very poor images of disjointed excerpts of [Tom Gerrity](#)'s diary that were published in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin in June and July of 1942. The chronology is all mixed up and there are pieces that did not get microfilmed apparently. Quoted below are excerpts from these pages which are of interest to me because they directly relate to times, places or incidents that Harry was also involved in. Many of Gerrity's experiences, however, were in different locations from where Harry was.

In addition to the transcription below, see the additional [biographical information about him](#) in the [Appendix](#).

Transcription

*....for the last time before he went to war - his wife Marge and their nine month old son, Tom Jr., his mother, father, brothers and sisters. He sailed from San Francisco with his bombardment group, arriving Manila November 20.*

*Today Tom as gain back most of the 35 pound he lost in Bataan. He is clear-eyed, husky, handsome and as eager as ever to win the war.*

*Several themes fun through Gerrity's diary. First is hope - hope which accumulating disaster never shattered. Second is impatience. He longed to get his hands on a plane, to fight in the air as he had been trained to do. He knew his job on Wainwright's staff was important and he filled it ably, but he was impatient at being tied to the ground. This impatience grew as he realized air power would win or lose Bataan.*

*A third theme is Gerrity's concern about his fighting comrades. Again and again his diary shows that it hurt Tom to see his buddies, air corps officers and enlisted men, fighting bravely as*

*infantry units when they could have been so much more effective in the air.*

*Tom's diary is full of humor. It's full of love, too, for his wife and his son, for his family, for his buddies in the bombardment group. He never lost confidence in the men of Bataan.*

"**Dec. 8** (Dec 7 in Philadelphia) We were awakened by news that Hawaii has been attacked. The story seems almost unbelievable. To have the Japs make a successful attack on one of our greatest fortresses.

Our group is on alert. We wear gas masks, steel hats and pistols. **Major John Davies** has assigned some of us to fly B-18s (medium bombers) on bombardment missions.

At 9AM we heard Ibas had been attacked and many pursuit planes destroyed. (Ibas is an airdrome 150 miles northwest of Manila). Clark Field was hit, many fortresses and P-40s were destroyed on the ground. Casualties were heavy.

We had three air raid alarms tonight. I wasn't impressed and tried to turn over and get some sleep but there was too much excitement around me. On the last alarm, the Japs did come over, bombing Nichols Field from about 1,500 feet.

Over-anxious Philippine troops fired .30 caliber machine guns at them. It was a pretty sight to see their tracers cutting through the night like roman candles - but a useless display.

**Dec. 9:** Still waiting for planes, and hoping - been waiting since the 20th. There are often rumors that planes are at the dock. Once we even sent crews to the dock to assemble them.

In the bombing of Nichols Field last night they hit one hangar and the bachelors officers' quarters. Two officers were killed. Two bombs landed 30 feet from the Pan American Airways radio state, a mile and a half from Nichols Field, wrecking all the equipment.

Many flares are being sent up tonight - we suspect much fifth column activity all around Manila. We can see the flares - thats about all that can be done about it. It's impossible to hunt them down in the blackout.

**Dec 10:** I was ordered this AM to take a bomb load from Nichols Field to bomb the Jap ships in Lingayen Bay. We have three B-18s. Gus Heiss, of Houston Tex; Frank P. ("Pete") Bender, of Brooklyn, and I piloted them. We loaded the bombers, then got orders to take off south because a Jap raid was supposedly due.

I couldn't start my right engine and our plane was left behind. I went to the post command and received instructions to stand by because some other B-18s were returning. I returned to the ship at 11:30 AM. We worked to get the ship in commission.

Without any warning the Japs came in with Zeros - at least 15 of them. Everyone but the crew chief and I got under cover. We stood in front of the plane's nose while the Japs strafed.

I felt a stinging blow on the back of my left hand, looked down and noticed it was bleeding. The B-18 was hit many times by explosive shells. Gas was running from the wing tanks into the bomb bay doors, which were open, so I could see the demolition bombs hanging from the racks.

The Nips apparently swerved toward my ship because it was silver - it hasn't been camouflaged. After the 15th Zero had strafed us we saw our chance to run to a dirt pile about 50 feet away.

I figured then, "If the Japs don't get me now, they never will." We crawled under a mattress we found there just in time. A minute later our plane exploded, throwing fire all over us.

We jumped up immediately and ran around the corner of the dirt pile to beat the flames. Then bombs from the burning plane exploded, raining dirt and debris.

By this time I was wringing wet and scared to death. I lost contact with the crew chief, but ran on to **Sergeant Eugene Day**, another crew chief, who was hiding behind a dirt pile, and he joined me under the mattress.

He turned up the corner of the mattress to take a look and was clipped across the bridge of the nose with a shrapnel splinter.

Then Jap bombers came over. There were two waves. We could hear them, but we were afraid to look. When the bombs came they dropped as close as 50 feet away. A few minutes later things began to quiet down.

I decided to take Day to the post command for first aid. We were both weak from the shock of bomb explosions and still scared to death. The rest of my crew was okay. I picked them up in a truck and drove to Fort McKinley while the doctor patched up Day.

The doc opened my hand, but couldn't find any shrapnel after what seemed like hours of probing. The doc did a swell job, though, and didn't cut any tendons.

**Dec 13:** They're taking men from our group for all sorts of details - radiomen, machine gunners, laborers. We're having air raids every day - the Japs have apparently found out we have no ack-aks to speak of.

**Dec 14:** I went up to Far East air force headquarters this morning. The situation looks pretty discouraging - every time there's an air raid alarm it takes two hours to get the men back to work. Each one seems to think the bombers are aiming directly at him.

**Dec 15:** **Mc Afee**'s been put in charge of Nielson Field. I'm helping him build concealed revetments for courier and recon planes. It's a hard job. (**James B. McAfee**, Charlotte N.C., is a first lieutenant who piloted the medium bomber Carleton Kent rode in on a recent mission. He told Kent that Gerrity had volunteered to help in the work at Nielson field, which was carried out under almost constant air raids.)

**Dec 17:** I came back from Nielson field for a luncheon meeting with **Major Davies**, who asked how my hand was. I assured him it was okay, but he looked and decided it wasn't. I found out later he was considering taking me south to Australia but figured I wouldn't...to do the assembly work on planes there.

About 20 pilots are leaving tonight. I feel pretty bad - I know I can use that hand when it's necessary.

**Dec 18:** They're turning us into infantry to fight this war on the ground. No one likes it - I can't blame them very much. All our training seems to have been wasted at present. But it's war and we've got to fight the best way we can.

I've been made group material officer.

**Dec 19:** All enlisted men and officers' baggage is being stored.

[Note: at this point in time Gerrity was made an aid to General Wainwright at his command post in the north and Gerrity was no longer with other members of the 27th Bomb Grp]

**Dec 25:** I heard last night that Far Eastern air force headquarters is moving to Australia. Fort McKinley has been destroyed. All air corps units have evacuated Manila, gone by truck and boat to Bataan. Manila has been declared an open city.

**Dec 26:** I took a car to Bataan to locate the new air force HQ. My Filipino driver piled my beautiful new car into a truck, so I hitched rides the rest of the way. The road was jammed with soldiers, supplies and equipment. What a beautiful target the Japs missed there. I watch the Japs bomb our shipping in the bay. Saw one of our destroyers roar toward the open sea at full speed. Then bombs fell all around it. The destroyer was hidden by columns of water. I thought it was sunk but a minute later it reappeared, still speeding away.

**Jan 11:** We're asking our air support to keep the Japs from locating our artillery batteries. The Japs fly around at will.

Since we've gone on two meals a day I've developed an incurable hunger. It's strange how important food seems at times.

**Jan 12:** I went to the southern end of Bataan where I received a true picture of the air situation. It's bad. We have only a few planes left. The Japs are pushing hard. They have infiltrated our right flank lines at a number of points. I don't know if we have enough troops to hold our long mountainous line.

**Jan 19:** I awoke this AM and heard a dogfight north of us. I watched our pilot, who I later learned was Anderson, bail out and I saw him shot to death by two Zeros while he parachuted down. It made me see red.

**Jan 30:** Enemy air activity just average today. For the first time they bombed us on three



separate occasions without first circling. In the past they've circled as much as 15 minutes before dropping.

The Jap bombings have done very little damage in this sector in the past month. I heard two P-40s were lost today. I was impressed when I saw the air force working on the field at Mariveles. I also learned that a field at Cabcaban is completed. Looks like we'll have room for two or three groups to operate if we can get them up here.

I was impressed by the spirit of the southern construction activity - air fields, road, pier heads. This isn't the spirit of defeatism. I believe if we can get help in 60 days everything will be OK.

We have only seven P-40s left now that means restricted air activity until replacements come.

Most of the boys in my air corps group are down south in Australia now. I feel like a forgotten man.

**Feb 2** : Well I missed my guess about help by February 1. I'm willing to compromise and make it March 1. I don't know how long we can hold here, because the front line troops need rest. At any rate I continue to hope for the best - for that old photo finish. If we only had a radio so we could listen to news from the States it would help very much. Our few P-40s took to the air again. They shot down six enemy planes, lost only one.

Enemy air activity was light today. Indications are that we will get some airplanes very shortly. I hope so. Three fields are practically ready and air corps personnel have been recalled from infantry fighting. That's a good sign. It's not beyond the realm of possibility that planes get here about this time.

**Feb 6**: Our air corps group officer was very interested in getting weather reports and reports on enemy activity. This sounds encouraging. The food problem was alleviated yesterday when an inter-island ship reached Corregidor with 15,000 pounds of rice. We're running short of some things, though - no more hand grenades or mortar shells and we're running out of some kinds of artillery shells. Food is scarce and we smoke only one kind of cigarette.

**Feb 8**: We ran out of coffee today. I'm told cigarettes are about gone.

**Feb 12** : **Tom Dooley** and I went to air force headquarters. I was impressed by how few of my friends are left. All my pals have gone south (Australia).

The officers painted a better picture of the forthcoming help than I've seen yet. Three fields can be used now and they're working on the Corregidor field to make it large enough for flying fortresses.

The situation is 100 percent better than a month ago. The troops' morale is on the upswing. The bad part is we haven't reserves so we can give the front lines a rest.

Everybody here is in good spirits. The only major threat is of a large Jap landing on the west coast of Bataan. Such a landing on a major scale would be supported by large naval action.

We had supper at Hospital No. 2 in the jungle. Hear that Spud Sloan, a crack flier, had been shot the day before and died on the operating table that night. His last words were "A \$10,000 pilot shot to hell in the infantry."

**Feb 28**: Haven't written anything for 11 days. On the 19th I found a letter from the air force requesting my return. I assumed it was for Dixie (Australia) so I left the command post the next day after saying goodbye to **General Wainwright** and all the staff. **Tom Dooley** took me to Mariveles and on the 21st I saw **General George** who asked if I want to fly pursuit.

I'm not a pursuit pilot but a bombardment man. However I wanted to fly anything, so the answer was yes. I moved to the Bataan Field but to date haven't flown. Of course we have only seven planes and have been saving them but hop more will be coming soon.

**Captain Ed Dyess**, our commanding officer, is a fine fellow. Other boys in the outfit are okay, too. I should make my first flight in a P-40 soon. I have been ready for some time, but Ed doesn't seem to be in a hurry.

It's been four months since we sailed from Frisco and seems much longer. Everything has

been quiet on this front. It seems the Japs will not press the attack until they get reinforcements, which they can get any time they want. I know we cannot be reinforced for some time so that leaves the Nips in the driver's seat.

Preparations are now being made for the rainy season.

**Mar 11:** My diary writing has been very poor lately. I flew a P-40 for the first time on March 2. I had prop trouble and landed after 45 minutes. It's a nice plane to fly but I'm still a bombardment pilot.

*[Note: A nine day gap in the diary, during which the world was electrified by the news that General MacArthur had arrived in Australia]*

**Mar 20:** I got sick March 12. Dengue fever - pretty bad stuff. I thought I'd die. I feel much better now but still have a weak stomach and my whole system is weak. I have no taste for cigarettes or coffee. I'm thinking of quitting cigarettes altogether, since I haven't smoked for a week.

This inaction is driving me crazy. If we are going to get planes here shortly, we could do some good and everything would be fine. But if we aren't, I certainly want to go south where I can do some good and where I can fight side by side with my buddies

Here I do nothing but sit around squawking about the general situation - food, no mail, no flying. All the pilots are building shacks to have decent places to live during the rainy season.

**March 23:** I can't seem to get my strength back after my dengue attack. Food is progressively worse. Yesterday we had rice and hash for supper and we get a half slice of bread at each meal. This morning we had a small portion of rice and fish, no bread.

There is a lot of fever in camp. I doubt if there's a pilot here who could stand a mission. They say our food situation will get worse here instead of improving. Our present food reserve is 20 pounds of rice in the kitchen.

I'm going to Corregidor tonight to bring **General Wainwright** a small present. Also to speak for the pilots here, explaining that unless they get some food they won't be able to fly.

The situation on the whole looks pretty bad right now. I believe we can exist on the present rations but we won't be fighting men and sickness and fever will increase.

**Mar 26:** Had a nice talk with the general explaining the food situation. He wished me luck when we left. I am mighty proud to be serving in his command.

Returned to Bataan tired and weary and feeling a little sick. The Japs bombed that night at 9 o'clock. Enemy bombers were over all day yesterday and last night. I felt pretty weak. Hardly enough energy to walk. Had a special treat last night - canned figs, two slices of bread and some real coffee. I felt so good afterwards I couldn't sleep. I felt like whipping the whole Jap army.

Corregidor informed us last night they are sending special food for five pilots. It will make me feel bad to eat that food while the men are eating rice. Last night's issue was ham, bacon, peaches, oatmeal and lots of good stuff.

**Mar 28:** I was really weak from hunger on the 26th. **Whitfield** and **Mac Farland** came bringing candy and cigarettes. I went out to see them off at 4 AM after sitting up until 1:30 talking. I just made it back and was so exhausted I slept through Mass this morning. We had just plain rice for breakfast. We divide the candy at noon. I ate like a hog until I had finished mine - I didn't have will power to save part of it for later.

**Apr 2:** [Ed Dyess\(38\)](#) told me I had a better opportunity to do good down south. I am to get the first ride out, which may be tomorrow morning. *[Gerrity flew out to Del Monte on Mindanao]*

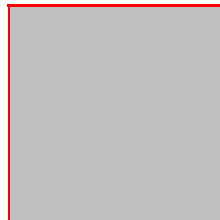
**Apr 7:** I am still at Del Monte. Haven't done much except eat and sleep since my arrival. *[This was the last entry in his Philippine diary. Seriously ill with another attack of dengue fever, he hoped he'd be taken south. Two days later he was - to Australia - by [members of the 27th he met up with](#) who were there on the big "raid".]*

# **OUR FAMILY TREASURY**

**ANNEX A and ANNEX B**  
TO THE  
**UNIT HISTORY**  
OF THE  
**27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (LIGHT)**  
**U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS**  
**WORLD WAR II**  
**1 JANUARY 1940 - 1 SEPTEMBER 1942**

**History of my uncle's military unit**

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**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**  
**G. Wayne Dow**

# **OUR FAMILY TREASURY**

## **ANNEX A**

TO THE

### **UNIT HISTORY**

OF THE

### **27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (LIGHT)**

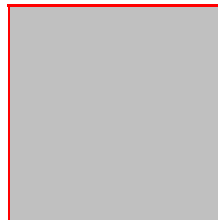
#### **U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS**

#### **WORLD WAR II**

1 JANUARY 1940 - 1 SEPTEMBER 1942

**History of my uncle's military unit**

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## ANNEX A - APPENDIX A

Note: Appendix A, which constitutes all of Annex A and a portion of Annex B, is material that I have published on the Internet. It is material that I have assembled from many sources, about which I have no concerns that I may be violating someone else's copyrights in distributing.

Appendix B, all of which is a portion of Annex B, is material that I have not published on the Internet. It is material that I have assembled from many sources all of which I believe is copyrighted by someone else and I have no rights to distribute.

### ANNOTATED ROSTER of PERSONNEL - 8 DECEMBER 1941

Shown below is another copy of the transcription of the 8 December 1941 (the day in the Philippines that war broke out), roster of personnel of the 27th Bombardment Group, [previously shown above](#). This is the only Philippine roster of the officers in the unit in this history. (there are later rosters, but only of those in Australia).

Using this as the last "official" list in the Philippines, I have annotated each name for whom I found additional information in the microfilm, or in other documents I have from my research, about their ultimate fate. This annotation takes the form of a pop-up note (in this infobase, double click on the name to read the information in the note) or as an endnote in the PDF version of this infobase.

Some of the notes below indicate the person appeared on a list as a passenger or killed aboard the Hell Ships ***Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru*** Dec 1944 and Jan 1945. That [list appears in the appendix](#) of the separate infobase titled **COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE**.

Some of the notes below indicate the person appeared on a list of persons who died aboard the Hell Ship ***Arisan Maru*** on 24 October 1944. That list appears in the separate infobase titled **ARISAN MARU ROSTER**. [Note: There are quite a few enlisted personnel from the 27th Bombardment Group identified by unit in that list]

#### HEADQUARTERS 27TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L) FAR EAST AIR FORCE

FORT WILLIAM McKINLEY, P.I.

DECEMBER 8, 1941

MEMORANDUM:

TO:

All concerned.

Group.

1. The following is a roster of Officer personnel of this

#### Hq & Hq Squadron

|       |  |         |   |
|-------|--|---------|---|
| Maj   | <a href="#">Davies, John H.(39)</a>      | Capt.   | <a href="#">Backus, Edward N.(40)</a>   |
| Capt. | <a href="#">Marrocco, William A.(41)</a> | Capt.   | <a href="#">Hobbs, Louis E. (42)</a>    |
| Capt. | <a href="#">Sewell, John W.(43)</a>      | 2nd Lt. | <a href="#">Kane, George W. Jr.(44)</a> |
| Capt. | <a href="#">Wohlfeld, Mark M.(45)</a>    | 2nd Lt. | <a href="#">Graham, Leonard C.(46)</a>  |

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

|   |  |
|---|--|
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Rogers, Floyd(47)</a>         | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Downey, Phil R.(48)</a>      |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Haltom, Winfield S. (49)@</a> | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Birnn, Richard R.(50)</a>    |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Marvel, William H. (51)@</a>  | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Glebis, Anthony L. (52)@</a> |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Hubbard, Ronald D.(53)</a>    | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Miller, Kenneth G. (54)@</a> |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Daniels, Claude P.(55)</a>    | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Schwarz, Bert(56)</a>        |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Swensen, Melvin R. (57)@</a>  | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Lancaster, Ollie Jr.(58)</a> |

16th Bomb Squadron

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Capt. <a href="#">Hipps, William G.(59)</a>      | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Stafford, Robert F.(60)</a>  |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Mitchler, Paul E. (61)#</a>  | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Doan, Oliver C.(62)</a>      |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">McClure, Robert F. (63)#</a> | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Dillard, Samuel III(64)</a>  |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Hochman, David(65)</a>       | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Donnewald, Richard(66)</a>   |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Stephenson, Glenwood(67)</a> | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Cannon, Charles Jr.(68)</a>  |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">McAfee, James B.(69)</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Coward, Leroy Jr. (70)@</a>  |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Bender, Frank P.(71)</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Hilley, Arthur G.(72)</a>    |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Ruegg, Robert G.(73)</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Thomas, Roy E.(74)</a>       |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Savage, Columbus(75)</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Owen, Woody T. (76)@</a>     |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Schmidt, Ralph L. L.(77)</a> | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Maccani, Gorden E. (78)@</a> |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Roth, Harry R. (79)#</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Mann, Richard R.(80)</a>     |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Rose, Henry J.(81)</a>       | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Ose, Alvan S. (82)@</a>      |

17th Bomb Squadron

|  |   |
|--|---|
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Lowery, Herman F.(83)</a>      | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Stirling, Warren G.(84)</a>   |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Moersch, Edward J.(85)</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Talley, Thomas P.(86)</a>     |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Gillon, Jack A.(87)</a>        | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Timlin, Francis E.(88)</a>    |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Mango, Carl L.(89)</a>         | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Townsend, Edwin C.(90)</a>    |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Bank, Bertham(91)</a>          | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Tubb, Douglas B.(92)</a>      |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Gause, Damon J.(93)</a>        | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Walker, Leland A.(94)</a>     |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Gerrity, Thomas P.(95)</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">West, Howard B.(96)</a>       |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Gilbo, Edward E.(97) @</a>     | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Whipple, Robert W.(98)</a>    |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Heiss, Gustave M. Jr.(99)</a>  | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Patterson, Horace B.(100)</a> |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Mangan, James H.(101)</a>      | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Johnston, William T.(102)</a> |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Kloster, Leif B.(103) @</a>    | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Lassman, Charles E.(104)</a>  |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Kokjer, [Madson C.] (105)@</a> |   |

91st Bomb Squadron

|  |   |
|--|---|
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Eubanks, William E. Jr.(106)</a> | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Davis, George S. (107)@</a>   |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Smith, Horace A(108).</a>        | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Dugan, Paul(109)</a>          |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Schultz, Black(110)</a>          | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Braswell, Homer P. (111)@</a> |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Galusha, Harry L.(112)</a>       | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Hambraugh, Robert F.(113)</a> |
| 1st Lt. <a href="#">Smith, James R.(114)</a>         | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Strese, William W. (115)@</a> |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Summers, Julius B. Jr.(116)</a>  | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Dale, Eugene P.(117)</a>      |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Salvatore, Alexander R.(118)</a> | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Scarboro Pearly (119)#</a>    |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">McKenney, Ezra(120)</a>          | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Wood, Charles W. (121)</a>    |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Wienert, John C.(122)</a>        | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Bird, William W.(123)</a>     |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Thompson, Arnold W. (124)@</a>   | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Bjoring, Robert G.(125)</a>   |
| 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Wolf, Michael F. (126)@</a>      | 2nd Lt. <a href="#">Davis, James R. (127)@</a>    |

2nd Lt. [Musson, Ralph I.\(128\)](#)

Aviation Cadets

[Whalley, Alv\(129\)in E.#](#)

[Kelsey, John W. \(130\)@](#)

[Ryan, John A.\(131\)](#)

# Died in the sinking of the Hell Ship **Arisan Maru** by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944.

@ Died aboard the Hell Ships **Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru** Dec and Jan 1945.

## ANNOTATED ROSTER of PERSONNEL - 13 DECEMBER 1941

Shown below is another copy of the 13 December 1941 roster of officer personnel of the 27th Bombardment Group deemed "**Essential Personnel to Assemble and Move Airplanes**" from Australia to the Philippines, [previously shown above](#). This list has been color coded to indicate as follows:

Those **officers** who left by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia.

Those **officers** who left by submarine on 30 January 1942 from Corregidor for Java (and in most cases on to Australia).

Those **officers** who left by air on 3 April 1942 from Bataan for Mindanao (and in some cases on to Australia)

Those **officers** who never left the Philippines for Australia.

Those **officers** who left by air with FEAF headquarters group.

### PILOT OFFICERS

|        |             |
|--------|-------------|
| Major  | DAVIES      |
| Capt.  | BACKUS      |
| Capt.  | HIPPS       |
| Lieut. | HUBBARD     |
| Lieut. | LOWERY      |
| Lieut. | EUBANKS     |
| Lieut. | GERRITY     |
| Lieut. | STEVENSON   |
| Lieut. | GALUSHA     |
| Lieut. | J. R. SMITH |
| Lieut. | SUMMERS     |
| Lieut. | SWENSEN     |
| Lieut. | BIRNN       |
| Lieut. | ROGERS      |
| Lieut. | MANGAN      |
| Lieut. | MCAFEE      |
| Lieut. | TOWNSEND    |
| Lieut. | BIRD        |
| Lieut. | RUEGG       |
| Lieut. | BRASWELL    |
| Lieut. | WALKER      |
| Lieut. | SAVAGE      |
| Lieut. | DALE        |



UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

Lieut. WEST  
Lieut. SCHMIDT  
Lieut. G. S. DAVIS  
Lieut. TUBB  
Lieut. ROSE  
Lieut. DUGAN  
Lieut. GIBBS  
Lieut. STAFFORD  
Lieut. HAMBOUGH  
Lieut. TALLEY  
Lieut. DOAN  
Lieut. MUSSON  
Lieut. PATTERSON  
Lieut. DILLARD  
Lieut. MCKINNEY  
Lieut. JOHNSTON  
Lieut. DONNEWALD  
Lieut. SCHWARTZ  
Lieut. STIRLING  
Lieut. WHIPPLE  
Lieut. SALVATORE  
Lieut. WEINERT  
Lieut. GAUSE  
Lieut. SCARBORO  
Lieut. CANNON  
Lieut. HILLEY  
Lieut. KLOSTER  
Lieut. THOMAS  
Lieut. MILLER  
Lieut. J. R. DAVIS  
Lieut. WOOD

**Not on above List:**

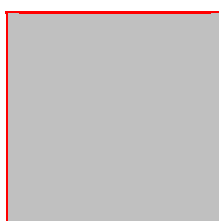
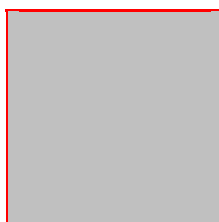
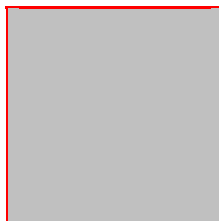
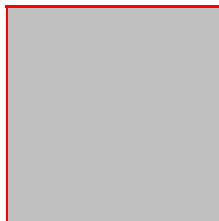
Lieut. BENDER  
Lieut. HEISS  
Lieut. TIMLIN

**ROSTER of SURVIVORS and/or their SURVIVING FAMILIES - 1988**

(132)



**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**  
**G. Wayne Dow**



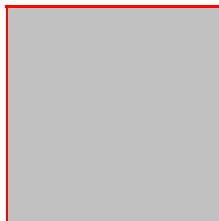
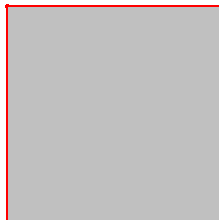
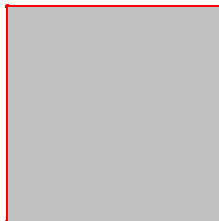
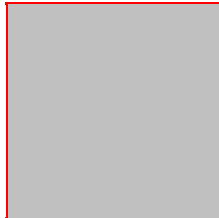
**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**

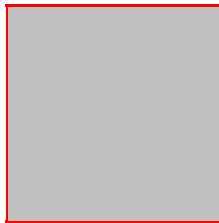
**G. Wayne Dow**



**MEMORIAL PROGRAM and DEDICATION CEREMONY - 8 OCTOBER**  
**1977**

(133)





TRANSCRIPTION

**The City of Savannah  
Georgia**

**Proclamation**

WHEREAS: the 880 officers and men of the 27th Bombardment  
Group of  
Hunter  
the U. S. Army Air Corps built and were stationed at  
Field in Savannah in 1940; and

WHEREAS: the 27th Bombardment Group was the only combat ready  
unit  
of the Air Corps and was the first Air Corps unit called to  
active duty by General Douglas MacArthur; and

WHEREAS: on November 1, 1941, the officers and men of the 27th  
departed  
their home base of Savannah for the Philippine Islands;  
and

WHEREAS: while on the Bataan peninsula the 27th Bombardment  
Group, being  
without airplanes, fought as an infantry unit for  
ninety-nine  
days, on half rations and against tremendous odds,  
before  
surrendering to the enemy; and

WHEREAS: after surrendering and having been without food for three  
days,  
the surviving officers and men of the 27th Group were  
forced  
to make the Bataan Death March across the peninsula;  
and

WHEREAS: after being held prisoners of war for three and one-half years,  
the officers and men of the 27th Group were released two weeks after the end of the war; and

WHEREAS: the surviving members of the 27th Group here returned to their home base of Savannah for their 35th Anniversary of the fall of Bataan.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Frank P Rossiter, Mayor Pro Tempore of the City of Savannah, Georgia, in recognition of the officers and men of the 27th Bombardment Group of the U. S. Army Air Corps and of the ultimate sacrifice they made for the cause of freedom for our great country, do hereby proclaim Saturday, October 8, 1977, as :

"27th BOMBARDMENT GOURP, U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS DAY"

in Savannah and urge all our citizens to take this day to remember the valiant sacrifices of these men and of all men who have fought for the cause of freedom throughout the world.

## **BIOGRAPHICAL and OTHER INFORMATION - OFFICERS A and MEN of the 27TH BOMB GROUP**

### **B**

#### **BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD N. BACKUS**

(134)

#### **BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD N. BACKUS**

Retired August 1961, Died March 30, 1973

Edward N. Backus was born in Vernon, Texas, in 1906. He graduated from Vernon High School in 1924 and attended the University of Oklahoma and Washington and Lee University where he received his bachelor of arts degree in 1929.

From 1929 to 1932 he was a teacher and athletic coach in Vernon Texas High School. In March 1932 he was appointed flying cadet at Randolph Field, Texas, and he was commissioned second lieutenant lieutenant, Army Air Corps Reserve in February 1933.

He served with the Third Attack Group, Fort Crockett, Texas, until December 1934, at

which time he reverted to inactive status and began his civilian flying career. He flew for a year with American Airlines between Los Angeles and El Paso but in 1936 again entered on active duty with the Army Air Corps. Lieutenant Backus was again assigned to active duty with the Third Attack Group which by this time was located at Barksdale Field, La.

In November 1936 he reverted to inactive status and returned to a civilian flying career, this time with Pan American Airways. During the following four years with Pan American he flew between Brownsville, Texas and South America and between Baltimore, Md., and Lisbon, Portugal.

In 1940 Lieutenant Backus was recalled to active service in the Army Air Corps and was assigned to the 27th Bombardment Wing, Barksdale Field, La., as operations officer of the 16th Bombardment Squadron. In late 1940 Lieutenant Backus moved with the 27th Bomb Wing from Barksdale Field, La., to Savannah Army Air Base, Ga. While at Savannah, Lieutenant Backus became group engineering and maintenance officer for the 27th Dive Bomb Group.

In late 1941 Lieutenant Backus was promoted to captain and accompanied the 27th Dive Bomb Group to the Philippine Islands. After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Captain Backus was sent to Brisbane, Australia to help assemble aircraft of the 27th Dive Bomb Group which had been diverted to Brisbane, Australia instead of to Manila in the Philippine Islands due to the Japanese action in the Philippines.

In February 1942 Captain Backus led the 16th Dive Bomb Squadron from Brisbane, Australia to Java. This squadron was the first Dive Bomb Squadron in the Far East and saw brief but effective action against Japanese shipping in the East Indies.

In late February 1942 Captain Backus was promoted to major after which he accompanied General Brereton to New Delhi, India as a member of his staff of the 10th Air Force with Headquarters in New Delhi. He remained in the China-Burma-India Theater until July 1942 when as a lieutenant colonel he accompanied General Brereton to Cairo, Egypt to become a member of the staff of the Ninth Air Force.

In September 1942 lieutenant colonel Backus was assigned as commander of the 12th Bomb Group with Headquarters at Dever Soir, Egypt. In October 1942 the Headquarters of the 12th Bomb Group was moved to the Western desert in support of the British 8th Army and lieutenant colonel Backus was promoted to full colonel. For the next year the 12th Bomb Group participated in the North African and Sicilian Campaigns.

In September 1943 Colonel Backus returned to the United States where he was assigned director of combat operations at the Army Air Forces School of Applied Tactics in Orlando, Fla.

He remained there until March 1944 when he went to England as commander of 97th Bomb Wing which participated in bombardment missions in France and Germany from April 1944 to May 1945. Colonel Backus was promoted to the temporary grade of brigadier general in August 1944.

In October 1945 Brigadier General Backus returned to the United States and was assigned a member of the Secretary of War Separations Board. He remained in this position until March 1946 when he reverted to the rank of colonel and was reassigned chief of staff, Headquarters 10th Air Force at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas.



In August 1947 Colonel Backus attended the Air War College, Air University, Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala., from which he graduated in June 1948. In July 1948 he was assigned liaison officer with the House of Representatives and later chief of the Legislative Division, Directorate of Legislation and Liaison, Headquarters U.S. Air Force in Washington.

In August 1950 he entered the National War College, Fort McNair, Washington, D.C. from which he graduated in July 1951. From July 1951 colonel Backus served as director of flight operations and as executive officer in the Directorate of Operations, Deputy Chief of Staff/Operations, Headquarters U.S. Air Force. In August 1952 colonel Backus was transferred to Great Falls Air Force Base, Mont., where he became commander of the 29th Air Division (Def).

In August 1953 colonel Backus was transferred to the Far East as commander of the 43rd Air Division (Def), Japan Air Defense Force. A year later he became deputy chief of staff for operations at Headquarters Fifth Air Force, Nogoya, Japan in which position he was promoted to rank of temporary brigadier general in July 1955. In August 1955 he was appointed commander of the 39th Air Division at Misawa Air Base, Japan where he was responsible for the aerial defense of Northern Japan.

In July 1956 General Backus returned to the United States and took command of the 35th Air Division (Def) at Dobbins Air Force Base, Ga. He remained in this capacity when the 35th Division became the 35th North American Air Defense Division on 10 July 1948, and later the 32nd Air Defense Division (SAGE), with no change in duty station.

Subsequently, General Backus was assigned as member of the Secretary of the Air Force Personnel Council in the Pentagon, Washington, D.C., in July 1959 where he remained until retirement in August 1961.

#### INTERESTS:

His main hobby is gardening; for relaxation he plays golf, hunts and fishes; his main diversion is sports events.

Excels in outdoor cooking, steaks a specialty. Member of the Methodist Church.

#### OPINIONS, TASTES AND EVALUATIONS:

Likes Western cuisine; prefers sports and casual attire; favors ranch-type homes. Reads mainly historical novels and mysteries; a lover of semi-classical music, musical comedies; prefers a cool, dry climate.

Stresses accuracy, loyalty and competent staff work. Believes in delegation of work and authority to subordinates but will not tolerate the supervisors' "delegation" of responsibility.

He is fair, rewarding and demands the best from his associates.

General Backus is loyal to superiors and subordinates. He is a full time leader and expects the same from those serving under him.

#### EDUCATION:

Vernon High School, Vernon, Texas, 1924  
University of Oklahoma, 1926-27

Washington and Lee University, bachelor of arts degree, 1929  
Basic and Advanced Flying Training, Kelly Field, 1933  
Combat Operations School, Orlando, Fla., 1944  
Air War College, Regular Course, Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala., 1948  
National War College, Regular Course, Washington, D. C., 1951  
University of Maryland, master of arts degree, 1961

SERVICE DATES:

1. Mar 1932 - Feb 1933 flying cadet, Randolph Field, Texas
2. Mar 1933 - Dec 1934 3rd Attack Group, Fort Crockett, Texas
3. Feb 1936 - Nov 1936 3rd Attack Group, Barksdale Field, La.
4. 1940 - 1941 27th Air Base Group, engineering and maintenance officer, Philippines; commander, 16th Dive Bomb Squadron, Australia
5. Dec 1941 - Jul 1942 10th Air Force, New Delhi, India
6. Jul 1942 - Sep 1943 commander 12th Bombardment Group, 9th Air Force, Egypt
7. Oct 1943 - Mar 1944 School of Applied Tactics, Orlando, Fla.
8. Mar 1944 - Oct 1945 commander 97th Bombardment Wing, England
9. Nov 1945 - Mar 1946 War Separation Board, Washington, D.C.
10. Apr 1946 - Aug 1947 deputy chief of staff, 10th Air Force, Brooks Field, Texas
11. Aug 1947 - Jul 1948 student, Air War College, Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala.
12. Jul 1948 - Aug 1950 liaison officer, House of Representatives, Secretary of the Air Force
13. Aug 1950 - Jul 1951 student, National War College, Washington, D.C.
14. Jul 1951 - Jan 1952 chief, Flight Operations Division, Headquarters U.S. Air Force
15. Jan 1952 - Aug 1952 executive officer, Deputy Chief of Staff/Operations, Headquarters, U.S. Air Force
16. Aug 1952 - Sep 1953 commander, Headquarters 29th Air Defense Division, Great Falls Air Force Base, Mont.
17. Sep 1953 - Sep 1954 commander, Headquarters 43rd Air Defense Division, Far East Air Command
18. Sep 1954 - Jul 1955 Deputy Chief of Staff/Operations Headquarters 5th Air Force, Far East Air Command
19. Jul 1955 - Jul 1956 commander, Headquarters 39th Air Division, Far East Air Command
20. Jul 1956 - Jul 1958 commander, Headquarters 35th Air Division, Dobbins Air Force Base, Marietta, Ga.
21. Jul 1958 - Jan 1959 commander, Headquarters 35th North American Air Defense Division, Dobbins Air Force Base, Marietta, Ga.
22. Jan 1959 - Jul 1959 commander, Headquarters 32nd Air Division (SAGE), Air Defense Command, Dobbins Air Force Base, Marietta, Ga.
23. Jul 1959 - member, Secretary of the Air Force Personnel Council

DECORATIONS AND MEDALS:

Silver Star 1942  
Legion of Merit 1943 - oak leaf cluster 1961  
Distinguished Flying Cross 1943  
Air Medal 1943  
World War II Victory Medal 1953  
American Defense Service Medal 1953

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow

American Campaign Medal 1953  
Korean Service Medal 1952  
United Nations Service Medal 1953  
National Defense Service Medal 1953  
Philippine Liberation Medal 1953  
Distinguished Unit Citation 1942  
Croix De Guerre 1945  
European-African-Middle East Campaign Medal 1953  
Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal 1953

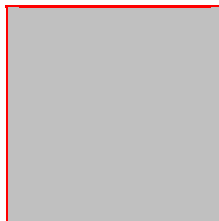
UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES:

While General Backus was commander of the 16th Bomb Squadron, 27th Dive Bomb Group, he was credited with sinking a Japanese Cruiser in the Straits of Lambok in February 1942. He was flying an [A-24](#). Bailed out of Chinese Fighter (Curtiss-hawk) 90 miles north of Chunking, China in January 1942 when airplane ran out of fuel. Spent two days finding his way back to outfit.

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**1ST LIEUTENANT HOMER P. BRASWELL**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**COLONEL FRANK P. (PETE) BENDER**

**Subject: : 27th Bombardment Group**

Date: Mon, 23 Jun 2003

From: Gus Breymann

To: "G. Wayne Dow"

Let me say just one thing about Pete Bender. There has been lots of confusion about his fate, and I hope your history clears up the fact that, although he and his crew were missing in the New Guinea jungle for a while, he survived and was later transferred to Europe as an aide to General Spaatz. I met Col. Bender in May, 1963, when he was a wing commander at Bergstrom Air Force Base, and he shared several reminiscences about my uncle. I met with him again in the early '70s when he was in retirement in Houston. Bender was the only pilot I ever interviewed from the 27th/3rd who was in command of an aircraft in two separate combat-related crashes. One crash was into the Coral Sea near Port Moresby. The second crash was in the New Guinea jungle, and he published a story in either "[Harper's](#)" or "Atlantic Monthly" (I forget which) about that crash. (He is erroneously listed as a member of the U. S. Marine Corps in the header of the article.) I have a copy if you haven't seen it and are interested in the article.

[Gus H. Breymann](#)

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**HARPER'S MAGAZINE ARTICLE**

**CRASH IN THE JUNGLE**

(135)

**Frank P. Bender**

The 26th of July, 1942, was my last day of combat in a B-25 out of Port Moresby, New Guinea. Townsville, Australia, had been bombed by the Japs the previous night, and our intelligence figured that the planes that hit it must have come from the Japanese seaplane base at Gasmata, on the island of New Britain, east of New Guinea. So we loaded all our serviceable bombers with hundred pound bombs to set out for Gasmata. Five planes took off.

From the beginning none of us was crazy about this mission, because the range was about all we could do with the B-25 if we cruised at a slow cruising speed. Naturally if the flight was to run across any of the enemy it would have to put on some speed and use the valuable gas, in

which case the ships would not reach the home base. We knew that we should run across them at one time or another, since we had to cross over Buna going and coming, and Buna was then in Japanese hands, and we did not particularly like the setup.

Anyhow the flight did not last long, for we were just about over Buna on the way out when they hit us like a ton of bricks. Our formation drew rather close together to concentrate our fire better, and we settled down to a good scrap. I'm not sure exactly how many of them there were, but somehow they just seemed to be all over us like a swarm of bees: I guess there must have been about twenty of them. About fifteen minutes after the fight started my ship was hit for the first time, and I felt a sharp, rather hot feeling just above my left ankle. It didn't bother me especially, for my foot worked all right, so I knew it was just a flesh wound. It must have been about two minutes later when the ship was hit by a cannon shell; the plane gave a lurch and fire spread from the navigator's compartment back.

I was not aware of the size of the fire at the time, but I did know that my elevator controls were shot out and that I could never get the ship back to the home base and land it, for it started to go down in a shallow glide. Because of the proximity of the Japs below and the fact that the ship seemed to keep on an even heel, I tried to keep going for a minute or two. Then I looked back and saw the inferno that I was flying; I rang the alarm bell and, using the inter-phone system, called to the crew to bail out. By this time **Sergeant Hawter**, my co-pilot, was trying to open the hatch above us so that we could get out. However the damned thing was wedged shut and it was impossible to open it.

I saw what was going on and told Sergeant Hawter to go back and get out through the main escape hatch in the navigator's compartment, and he got up and went back. I looked back a few seconds later but could see nothing through the dense black smoke but a red glow coming from the back of the ship. The ship was so full of smoke that it almost suffocated me and I tried to open the hatch, which was impossible. Suddenly the ship went into a violent spin and threw me out of my seat and onto the top of the ship, so that I was held against the top by centrifugal force. I had hit my head, so that I must have been about half conscious, because the only thing that I could think of was how soon we should hit the ground, and how quickly and painlessly it would all be over for me.

Then the miracle happened: while spinning to earth the plane exploded, and as it blew itself apart I was blown into the air. I came to consciousness again when the cool air got to me, at an altitude of what I judged to be three thousand feet. We had been fighting at twelve thousand feet. The ring on the chute just seemed to shine up at me when I regained consciousness, for that is the first thing I recall seeing. The chute opened in good shape without a jerk that I can remember. All around me in the air were pieces of my ship, small pieces that must have been blown off it in the explosion - elevators, rudders, and other light parts and pieces.

I could hear the fight still going on above me, but could not see anything, for it was above a protecting overcast. When I was still fairly high up I heard the largest part of the ship hit the ground. It seemed like a long time, and I floated very slowly, I guess, because I was thinking of a friend of mine, Lieutenant Anderson, who had to bail out in the Philippines and then was shot out of his chute by Zero fire - dropped the last thousand feet or so without a chute. But these Nips were still carrying on the fight far above me. **(I learned later that they succeeded in knocking down another of our ships, Lieutenant Schmidt's - so far as is known, every member of the crew was killed - and in damaging the others so badly that they were barely able to get back to the base.)**

At last I was getting close to the ground, and I guess I was lucky to hit in a small tree rather than one of the mammoth ones that grow there in New Guinea. I crashed through the tree and hit

the ground in a marshy spot. I sprained my back in the tree, my ankles on the ground; the shrapnel wound in my ankle was deep and wide, and there was a gash in my right knee, sustained, I guess, when I was blown from the ship. My head was cut and ached, but at least there I was, on the ground and alive - how I'll never know. I crawled out of that underbrush after getting the chocolate rations, quinine, iodine, fishing lines, and knife out of the jungle kit in the back of the chute. Then I crawled up on a high spot to lie down for a few minutes, put iodine on my open wounds, and collect my senses a little.

## II

While parachuting down I had noticed a native hut not far away, and after resting for a few minutes I wandered around until I found a path. I knew that if I followed it one way or the other I'd come to the hut and possibly some natives. I knew too that there must be some natives somewhere, for there was a long knife near the spot where I landed. I figured that some native had been frightened when he saw me and had dropped everything and run. I limped along the path and came to the hut and a native garden. These native gardens are a plot of ground, usually some distance from the village, in which all the trees are killed by cutting a ring round each one. They are left standing, and are consequently easy to spot, since they show as a lot of gray trees among the green jungle. The main foods grown in these gardens are pawpaws, pumpkins, and yams.

There were no natives present at the garden when I got there. I guess that seeing the plane crash in their back-yard and then seeing me arrive as I did had sent them into the jungle. In that part of Papua the natives are semi-civilized, and they remained in the jungle, probably looking me over before venturing out. I knew darned well that they were around however because the natives of New Guinea have a smell that I can't describe, but that is plenty ripe. The smell is caused by their method of washing themselves in coconut oil, then letting the oil get rancid on their persons. There was nothing for me to do but to sit in their garden and wait for them to show up, meanwhile calling "*Tabada!*" which in their language means "white friend."

In a few minutes their jabbering started and then they came out to me. First the little black ones, to whom I handed my captain's bars and a few coins that I had in my pocket. There must have been two hundred of them in all, each one shouting directions (I guess) in the native tongue. But one of them knew a few words of English (very few), and finally I was able to make them understand that I wanted to get to the wreck, which I was able to spot because of the smoke.

The gruesome part of this I won't go into in detail; it will suffice to say that I buried my engineer and bombardier in their parachutes. I believe these brave men were killed by the cannon shell that wounded me, for it must have hit on the nose of the ship. I also saw my co-pilot, who evidently had been overcome by smoke when he left the co-pilot's seat and never did get out. The two rear gunners had bailed out and landed somewhere, but I couldn't find them. The part of the ship that I found was so well burned that I could salvage nothing, and the rear end of the ship, where the box of rations was kept, was nowhere around - it must have been blown off and away from the rest of the ship in the explosion.

In about two hours I was on my way. I was convinced that these natives were friendly and was able to get from them that they were going to take me to "the missionary." I made sure that the missionary was not in Buna, but rather the other way, and also that he had been there a long time, and so was the real McCoy.

The hour was then about ten o'clock in the morning. Walking on the jungle "roads" was nothing short of agony; every joint and muscle ached and pained, but I was mighty glad to be on

my way because the Japs could not be very far behind. At two in the afternoon we reached the mission, where the missionary helped dress the shrapnel wound in my ankle and gave me some tea and cookies. It was plain that he was worried at seeing me though, and not without reason. The Japs were only six miles away and would no doubt send out a patrol when they either saw or heard of our crash. I didn't know what the Japs would do to a missionary, but I did know that it wouldn't go very well for him if they found him hiding or helping me. He did offer to hide me for some time, because when I got there I was just about able to stand up, I was so lame and tired. Nevertheless I told the guide to take me to the hideout of another missionary, who was living in a tent in the jungle with one other white man, a Captain Austin. There were several native boys, and when they saw what shape I was in they built a stretcher out of branches and the blanket, and carried me to my destination. We started from the mission at about three o'clock.

The natives carried me all that day, stopping only at two native villages to rest and drink some coconut milk. At one of these villages an old shriveled-up woman came crying to me with a bowl of pumpkin and a wooden spoon. I could do nothing but eat some of the food, although I was not hungry, especially for food from that filthy woman and her gang of a family, each one dirtier than the one before, and all of whom had no doubt eaten from the same bowl; but rather than have anyone angry with me at that time I ate some of the food, hoping that I wouldn't get any of the diseases that were evident on these natives.

When the natives see a stranger in the town they behave in a peculiar way - the women back off and wail, set up a devil of a howl, then get some food. Each village that we passed was a little more uncivilized than the one before, and in each the inhabitants wore less clothing than in the one before. In most of them no clothing is worn at all by the men, and just a small bark skirt by the women after they are grown up.

At about eight o'clock that evening we reached the hideout of the next missionary. As we came into the lamplight of the tent I heard a voice that I immediately recognized as **Sergeant Thompson's** say, "It's Captain Bender." My hopes were lifted, as I thought at least both of the rear gunners must be there; but as it was, I was awfully glad to see one of them. According to Thompson's story, the other gunner had got out too, and his chute had opened, but evidently he had got lost or been captured by the enemy, so close were we to their camp. Good old Tommy didn't have a scratch on him and was in the best of spirits. Besides the Sergeant, Captain Austin, and the missionary - whose name I cannot recall - there was one other man, who later did so much for me that I can truly say that if it hadn't been for his unselfishness and care I don't know whether I'd be here or not.

This man was Doctor Harry Bitmead, W.O. 2, Australian Army. He had been in Papua for seven years, operating a small hospital at Buna. When he heard that the Japs had landed in Gona he immediately began to station his native P.I.B. boys (Papuan Infantry Battalion) at key points so that when they saw the enemy they could warn the rest of the population. Bitmead had been in the middle of this work when a Jap patrol captured him. This was on the night of July 21st. Unarmed except for a bayonet and with only one boy with him, the only thing he could do was to surrender to a mob of tommy guns. The Japs took him to their camp. The next day in the afternoon they took him out and put him before a firing squad, raised their guns so that they pointed at his head, and held aim. When the squad before him had held this position for a while a new squad would come up and change places with the first one. This went on for a few hours, and Bitmead, exhausted, fell to the ground. When he came to and opened his eyes it was dark, and nobody was standing guard over him, so he headed for the jungle. He had no shoes and this was rough on his feet, but for three nights he made his way toward the camp of the missionary, hiding during the daytime and eluding the scouting parties in the night. Arriving at the camp where I met him, he was ready to make the trek across the Owen Stanley range the following day, his feet as raw as a couple of

steaks. That was Harry Bitmead.

The camp was nothing more than a lean-to of leaves with a platform of small branches to sleep on. I was awfully tired but was not able to sleep that night or for quite a few nights following because of my back, and also because of the fear of the Nips, who were not far away. The only weapon we had was my .45 pistol. The night seemed awfully long, but eventually daylight came - and with it the news that one of the natives had turned traitor and given the location of the camp away to the enemy and, further, that the Japs were on their way up to get us. We had to wait there for two hours more for our guide, and then set off for the next village along the way. The missionary remained at the camp, depending on his walk of life to protect him from the enemy; and Captain Austin claimed that his leg was in too bad shape to make the journey - the poor man was about fifty years old, short and fat, with an old ailment in his leg. He planned on making his way down south along the shore from Buna, picking up a native canoe and working his way round the end of the island, a trip that would take many days. To me it seemed a crime to split up this way, but I had nothing to say, knowing as little as I did about Papua and being in the condition that I was. (Later reports were that Captain Austin was killed by the Japs.)

### III

So our party set off, a half-caste for a guide, Sergeant Thompson, Doc Bitmead, and myself. Before starting, the Doc had bandaged my legs as well as possible with pieces of Sergeant Thompson's parachute, which Thompson had thoughtfully brought with him from where he landed. We ground the sulfanilamide tablets that I had and put the grains in my open wounds. We had a few carriers who carried the three blankets, the bandages, and two cans of bully beef (so unpopular with the American soldier). We also had the chocolate from the parachute packs, some tobacco strips that we got from the camp, and a little sack of salt. These last items we used as pay for the carriers.

The first two days I was able to hobble along, leaning on one of the native boys, and we made our way toward Tuffi, a port along the coast east of Buna. Our idea was to try to get a boat from the natives at Tuffi. But presently the guide began to wonder whether the Japs were not there already, so he and the Doc changed the plans and decided to go over the Owen Stanley mountains. One of the reasons why the Doc had wanted to reach Tuffi was that there might be some medical supplies there and we were in dire need of them. We were all taking our quinine sparingly, for now we knew that it was going to be a long trip. I slowed the party down now because the wounds in my legs were getting very bad. The shrapnel wound was becoming swollen and septic and my knee was by this time infected, stiff, and swollen. It might not have been so bad but the mountains were sometimes nearly straight up and down, very difficult for me to climb, unable as I was to bend my leg. I fell constantly, each time the pain becoming worse, and sometimes I nearly slipped off the mountain trail, which would have been a really bad fall.

The food for the first few days was ample if one felt like eating. There were coconuts, bananas, roasted yams, and native pumpkin, and the natives so far were friendly and generous.

Beginning on the third day, I was absolutely unable to walk a step. Both legs were out of commission, my knee was swollen up to twice the normal size, and the only thing left for us to do was to get some carriers. The Doc got them from the village in which we slept, or attempted to sleep, by offering them some tobacco for carrying me for the day.

During the period between the third and the seventeenth day of the trek the going was terrific. Part of the way we had to make our own path through the jungle, and since this path had to be wide enough to let a stretcher pass, hacking it out was necessarily a very slow and tedious



process. Up the sides of mountains that seemed sheer cliffs and then down the other side we went. To me it seemed that I was forever being handed up or down, seldom carried forward. To get past a chasm we had to fell a tree across the gap. I was carried over streams often so deep that the water came up to the necks of the carriers, and they had to hold the litter over their heads while they fought the rapid current and rocky bottom.

One spot I remember especially. We were going along, with me swinging on my stretcher from side to side (the stretcher was suspended from a pole by vines), when I opened my eyes and looked over the side. To my amazement I looked practically straight down to a river winding along far below. I marveled to myself at how sure-footed the natives were, walking like this on the very edge of a cliff. Imagine my consternation when I looked the other way - it was the same on the other side! There we were on a path about two feet wide on the very top of a ridge each side of which was a cliff with a river winding at the bottom - a valley on each side. What faith one has in others at a time like this! I knew the vines holding the litter would not break, and I also knew that, although the carriers might stumble slightly, they would not fall.

Day after day the mountains were abrupt, there were rivers to cross, jungle to hack through, spiders, pain, sickness, rain, and misery.

The natives in the middle of the island were different, and at times they were mean. In a couple of villages we had a little trouble finding carriers and in one of them the natives flatly refused to carry me. I just pictured myself stranded there, with my leg swelling up more and more each day. We were in a quandary, especially as the Japs were not far away. We had two boys who were willing, and I told the Doc that I'd try to get along by holding these two round the neck. But when I got about twenty feet from the hut we had spent the night in I could stand the pain no longer and collapsed on the ground. I don't know whether the rest of the natives took pity or what, but one by one they came over to me and looked at me; then they began to build a stretcher and in another half-hour we were on the way. But after about half an hour of walking they put me down and began to argue among themselves. The Doc could understand some of it and - of all things - they were arguing about whether they would carry me any more! Nice spot I must say, right in the middle of the jungle, and I couldn't move a step.

After about an hour of this - it seemed like a year to me - they decided to go on, and we reached the next village just at nightfall. After that day I could hardly blame them, for every inch of the way had to be chopped out of the jungle.

It was very easy to tell when the natives were angry because they would bounce the stretcher about and be careless about bumping it into trees; then when I had to shout in pain they would sing and chant at the top of their lungs, laugh and scream. Sometimes I think that if I had had a gun at that time I would surely have shot them, for I was half out of my mind then with rage. But I had given my pistol to Sergeant Thompson. The shouting and singing of those blacks is something to hear; they sang the same song over and over continuously, and when a village was "*kala-kala*" (meaning near) they shouted louder so that the natives of the village could hear us coming and know who it was. Being "near" a village to them is anywhere from three to two hours from it.

Finally, on or about the sixteenth day of the journey, the country became hilly instead of mountainous, and the following day the trail was much easier, even though the flatlands were covered with bamboo thickets. In the meantime the runner that we had sent ahead some days before had reached the mission we were heading for, and help had come to us on the fifteenth day, consisting of native policemen, carriers, food, and drugs. This enabled us to pick up another white man who had been lying in a native village in very bad shape from malaria. We gave him all the quinine that we had, and with our extra carriers we could bring him along in our party.

#### IV

I was mighty happy when on the eighteenth day our party reached the mission - a place I had been to before when I had had to make a crash landing just off the New Guinea coast.

This mission was as close to an actual Shangri-la as any place that I shall ever see. In a clearing in the middle of the jungle were a group of buildings, gardens of banana trees, coconut trees, green grass, and cultivated plots of vegetables. The missionary was awaiting us, had a wonderful bill of fare all ready, beds, and bath water heated - in fact everything to make our stay comfortable. I was carried upstairs to his bedroom and made as comfortable as possible. The first thing my eyes fell on was a cushion that had come out of our ship the time that I had landed in the ocean a few months previously. My entire crew had signed it and had given it to the missionary as a souvenir. I don't think I've ever seen a man radiate hospitality as he did; he even had his natives put on a show for us, the natives singing and dancing, which they seemed to enjoy.

I was not able to enjoy anything however, for by now my knee was roughly the size of a football and paining rather badly. It had burst about a week before and was discharging all the time now. The Doc operated on it with a razor blade, which possibly did some good, but I just about passed out with pain.

We remained there a day; then we went down the river by native canoe to the mouth of the river; and then by sloop, through a cold, soaking rainstorm, to an Australian spotters' station at Abau; and then by sailboat - a two days' run, during which I lay in a filthy hold infested with huge roaches - to Port Moresby. There I was taken to the American hospital, where they operated on my leg. Three days later I was flown in a B-25 to Townsville, Australia; after ten more days I went by hospital train to Brisbane; and thence in due course back to the States. A long trip home from that crash in the jungle!

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**1ST LIEUTENANT RICHARD R. BIRNN**

**CRASH OF AN A-20A HAVOC  
INTO MORETON BAY  
NEAR BRISBANE, QLD  
ON 5 JULY 1942**

An A-20A Havoc, #40-3154, of the 89th Bomb Squadron, 3rd Bomb Group, crashed into Moreton Bay, near Brisbane on 5 July 1942. 1st Lieutenant Richard "Dick" Birnn was on a test flight in the A-20A Havoc, when it cartwheeled into the waters of Moreton Bay. Dick Birnn was killed in this tragic accident. The 89th Squadron was the first to be equipped with the A-20's which had been shipped from the United States in crates. They were then assembled in Brisbane and test flown before being flown to Charters Towers.(136)

A total of 10 A-20's were lost in in the first few months of operation of the 89th Squadron. One of the reasons for the incidents were mismanagement of fuel requirements. In another incident, a crew chief ran an A-20A into the Group Operations hut in Charters Towers during an engine run-up

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**C**

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**PRIVATE HORACE J. COMEAUX**

(137)

**Horace J. Comeaux's Biographical Sketch**

I was in the Army Air Corps, 27th Bomb Gp (Light) 16th Sqdn.  
Arrived in the Philippines 18 days before Pearl Harbor and was on Bataan when it fell.

Prison camps I was in were: O`Donnell, Gapan, Cabanatuan and Bilibid.  
Left Manila July 2nd 1944 by ship, landed in Moji, Japan Sept. 2nd; worked coal mines at Fukuoka  
#17.

Was liberated Sept. 15th 1945.

I worked for Chevron Oil Company for 32 years in Port Arthur, Texas; have been retired 15 years.

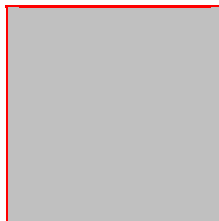
I am 75 yrs old now and in pretty fair shape.  
Have been married for 52 years; have 2 children & 3 grandchildren.

**Horace J. Comeaux  
Rayne, Louisiana**

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### 1ST LIEUTENANT LEROY COWART JR.

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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### D

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### BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN H. DAVIES

(138)

See [photo at Charter Towers](#). Also, see [other photographs of him](#) from [27th Bomb Group web site](#)

### **BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES H. DAVIES**

Retired, Died Sept. 1, 1976

James Hubert Davies was born in Piedmont, Calif., in 1903. He graduated from high school there in 1924 and received his bachelor of arts degree in social sciences from the University of Calif., in 1928.

Commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Reserve May 1, 1928, General Davies was appointed a flying cadet the following February. Entering Primary Flying School at March Field, Calif., he graduated from Advanced Flying School at Kelly Field, Texas, May 8 1930, and was commissioned a second lieutenant of Air Corps.

Assigned to the 72nd Bomb Squadron in Hawaii, in March 1932, General Davies was transferred to the Third Attack Group at Fort Crockett, Texas, moving with it to Barksdale Field, La. In October 1936 he joined the 21st Reconnaissance Squadron at Langley Field, Va., and two years later was assigned to the 23rd Composite Group at Maxwell Field, Ala.

Appointed operations officer of the 27th Bomb Group at Savannah, Ga., in March 1941, the following November General Davies assumed command of the group and took it to the Philippine Islands. In February 1942 he was named commander of the Third Bomb Group in the Southwest Pacific, becoming chief of the Bomb Section at the school of Applied Tactics, Orlando, Fla., that November. Returning to the Southwest Pacific in April 1943, he was chief of staff of the Fifth Bomber command. A year later he assumed command of the 313th Bomb Wing at Colorado Springs, Colo., taking it to the Southwest Pacific in January 1945.

Moving to Hamilton Field, Calif., that December, General Davies was assistant chief of staff for operations of the Fourth Air Force. Entering the Air War College at Maxwell Field, Ala., in August 1946, he graduated the following June and became deputy chief of the command section, Air Transport Command, at Gravelly Point, Va. He entered the National War College in August

1948 and graduated the following June.

Joining the Air Training Command, General Davies was deputy chief of staff for personnel at ATRC headquarters, Scott Air Force Base, Ill., becoming chief of staff of the command in May 1950. Assuming command of the 3510th Combat Crew Training Wing, ATRC, at Randolph Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas, in August 1951 (redesignated the 3510th Flying Training Wing a year later), in April 1954 he assumed command of the 3380th Technical Training Wing at Keesler Air Force Base, Miss., becoming deputy commander that August. A year later General Davies was named deputy commander of the Alaskan Air Command at Elmendorf Air Force Base, Alaska.

His decorations include the Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star with oak leaf cluster, Legion of Merit and Air Medal with oak leaf cluster.

He is rated a command pilot, combat observer and aircraft observer.

(Up to date as of August 1955)

(139)

**DAVIES, John/James Hubert Papers  
(1940-1977)**

AFHRA Personal Papers

.2 cu ft

Call No. **168.7081**

IRIS No. 1022468-1022470

(1903-1976). Major General. USAF, 1929-1957.

Born 25 October 1903, Piedmont, CA. AB, U of California, 1928. Air Corps Tactical School, 1939; Air War College, 1947; National War College, 1949. On 30 November 1951 General Davies legally changed his first name from John to James. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, Air Reserve, May 1928. Career assignments include: Flying Cadet, 1929-1930; various duties as company and field grade officer, 1930-1941, **Commanding Officer, 27th Bomb group (Light), 1941-1942; Commanding Officer, 3rd Bomb Group, 1942;** Commanding Officer, V Bomber Command, 1943-1944; Commanding Officer, 313th Bomb Wing, 1944-1945; various major command and staff positions, 1945-1955; Commander, Alaskan Air Command, 1956-1957. Retired October 1957. Died 17 August 1976, Napa, CA.

Personal and official papers relating to Davies' Air Force career. Includes personal and official correspondence (1942-1944). Contains materials on operations of 3rd Bomb Group and V Bomber Command in Pacific area and on A-26 aircraft. **Includes a copy of a history of the 27th Bomb Group (1940-1942), and materials on a joint memorial ceremony of the group at Hunter Field, GA (1977).**

Related material located elsewhere in the Document Collection, Air Force Historical Research Agency include an oral history interview with transcript (1942).

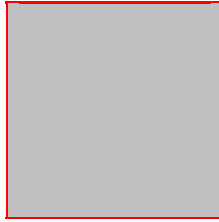
UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow

[See also material about [3rd Bombardment Group](#) under (Leland Walker) of which Davies' was a former Commander.

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**1ST LIEUTENANT GEORGE S. DAVIS**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES R. DAVIS**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**2ND LIEUTENANT SAMUEL (SAM) H. DILLARD III**

In April 2003, I received the following email which provides additional information about Lt. Dillard and points out the [identification key of the photograph](#) taken on board the S.S. President Coolidge as originally provided to me by Columbus "Doc" Savage is incorrect.

**Subject: Samuel H. Dillard III**

Date: Thu, 29 Apr 2004

Wayne,

I have been looking at your web site helping my son do a term paper in college. He is using his Grandfather as the topic and how he survived the Bataan death march and his time as a POW. You have a picture of the pilots who traveled on the Coolidge which I have seen on another website that incorrectly identifies Samuel H. Dillard III. [He is marked in the photo as #4 but in fact he is #18 in the picture.](#) I realize that much time has passed but I thought I would make an attempt to clarify the historical record.

Sam Dillard was on the list of essential personnel that should have left the Phillipines but he did not make the list and he never mentioned to me the specifics of how he was chosen to stay behind. He is now deceased almost 10 years, but the one time he spoke of this ordeal he spoke for almost 4 hours about the entire ordeal. I only wish I had a tape recorder.... He is mentioned in another book about Bataan and how he escaped only to be recaptured and beaten days before the end of the war...

Your site has been a real treasure of information and Im glad that you took the time to do this for the historical record as most of these men are passing away and all will soon be gone. My son was facinated by finding the references to his grandfather....

Ok, thats enough, just thought I would make that info available to you about the correct identification of Lt. Dillard...Should you want to find out more let me know..

Thanks

From: [John J. Richie](#)

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**2ND LIEUTENANT OLIVER (OLLIE) C. DOAN**



Moved to Australia with the contingent of the 27th Bombardment Group and became part of the 3rd Bomb Group. Was missing in New Guinea for six weeks. He died in 1969, a year after he retired from the Air Force.

In October 2004, I was contacted by [Edward Rogers](#) who was working on a long term project of writing a history of the 3rd Bombardment Group (due to be published in about five years) with Larry Hickey. He has contacted a number of living members (and deceased members families) of the 27th over the past few years, including Harry Mangan, Pete Bender, Ron Hubbard, Francis Timlin, Thomas Talley, Zeke Summers and Harry J. Rose.

**Subject: New Photo of Lt. Harry Roth**

Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004

Mr. Dow,

I recently acquired a photo album of the 27th BG pilot, Oliver Doan. Included amongst his pictures is one of your uncle, Harry Roth, after their arrival in Manila in November 1941. Lt. Roth is posing behind a 30 caliber water cooled machine gun with a row of tents in the background. I would be glad to send you a scan of this...

Edward Rogers

**Subject: Photos of Lt. Harry Roth**

Date: Fri, 22 Oct 2004

Good morning Mr. Dow,

The first photo is your Uncle aboard the SS Coolidge wearing civilian clothes. His friend looks quite familiar but can't place him. Not sure of the clock tower in the background. Hawaii? Manila? This is from "The 27th Reports."

The second is an alternate version of the 16th Sqdn group picture. Very poor. If you can you improve this, please let me know....

**Subject: 16th Sqdn Photo**

Date: Fri, 22 Oct 2004

Mr. Dow,

Here is a tif file scan of the well known 16th Sqdn photo. Quality seems better than other versions I have seen. Thought you might want it as well.

Edward

In a telephone conversation with Edward Rogers on 21 October 2004, he told me that he had contacted Oliver C. Doan's widow sometime ago and that more recently she had called him to ask if he would like to have a photo album of Oliver Doan's. She explained that they had no heirs and that she had no interest in this particular photo album since she did not know any of the people shown in the photos. When he received the album, Rogers found that it contained 2"x3" prints taken by Doan with a 35mm camera and that there were approximately ten prints that were taken on the [S.S. President Coolidge](#) during the 27th Bomb Groups passage from San Francisco to Manila, and approximately ten prints that were taken after their arrival in the Philippines. Apparently, Oliver Doan had a 35mm camera with him during this period that he then carried to

Australia and at some point in time after arrival in Australia or after returning home, had the film developed and printed.

Rogers subsequently e-mailed scans of four of the photos to me. Two were of the 16th Bomb Squadron taken on the S.S. President Coolidge and two were of [2nd Lt Harry Robert Roth](#) - one of him in the Philippines [**this is now the last photograph we have of him before his death**] and one with another member of the group on the deck of the [S.S. President Coolidge](#) while it was docked in Honolulu harbor opposite the Aloha Tower on [November 6, 1941](#).



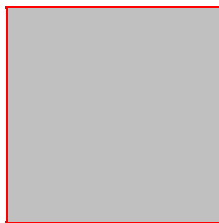
Roger's scan of 16th Bomb Sq (L) photograph (same as [photo supplied to me by Savage](#))  
November 1-20, 1941



Black and white version of above original Roger's scan  
November 1-20, 1941



Roger's scan of 16th Bomb Sq (L) photograph from different perspective  
November 1-20, 1941



Black and white version of above original Roger's scan  
November 1-20, 1941

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow



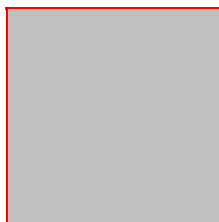
Roger's scan of Oliver Doan's photograph of [2nd Lt Harry Robert Roth \(right\)](#) and unknown member of group (left)  
[may be Doan, himself, or perhaps Alvan Ose, Leroy Cowart Jr., or Ralph Schmidt]  
(Note Aloha Tower next to dock in Honolulu in the background - [November 6, 1941](#))



Black and white version of Oliver Doan photograph above - [November 6, 1941](#)



Oliver Doan's photograph of Harry Robert Roth at 30 cal. water cooled machine gun at Fort McKinley, Manila, Philippines  
November 20-December 8, 1941



Black and white version of Oliver Doan's above photo

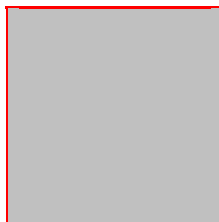
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**1ST LIEUTENANT RICHARD B. DONNEWALD**



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**2ND LIEUTENANT PHIL R. DOWNEY**



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**1ST LIEUTENANT PAUL DUGAN**



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**WARRANT OFFICER JUNIOR GRADE JOE M. DUNLAVY**

Dunlavy was originally a Master Sargeant in the 16th Bomb Squadron. He died at Cabanatuan.



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**E**

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**MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM E. EUBANK JR.**

(140)

**MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM E. EUBANK JR.**

Retired September 1965

William E. Eubank Jr., was born in Welch, W. Va., in 1912. He spent his early years in Bluefield, W.Va., where he graduated from Beaver High School in 1930. He attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va., where he majored in mining engineering. His military career began in February 1936 when he entered the Army Air Corps as a flying cadet at Randolph and Kelly fields, San Antonio, Texas.

He graduated from advanced flying and was assigned to Barksdale Field, where he served with the 3rd Attack Group and the 27th Bomb Group. In October 1940, he was transferred to Lawson Field, Columbus, Ga., and to Hunter Field, Savannah, Ga., in May 1941. In November 1941, as commander of the 91st Bomb Squadron, General Eubank left the United States for the Philippines. He was stationed at Fort MacKinley in Manila at the outbreak of World War II.

Shortly after war was declared, the general moved with his squadron to Bataan Peninsula where it served as a provisional infantry company. He was moved to Corregidor and evacuated by U.S. Navy submarine to Java in February 1942. Upon the fall of Java he flew to India as part of General Brereton's staff to form the Tenth Air Force. The general served as assistant operations officer, Tenth Air Force, from March 1942 until November 1943, when he returned to the United States. From December 1943 to March 1945, he served with Headquarters U.S. Air Force as operations staff officer. In March, he was assigned to the Air Force School of Applied Tactics, Orlando, Fla., as an instructor and finally as school secretary.

In 1947 he attended Armed Forces Staff College.

General Eubank's assignment to the Strategic Air Command began in February 1948, when he was named commander of the 43rd Bomb Group, Tucson, Ariz. In August 1948, he assumed command of the 2nd Bomb Group and commanded this unit during its temporary duty in England and move to Chatham Air Force Base. In June 1950, he was assigned as executive officer, Directorate of Operations, Headquarters Strategic Air Command, and in June 1951, was

appointed chief, Operations Plans Division.

In July 1953, he was appointed commander, 93rd Bomb Wing, Castle Chatham Air Force Base, Calif. In June 1954, the 93rd Bomb Wing, commanded by General Eubank, began conversion to B-47 medium bombers. This conversion was effected in record time and won for the wing the personal commendation of General Curtis E. LeMay, then commander-in-chief of the Strategic Air Command.

In June 1955, still under the command of General Eubank, the 93rd Bomb Wing was the first SAC installation to receive the B-52 "Stratofortress" heavy bomber.

The 93rd, while under General Eubank's command, participated in "Operation Jet Stream" in 1957, the first around-the-world jet flight. This flight resulted in the 93rd receiving the MacKay Trophy, the coveted Air Force award presented annually to the individual organization that makes the "most meritorious flight of the year."

In April 1958, the general commanded a 93rd KC-135 flight that established two new world records -- a non-stop speed record from Tokyo to Washington, in 13 hours and 47 minutes, and an unrefueled jet distance record of 10,288 miles from Tokyo to the Azores.

Upon his reassignment from Castle Chatham Air Force Base, Merced, Calif., to Nouasseur Air Base, Morocco, in July 1958, where he assumed command of the 4310th Air Division, General Eubank was honored by the citizens of the City of Merced and the State of California. Goodwin J. Knight, Governor of Calif., proclaimed June 28, 1958, "General Eubank Day." As 4310th Air Division commander, under SAC's Sixteenth Air Force at Torrejon Air Base, Spain, the general had operational control of Reflex Forces at Nouasseur, Ben Guerir and Sidi Slimane air bases in Morocco.

General Eubank was appointed to his present position, deputy commander of the Second Air Force, Aug. 15, 1959.

A rated command pilot, General Eubank has logged more than 4,500 flying hours, including 60 in combat.

DECORATIONS AND MEDALS: Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal Philippine Defense Ribbon American Defense Service Medal American Theater Ribbon World War II Victory Medal Air Force Longevity Service Award with four oak leaf clusters Air Medal with oak leaf cluster Philippine Campaign Medal with battle star East Indies Campaign Medal with battle star Legion of Merit UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES: The general is a survivor of Bataan and Corregidor.

(Current as of July 1962)

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## G

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### MAJOR DAMON J. GAUSE

(141)

#### **Odyssey Extraordinary**

By John L. Frisbee, Contributing Editor



**Lt. Damon J. Gause was the central figure in one of the most dramatic events of World War II.**

Lt. Damon J. Gause, a member of the 27th Bombardment Group (Light), arrived in the Philippines in November 1941. The group's A-24s were diverted to Australia and never reached the Philippines. Along with other Americans, he fell back to Bataan when our forces no longer were able to hold positions in the Manila area. The group fought with the infantry until the Japanese overran Bataan and killed or captured all but a few of the US and Philippine defenders.

Gause escaped from his captors by attacking one of the guards, whom he killed with the man's own knife, then swam the three miles to Corregidor, where he led a machine gun squad. When Corregidor fell on May 6, Gause again escaped, found a small boat, and set out for Luzon. An enemy fighter sank the boat, leaving him to swim for many hours to the island. He then made his way through enemy-held territory to the island of Mindoro. There he met an Army captain, William Osborne. Their plan--ambitious to say the least--was to reach Australia and rejoin the fighting.

With the help of friendly natives, they located a dilapidated 22-foot sailboat with a diesel engine that ran only when it chose to do so. When the engine was out, they relied on tattered sails. The two men had no charts or navigation equipment and little fuel for the engine. The latter problem was solved by eliminating the Japanese guard at a lighthouse, taking on a load of fuel, and replenishing their meager larder. They also took a Japanese flag that was to save their lives on the long voyage through unfriendly waters.

Gause and Osborne made frequent stops at small islands to gather food and, with luck, water, and to work on the engine, which ran for a few hours between recurrent rest periods. One stop was at the small island of Bugsanga, a leper colony. One of the inmates was an American, who had been a marine engineer before his illness, and he helped them repair the engine. At another island, they were greeted by a lady missionary who provided food and gave them her camera and all the film she had so they could document their escape.

Sailing south in the boat, which they named Ruth-Lee after their wives, the two Americans survived several tropical storms, one lasting for five days, that left the boat leaking in many places. The leaks were stuffed with rags. Then came a typhoon with violent winds that snapped the mast and broke the rudder. The mast was replaced with a small tree and a rudder was carved with knives provided by friendly natives. Off the coast of enemy-occupied Palawan, they ran up the Japanese flag, which saved them more than once from enemy ships and aircraft that came down to look them over.

Drinking water was a constant problem. There were no containers on the boat that could store rainwater. Several small islands proved to be devoid of streams or springs. Coconuts became a prime source of water. A shark that followed them for several days helped out on that score as well. It was caught on a hook made from steel wire and provided both food and some moisture. As their coconut supply ran low, they moistened their mouths by chewing raw fish.

When Ruth-Lee reached the south shore of Timor, which they mistakenly believed to be in Allied hands, they hauled down the Japanese flag and hoisted the Stars and Stripes that Gause had taken when Corregidor surrendered. They soon found out they were not yet out of the war zone. An enemy fighter strafed them, setting the boat afire. The two men put out the fire and plugged many bullet holes to keep the boat afloat. On the verge of collapse from starvation, thirst,

and tropical sun--after several more days of sailing--they were picked up by an Australian boat.

The men were flown to Gen. Douglas MacArthur's headquarters, where a barefoot Gause saluted the general as he "reported from Corregidor." The general's amazed response was said to be, "Well, I'll be damned." Gause was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his heroism in the Philippines and the unprecedented escape through enemy waters.

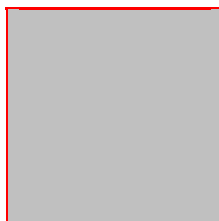
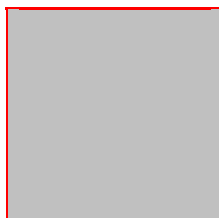
Returning to the States as a captain and war hero, Damon Gause was present for the birth of his son, Damon L., who has the account of the escape that his father had scribbled during the 3,000-mile voyage that lasted for 159 days.

Gause, by then a major, checked out in P-47s and was assigned to the European theater. In one of the war's great ironies, this man, who had survived what probably was the longest and most harrowing escapes in modern military history, was lost on a mission over Germany. His heroism in combat and against almost insurmountable odds during the escape to Australia must not be forgotten. The courage and tenacity he displayed more than a half-century ago should be an inspiration to all those who follow him.

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(142)



Georgia General Assembly  
01 LC 21 6234  
Senate Resolution 83 By: Senator Beatty of the 47th

**A RESOLUTION  
Honoring Damon J. Gause; and for other purposes.**

WHEREAS, Damon J. Gause was born June 17, 1915, in Fort Valley, Georgia, and later moved with his family to Jackson County and, after graduating from Jefferson High School, he attended the University of Georgia, and while there he learned to fly from the famous Epps family; and

WHEREAS, he served a tour of duty with the United States Coast Guard and, after a period of civilian employment, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps and was assigned to Nichols Field in the Philippine Islands on the eve of the Second World War and, as the flyers arrived without their aircraft, he was assigned to an infantry unit; and

WHEREAS, after the American surrender and the start of the Bataan Death March, Gause escaped by overpowering a guard and making a run for Manila Bay and, despite being shot at, he made the bay and managed to cross the shark infested waters by boat and by swimming to the American held island of Corregidor, where he was assigned to beach defense with the marines, and when the surrender of Corregidor was ordered, he received permission to escape, and with two Filipino servicemen he left in a small native canoe for the main island of Luzon, over ten miles away, and even though the canoe was sunk by enemy air craft, the men made it safely and Gause was given sanctuary with local inhabitants; and

WHEREAS, he soon met another American hiding on Luzon and the two set out for Australia, a trip of 3,200 miles, in a native 20 foot combination motor and sail launch, and with few supplies and only a hand held compass, they arrived at Wyndham, Australia, on October 11, 1942, to bring General Douglas MacArthur the first eyewitness report of the fall of the Philippine Islands; and

WHEREAS, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and ordered back to the United States to help sell war bonds, but he applied for transfer to the war zone and was assigned to the 365th Fighter-Bomber Group and flew numerous missions over Germany, and on March 9, 1944, while his group was training for the invasion of Normandy, he was killed when his P-47 Thunderbolt fighter plane crashed, and he now rests in the American Cambridge Cemetery in Cambridge, England; and

WHEREAS, it is only proper that the members of this body recognize this brave and patriotic American.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE that the members of this body recognize the courage and honor of Damon J. Gause.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the Secretary of the Senate is authorized and directed to transmit an appropriate copy of this resolution to the family of Damon J. Gause.

(143)

**Against all odds**

**An American pilot escapes from a Japanese prison during World War II, sets sail in a 20-foot skiff and—dodging sharks and submarines—arrives 3,200 miles later at the northern shore of Australia. Sound like a great adventure story? What's more, it's true.**

BY LAURA WEXLER

I It's New Year's Eve, 1942. At the [Hotel Manila](#), the orchestra is playing "The Beautiful Blue

Danube," and an American soldier is spinning a Filipino woman around the dance floor. She is dressed in a sequined gown; he wears a muddy uniform. They and the other dancers ignore the sound of distant gunfire—it is also the eve of the Japanese army's invasion of the Philippines.

This is the first scene in a new book, *The War Journal of Major Damon "Rocky" Gause*, and with it, Gause—the soldier in the muddy uniform—establishes himself as a storyteller, a window into the war raging all around him. He's a 26-year-old Georgia boy describing what he hears and sees on his first tour of duty in the Pacific: the sound of bombs during lulls in the music, a celebration on the eve of destruction.

At dawn, Gause (University of Georgia - M '37), a lieutenant and fighter pilot in the Army Air Corps, leaves for Bataan with a truckload of supplies. All U.S. planes in the Pacific were destroyed on Dec. 8, 1941, when the Japanese army bombed U.S. bases in the Philippines, so Gause is assigned to an infantry unit on the Bataan peninsula. He arrives to find 80,000 American and Filipino troops slowly starving to death.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1942 Thanks to an American missionary who gives him a camera, Gause photographs the native villages he uses as waystations during his 59- day voyage.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1942 After one month at sea, Gause and Capt. William Osborne, also an escapee from Bataan, beach the Ruth-Lee on the Philippine island of Palawan for major repairs.

Within a few months—months in which the Japanese army attacks and then waits, attacks and waits—the food situation on Bataan becomes desperate. Gause requests permission to drive to a distant depot to haul food to the front. On the way back, a Japanese gun carrier waylays his truck, forcing Gause and a fellow soldier to jump into the river below.

They spend the next two days submerged in water and mud to avoid detection, making it back to the front just in time to be captured. Gause writes of the scene at a Bataan prison camp:

*Men were lying with flies buzzing around and dipping into wounds. The captured soldiers groaned and begged for water but the Jap sentries stalked past, spitting at them. Several buzzards floated ominously overhead . . . Husbands, wives, and children were separated with one or more members of the family lying dead or dying beside the road. I decided that a Jap prison pen was no place for me.*

Gause surprises a Japanese sentry, plunges a knife into his back, and runs through a stretch of jungle into Manila Bay. Hours later, he collapses on the shores of Corregidor after swimming from Bataan.

This is just the beginning of Gause's remarkable story. And with World War II in vogue like never before, it's easy to see why several New York publishers bid ferociously for the rights to Gause's tale, which will be published on Veteran's Day. A movie version, starring Ben Affleck and Matt Damon, is slated to follow.

That Gause's story has found a forum is due, in large part, to Howard Berk. A screenwriter, novelist, and director of UGA's Creative Development Unit, a division of the Georgia Research Foundation, Berk (ABJ '48) connects students, staff, faculty, and alumni with people who can make their projects happen. He saw in the raw manuscript of *The War Journal* what publishers and film producers came to see: that in addition to chronicling a harrowing adventure, Gause's story describes a moment in American history. The notes he made in his handmade diary—its cardboard covers bound by a wire coil—illuminate not only his own life, but the lives of a group of men who did not doubt their government, who were sure that America was good and Japan was evil, who were certain of what they were doing in a far, foreign land. At times, Gause's story seems dated and his language jarring—even racist. It's then that the reader is reminded that both Gause and his tale are relics from an earlier, different era.

OCTOBER 4, 1942 Gause sights the northern coast of Australia.  
To celebrate, he flies an American flag carried from Corregidor.

Clothes and artifacts from Gause's harrowing escape have been lovingly preserved by his family.

OCTOBER 13, 1942 Gause (right) and Osborne pose with a soldier at the first American camp they find on Australia. Osborne is wrapped in the Japanese flag; Gause carries the American flag.

In Damon Gause Jr.'s house in Jefferson, Ga., there is an army-issue foot locker containing his father's artifacts. Open the trunk, and out come a floppy hat, a pair of cut-off dungarees, a handmade paddle with the Gause name carved into it. Out come a compass, a folded American flag, the photographs his father made during his 59 days at sea.

Out come the two cablegrams Gause sent to his young wife, Ruth. One, sent in December 1941, tells her that he arrived in the Philippines. The other, dated October 1942, tells of arriving in Australia. What happened between December and October is what's written in *The War Journal*, which Gause transcribed from his diary after returning from the Philippines. He wanted the world to know how American soldiers suffered and struggled in the South Pacific. Since the manuscript contained classified information, no publisher would touch it until war's end. By then, it was too late.

"I knew of these journals from a small boy. But the consequences of what they contained—I didn't really know that," says Damon Jr. (BBA '66). "As I got up into my teens, I realized what an escape my father had made." In bits and pieces—he was allowed to open his father's trunk only on special occasions, and with his mother's supervision—Damon Jr. read his father's manuscript. Through the words he came to know his father, much in the same way children learn the literary characters who people their bedtime stories. "He was a Huckleberry Finn," says Damon Jr., 55.

"He was an adventurer. My grandmother said that, had he lived, he would have been the governor of Georgia." As the American troops prepare to surrender Corregidor on May 5, 1942, Gause escapes again. This time, he and a Filipino scout commandeered an outrigger to sail the six miles to the Philippine mainland. Of that seemingly endless sea voyage, Gause writes: I was

beginning to think that getting to the mainland would be a cinch when once again we were framed in a searchlight from one of the Jap cruisers that continually circled the island to discourage and pick up fleeing soldiers. The cruiser's gun crews must have been at their stations because a shell went sighing over our heads a few seconds after we were sighted and several more followed, none very close. In the excitement, however, the boat was overturned and we were unceremoniously dumped into the water. Arranzaso [the Filipino scout] couldn't swim, I was dismayed to learn, so we righted the outrigger and swung our dripping bodies aboard. The night was dark and the sea was choppy. We headed into the wind and our paddles lifted and dipped, lifted and dipped. Shells and bombs were still bursting on Corregidor. . . .

OCTOBER 16, 1942 In preparation for meeting General MacArthur, Gause gets his first haircut and shave in 59 days.

NOVEMBER 1942 Returning to the U.S., Gause is honored at a war bond rally in Winder, Ga. That's Sen. Richard Russell (BL '18) seated in back.

Gause travels to the Philippine island of Lubang, where he spends an idyllic month relaxing, swimming, and playing poker. He never fully enjoys himself, though, for his intention is not merely to survive the war by hiding out; it's to fight again for the U.S. Army. With the help of countless Filipinos, he and Capt. William Osborne, another escapee from Bataan, outfit a leaky 20-foot motor skiff (christened the Ruth-Lee in honor of the men's wives), and set out to reach Gen. MacArthur in Australia—directly through Japanese-held waters.

That the story exists tells the reader that its author, a modern-day Odysseus, survived. The question, of course, is how? How did he avoid sharks and Japanese submarines? How did he

survive typhoons, intense heat, severe thirst and hunger, even lepers?

t. Gause answered these questions countless times after he returned to the U.S. in November 1942 and embarked on a war bond tour. Ruth Carter, who had married Gause before he left for the Pacific in 1941, remembers:

"When I met him in Washington, he couldn't stand on both feet—his feet were still sore," says Ruth, 77. "He talked about his experiences on the war bond tours, but not with me. He had talked about it so much, he needed a rest."

And though his wife and family were thrilled to see Gause, whom they called "Rocky" because of his short and stocky build, they were not surprised to see him. They'd been informed by the war department that he was missing in action, but never doubted his return.

"There was certainly no sadness during the time he was missing," says John Gause (ABJ '50), a retired army officer who was a teenager during his older brother's tour in the Pacific. "You just had the idea that nothing could kill him. I remember an evening in Winder when the high school gym was full and Damon got up and talked about his experiences, and how we had to beat the Japanese. I was so proud sitting there."

MAY 1943 Now a major,  
Gause goes to Richmond to  
be retrained as a fighter pilot.  
Visitors to his office stand on  
the Japanese flag, a souvenir  
from his escape.

DECEMBER 9, 1943 Gause  
visits his wife and newborn  
son at St. Mary's Hospital in  
Athens. It's the last time he  
sees his wife, and the only  
time he sees his son before  
being killed in a plane crash  
four months later in England.

Now John is proud his brother's story will be read by others. "It's got all the elements of a



historical survival story. Most people could not survive what he did," he says. "That's kind of what humanity is about: one long story of survival. Damon just carved out his piece."

But even after carving out his piece, Gause asked to return to the Pacific.

"He went on the war bond tour, and at the same time he was asking the commanders in Washington, D.C., to let him go back to the Pacific theater," says Damon Jr. "He told them, 'Listen, all my friends are either dead or in Japanese prisons. Let me see if I can go back and be of assistance.' "

Instead, Gause, by then a major, was told he had a choice: fly in Europe or stay home and sell war bonds. He was a soldier, a "wartime officer," as Damon Jr. says, so he chose Europe. Before shipping out, Gause sneaked away from base to see his son, who was born Dec. 7, 1943—two years after Pearl Harbor—at St. Mary's Hospital in Athens.

On a pretty day three months later, in March 1944, Ruth was planting her garden in Jefferson when a soldier walked up her driveway holding a telegram.

"I knew. I took it and read it . . . the only thing I saw was 'killed in a plane crash March 9 in Beaulieu, England,'" says Ruth. "I ran in and picked up my baby. Damon Jr.'s the one who kept me going."

Major Damon J. Gause is buried in Cambridge American Cemetery in England, a place his son will visit someday soon.

Damon Jr. was originally named Lance, in honor of Colonel Lance Call, the commander who "allowed" Gause to sneak away from base to visit his son. After her husband's death, Ruth changed her son's name to Damon Lance Gause.

And in many ways, Damon Jr. planned to pattern his life after his father's, planned to go to the University of Georgia and become a soldier.

MARCH 12, 1999 Damon  
Gause Jr. (BBA '66) shows  
photos of his father to UGA's  
Howard Berk (ABJ '48), who  
helped turn Damon Sr.'s diary  
into a book to be published by  
Hyperion.

"At UGA, I was in the ROTC program. Then I was notified by the draft board that I was changed to 1A," says Damon Jr. "I was the sole surviving son of a veteran who had lost his life in military service. I wasn't eligible for the draft, nor could I join the service. It was going to take an act of Congress to change that."

Like the Ryan family made famous by Steven Spielberg's movie, the Gause family had given generously; of five children in his father's family, four served in the military. Damon Jr. was disappointed he could not continue that tradition. But a few years ago he found his own way to pay tribute.

"I realized my father's intention was to publish this manuscript, and I felt like I was failing my father. I wanted to do something to perpetuate his memory," says Damon, Jr. "I didn't know where to turn, though."

On the advice of a newspaper editor in Jefferson, Damon Jr. showed his father's manuscript to Berk, a former World War II pilot himself. Berk saw its potential, helped Damon Jr. find an agent, then guided him throughout the mazelike contract and negotiation process that will result in publication of *The War Journal* 56 years after it was written. "There aren't a lot of people who left memorials like this one," says Berk. "I got involved because I was afraid of leaving Damon alone with the wolves."

The two men are friends now, exchanging bits of war history and movie lingo. If Damon Jr. has learned one thing from the man he calls "Mr. Howard," it's that the movie business runs in cycles. Now is a particularly good time for World War II films, he knows, and to see his father's story on the big screen would make him proud. Not for personal glory—he still drives an old pickup truck and goes to work as a contractor each morning. But he wants people to know what men like his father did for their country.

"I feel like it's a Gause story," he says. "But more importantly, I'm glad it's going to be used as a tribute to the fighting men of World War II. That's the beauty of it."

(144)

## **The Great Escape**

### ***A World War II memoir about fleeing a prison camp on Bataan.***

By CHRISTOPHER DICKEY

When Japan attacked the Philippines on Dec. 8, 1941, the American military there was cut off from reinforcements or escape. Under constant bombardment and faced with large-scale Japanese landings, American and Filipino troops nonetheless held out for five months before their final surrender. Later, many of the soldiers said that if they'd known the horrors to come -- the suffering in the camps, the death march on Bataan that cost as many as 10,000 lives -- they never would have given up.

Damon Gause never did. In one of the most spectacular escapes of World War II he traveled across 3,200 miles of treacherous ocean, through storms, coral reefs and much of the Japanese Fleet before he reached safety in Australia. "The War Journal of Major Damon 'Rocky' Gause" presents that story in his own words as he wrote it shortly after he returned to the United States. (A few months later he volunteered for combat in Europe, where he was killed test-piloting a P-47 fighter in March 1944.) The tale he's left us has the feel of that moment when America was desperate for heroes, and reading it now is as much a trip back in time as it is a journey across the dark Sulu Sea.

From what we know of Gause, he was the kind of man whose restlessness kept him

constantly on the move even before the war. When he was still in his teens he left his home in Jefferson, Ga., looking for adventure as a radio operator with the Coast Guard and roughnecking on South American oil rigs.

Eventually he joined the Army Air Corps. In 1941 he married a hometown beauty, but a couple of months later he shipped out for the Philippines. The planes his unit was supposed to fly still hadn't arrived when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and the crippled American military faced all-out war in the Pacific.

Gause was ordered to improvise a communications post on the Bataan peninsula, where about 78,000 American and Filipino troops had retreated. In April 1942, when Bataan fell, Gause was taken prisoner. But in the confusion he managed to overpower a Japanese guard, kill him with his own bayonet, then swim to the fortress island of Corregidor. There, he weathered the furious bombardment as the Americans and Filipinos made their last stand, and when Corregidor fell, made it to the mainland in a canoe. As he lay half-conscious on the sand, a passing Japanese patrol thought he was just one more American corpse, "another limp white body washed up on the beach."

The narrative is spare, tough and full of cliches. There is all the stoicism and heroism of the time, but also the machismo and racism: "A patrol of about 18 Japs tried to penetrate our lines during the early morning. The men got in some much needed rifle practice on them." There is even a beautiful sarong-clad heroine named Rita Garcia -- "She was athletic and lithe . . . perfectly at home in the jungle or in a luxurious ballroom." Gause saves Rita in Manila when she is hurt in a bombing raid, then later dances with her all night on the eve of the Japanese Army's entry into the capital. After his escape from Corregidor, there is a brief idyll when he rests up with her at the home of a Spanish friend. (In one wonderful scene the Spaniard takes Gause back to Manila to a dance hall where they find themselves drinking with a Japanese colonel. A cultivated officer, he speaks perfect Spanish. A terrified Gause, who is pretending to be a Spaniard, does not.)

By August 1942, Rita Garcia had put Gause in contact with another American officer, Capt. William Lloyd Osborne, and the two men plotted their escape to Australia. Their craft, which they called the Ruth-Lee after their wives, was an old fishing boat with a tiny engine and a makeshift sail. Their only navigational tools were a compass and a tattered map of the Far East from a National Geographic magazine. Neither man was a sailor. When a typhoon swept down on them, Gause wrote: "The gale caught us broadside, and picked the Ruth-Lee up like a twig and bent her over till I could almost have planted both feet on the right side and stood straight up. I saw that we were going to be overturned and was about to untie myself from the boat when the sail ripped apart and disappeared downwind."

As Gause and Osborne made their way through the Philippine archipelago they found themselves among other outcasts of the islands. There was a suspected German spy who almost murdered them. They holed up for a while in a leper colony. They came across other American soldiers who were hiding out with a missionary woman. She gave Osborne and Gause a chocolate cake and a cheap Kodak camera, and Gause took pictures with it the rest of the voyage. The local people were mostly friendly, "as pro-American as the Brooklynites are pro-Dodger," as Gause put it. To escape notice, Gause often flew the Japanese flag. When he and Osborne thought they'd almost reached Australia, they raised the Stars and Stripes, salvaged from Corregidor. A mistake. They were strafed and nearly sunk by a Japanese plane.

Osborne and Gause were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for their uncommon valor, and Gause's account is quite a tale. But if every page of "The War Journal" sees action,

almost every page raises a question as well.

Gause seems to be holding back, giving no real sense of his emotions as he underwent these ordeals or explaining some of the more outlandish coincidences, like the many "chance" meetings with Rita, that were vital to his escape.

Rocky Gause's son, Damon L. Gause, answers some of the questions in his forthright introduction and epilogue, but at the end, as if anticipating doubts, he publishes his phone number and invites readers to get in touch. So I gave him a call. "I researched every angle of what my father wrote," he said in a red-clay Georgia drawl. But I had a feeling the son, now 54, still hoped he'd hear from someone who could tell him more about the daddy he never knew. He told me that he had found a soldier who remembered the missionary with the chocolate cake, and said he had also been in contact with Osborne's daughters; their father's notes confirmed the basic facts. There wasn't much more.

What really drove Rocky Gause? We're not going to know. But one thing's for sure. He'd be just the kind of man you'd want around if you were hoping to try a great escape.

(145)

## **The War Journal of Major Damon "Rocky" Gause**

By DAMON "ROCKY" GAUSE

### **CHAPTER ONE**

It was indeed a strange sight. I doubt if the Empire Room in the Manila Hotel had ever been host to as varied a conglomeration of people. The Japanese were expected in Manila within a few hours, so the bars were down. And the bars were well patronized. I thought of the boys digging in on Bataan. They would never believe that I celebrated the approach of a New Year—and the Japanese army—from a front-row seat in the doomed city. Everybody danced that night, young and old. Against the distant rumbling of big guns the music was loud and occasionally off-key. People were drinking too much, more than they would have normally. There were little parties in progress around the velvet-walled room and there was much loud talking and raucous laughter as people tried to forget. This was more than an ordinary New Year's party. We were commemorating the passing of an era as well as a year.

Clay Conner and I were definitely out of place. Pistols swung at our hips. Our G.I. brogans hadn't been shined in weeks, and we hadn't shaved since leaving Fort McKinley for Bataan on Christmas Day. Our khaki shirts and trousers were filthy. We were the only American soldiers in the place. In fact, the only men there in uniform, unless perhaps a Japanese reconnaissance patrol was snooping around. We would have been on Bataan with the rest of our forces, if we hadn't been ordered to return to Manila for badly needed radio equipment that had been forgotten in the evacuation rush.

One of the little Filipino waiters was busy changing our plates.

"Will you give the Japanese as good service as you have us?" I asked, half jokingly, half seriously.

"Oh, but I will not be here then," he answered quietly. "I am staying only until there is no further need of me tonight. My gun is ready in my room. By dawn I will be on my way to Bataan."

"You might do better if you stayed here," I told him. "It isn't going to be any picnic on Bataan. And you don't have to fight, you know."

He drew himself up to his full five feet. "Sir, my brother was killed five days ago in northern Luzon. My father is in the hills, fighting with his old outfit. My mother and sister have gone to care for the wounded. We will fight, all of us, to the end."

"But the Japanese say they are bringing you freedom," broke in Conner. "They may treat you well."

"The Americans have promised us freedom. It is their kind we want. We will never forget what they have done for us. And the Japs we will always hate."

His last words were said in a tone that sent a shiver down my spine. He meant every word. I wondered if all his countrymen felt that way. Through the long months ahead I was to learn that they did. I have often wondered what happened to the boy and if he is still fighting "to the end."

Conner and I were at the hotel to join Rita for the last time before we pulled out of the city. We had seen her by chance on Escolta Street early that evening. We had been loafing along, after loading our trucks with the radio equipment and supplies that were hidden in the Santa Anna cabaret. I had told the men where we would meet an hour before dawn to begin the trek back to Bataan. Then Rita had come rushing across the street to thank me again for saving her life. Again I told her that I hadn't saved her life, that anyone finding her wounded would have picked up and carried her to the hospital. But she insisted that I had, and asked us to her home. We had nothing to do and the "last day and inevitable hour for Manila" atmosphere that pervaded the city wasn't exactly cheering, so we accepted.

She had taken us to a rambling Spanish-type hacienda, in a good residential section, where her mother, her younger brother and two sisters were almost overwhelmed at the prospects of the invasion. Her father was with the Filipino army in the heavy fighting in the north, where the Japs had first landed, and nothing had been heard from him. The family feared he was dead. The purpose of the visit was to persuade me to take the mother and young girls to Bataan when I returned. I explained how impossible that was. Then she suggested that Conner and I meet her at the Manila Hotel.

When she came across the room to our table I realized again how charming she was. Her long black hair framed her sparkling eyes and cameo-like Spanish features. Her evening dress was dark red studded with sequins. She looked very different from the first time I had seen her on the roadside, but if anyone had told me that she would be wearing a sarong when we finally said good-bye I would have said he was bomb-happy.

Rita danced with Conner and then I asked her to dance. My muddy shoes sank lusciously into the heavy carpet as we picked our way between the overcrowded tables and milling patrons

toward the postage-stamp dance floor. Rita spoke to many people and asked one girl if she wouldn't like to go over and sit with Lieutenant Conner until we returned. Things like that were being done in Manila on December 31, 1941. The orchestra was playing "The Beautiful Blue Danube" as we began jostling our way around the dance floor.

I expected Rita to begin again the plea that we take all her family to Bataan, but she didn't mention the subject. Instead she told me that she had graduated from college only the summer before and that her father, who had a business in Manila, hadn't been home since December 8th.

She asked a few questions. I told her that when the Filipino and American forces pushed across and around Manila Bay to Bataan, I had remained at Fort McKinley to destroy the radio stations, then had led a convoy to the peninsula, and returned for more supplies. She could not understand how I, a pilot, was now working with radios, but I explained as best I could that when we had no more planes to fly, I had been placed in command of the communications section. The music ended then, and we rejoined Conner and his friend.

"Miss Rodriguez, this is Lt. Gause," Rita said simply, and we all had another drink. Several more people joined us and we had a lively party until about three-thirty, when we called for the check. A silly thing to do I thought, with the Japs only hours away. The management had decreed that the party was "on the house," however, so we thanked the waiter and left the still bustling Empire Room with the strains of the Philippine national anthem ringing in our ears.

The marble pillar lobby of the Hotel Manila, where General MacArthur had made his headquarters, was quiet and deserted and our heels clacked ominously on the shining floor as we walked towards the door. The battered blue Hudson sedan, dirty and dented, that I had picked up in Manila and driven to Bataan on my first trip, was parked majestically at the main entrance. The three of us lit cigarettes and rode in silence through the darkened streets. Rita was sitting between us in the front seat, and I felt her shoulders heave spasmodically a few times. I saw that she was crying. It was the only time I ever saw her cry, although she was to endure many hardships. She still hoped I would save her mother and sisters from the ravages of the victory-maddened Japs, but Clay and I left her forlornly at the door of her home and returned to our rendezvous.

Our small, four-truck convoy was to move out of Manila just before dawn, along the road that skirted Bataan Bay, through the town of San Fernando at the northern tip, and then into Bataan. When we had all assembled, **Col. Jack Sewell**, commander of our dive-bomber group, rushed up, driving a staff car, and said that he had come into the city to notify me that a ship would be anchored off Bataan in the morning to take a group of pilots to Australia. We had all been hoping for such news and I delightfully prepared to begin the trek to Bataan. Several days later, however, I saw the ship that was to have carried us to Australia with its masts barely sticking above the water in a bay off Bataan. The Japs had scored two direct bomb hits.

The return to Bataan was a nightmare. As long as there was no hum of plane engines, we crawled along about ten miles an hour with blackout lights. It was impossible to see very far ahead and we drove into tree stumps and shell craters, and were on and off the road scores of times. The blue Hudson was followed closely by the loaded army trucks, and when the sun rose our clothes became drenched with perspiration and dust caked our faces and hands. The radio in my car blared though nobody listened. Two soldiers sat on the roofs of the trucks watching for low flying, strafing Jap planes, and whenever they sang out and beat with their fists on the metal roofs, we jarred to a stop and leaped for the cover of nearby jungle undergrowth.

There was little traffic on the road now, although large numbers of Filipinos, sometimes

entire families, struggled toward Bataan hoping to obtain protection from the Japs. Trucks and autos that had broken down lined the macadam strip and we had to make frequent detours around stalled vehicles, bomb craters, and bridges that had been blasted out.

We could hear the crackling of Jap rifle fire as we reached the northern end of the bay, and when we passed through the deserted village of San Fernando we heard the shouts of advancing Nip soldiers. I nursed the car along with a prayer and hoped that the trucks would hold out. I expected that when we crossed the San Fernando bridge a Jap patrol might step out in the road and open fire. From the village on down into the peninsula the road dwindled into a trail recently covered with crushed rock. Dust was so thick along and above the road that at times I was forced to stop to catch a breath of fresh air. The owner of the Hudson, if he were still alive, would have wrung his hands if he could have seen his battered car.

About nightfall we encountered American troops, this time much more coordinated and settled than they had been when I reached Bataan on December 26th. We were ready now for the grim business ahead.

Weeks later on Bataan, I met Captain Pat Burns, who had left Manila that same morning fifteen minutes after our convoy. He said that when his car loaded with officers reached the bridge in San Fernando a small party of Japs opened fire and he was the only one to escape. He returned to Manila ahead of the Japs and a native sailed him across the bay to Bataan.

Our convoy, therefore, was the last to get safely out of Manila.

## Chapter Two

Conditions on Bataan were far from desirable, and before the peninsula was surrendered, I wondered many times how it was possible to live in the face of the steady Jap bombing and shelling. A sturdy mountain range jutted out of the center of the peninsula, and our forces established a line designated at the "Abucay Hacienda Line" because it passed from the mountains to the bay through a town by that name.

Due to lack of trained infantrymen in Bataan the Air Corps men and officers were organized into an infantry regiment. We defended the sector between Manila Bay on the right to the foothills of the central mountains on the left, a frontal distance of approximately 30 kilometers. This regiment was made up of the following Air Corp units: 17th Bomb Sqdn, 16th Bomb Sqdn, 91st Bomb Sqdn of the 27th Bomb Group, the 27th Materiel Sqdn, 7th Materiel Sqdn, 2nd Observation Sqdn, 48th Materiel Sqdn, and a Headquarters Sqdn, of which I was a member during the last days of the campaign. Upon returning to Bataan I was given command of a machine-gun company, which was formed out of the 17th Bomb Sqdn. Utilizing the air-cooled machine-guns that we brought from the States to install on our Douglas Dauntless dive-bombers ([A-24s](#)), which never arrived, we established ourselves to defend our allotted sector of the line. I would swell with pride as I watched these skilled men lay aside their tools, bombsight, radio, delicate instruments, and pick up a .30 caliber rifle or dig a machine-gun emplacement as if they had been trained in the infantry for years. I never heard a complaint from these men during the bloody days that followed. The first thing we did after setting up our guns was to get in some rifle practice. We accomplished this by picking out a haystack or corn shock and seeing if we could set it afire with tracer bullets. After a few days these men who had never had a rifle or hand grenade in their hands before they came to Bataan were acting like seasoned infantrymen.

In this company I had 20 or 30 expert aerial gunners who formerly had ridden in the cockpit of the dive bombers with us. These men I put on the antiaircraft 50's we had. One of these men, Pvt. James Oestricher, an aircraft sheet metal worker by trade, improvised a pair of .50 caliber guns on a carriage which looked something like a coaster wagon. Oestricher would pull this contraption behind him wherever he went. He built a dummy haystack which he would set over his guns. When the dive-bombers peeled off to dive, Oestricher would scramble for his emplacement, throw off the haystack, and open fire point blank at them. He was accredited with two Jap dive-bombers within a period of three weeks. Oestricher was only 18 years of age. He was from Quitman, Georgia. Yes, he made a wonderful record for himself and the Air Corps. About two days before Bataan fell, Oestricher was killed by a direct bomb hit that was dropped from a plane as he fired point-blank at it.

We were fortunate that for the first two or three weeks the Japs didn't make a strong assault on our sector. The only ground action we had was when a patrol of about 18 Japs tried to penetrate our lines during the early morning. The men got in some much needed rifle practice on them, and after about a thirty-minute skirmish all 18 were riddled. This little instance gave the men confidence in themselves and their new weapons (the rifle). After that it was hard to get them down. They wanted to advance into enemy territory and look for trouble. Thereafter whenever scouting parties were organized to scout the enemy several miles behind the enemy lines, there were always more hands raised than men needed for the job.

Our men were on the alert at all times and that was tiring. Finally by strength of numbers, the Japs broke through along the bay side and the American and Filipino forces fell back to a previously prepared defense sector from Orion, on the bay, to Bagac, on the China Sea. Here we had a continuous line girding the peninsula and made our stand for all but a few days of the campaign.

The first week in January brought the first heavy Jap attack on this front, during which an estimated 15,000 Japs were killed or wounded. I was commanding a machinegun company boasting twenty of the best aerial machine gunners in the army. They had mounted their air-cooled caliber 50s on makeshift tripods and piled the Japs, one on top of another. After the first big push, which failed, the Japs contented themselves with constant bombardment and occasional skirmishes.

Our Air Corps men soon learned the tricks of the infantry trade and became as much at home in a slit trench or foxhole as a professional infantryman. Morale was good, and whenever communications had to be laid into Jap territory for reconnaissance purposes, there were always a host of volunteers.

Early one night, about fifteen of us were stringing a wire to an outlying sentry post when we saw two Jap scouts sneaking away in the underbrush. We fired a volley and brought both of them down. One was killed instantly, and when we ran up to them the other was dying. He was the first Jap soldier in uniform that I had seen face-to-face, and he was the most pathetic and frightened man I can ever recall.

He expected to be bayoneted on the spot, it seemed, but we offered him a sip of water, and it couldn't have reached his stomach before he slumped over. These two were the first Japs the men in our section of the line had killed and when the scouts flaunted the Jap clothing and knickknacks on their return, everyone felt better. The boys knew now that Japs weren't so tough after all. They could be killed like anybody else.



The heat never let up at any time. It caused us nearly as much discomfort as the Japs. The mosquitoes were no respecters of rank and annoyed colonels and privates alike. It was impossible to sleep without a netting, but you fell' asleep when exhausted.

Some nights the men could entrust their foxholes to a pal and slip through the dusk to the communications tent to listen to the radio for a while. By this time, the Japs had taken over control of the Manila station, and the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Home on the Range," and a host of other tunes were being broadcast in the hope that our boys would get homesick and give up. It only served to increase our hatred for the Japs. One night we picked up "Deep in the Heart of Texas" from the States and discovered that it topped the hit parade. Some of the fellows were interested in the fact.

Particularly irritating was a news commentator from KGEI in San Francisco. We listened to him every night for news of the other war fronts, and he never failed to tell the waiting world how the men on Bataan were holding off the Japs and winning skirmish after skirmish and battle after battle. It always left us with a bad taste in our mouth.

Maybe those radio programs initiated some of the wild rumors that made the rounds and caught everyone. There were always troopships filled with American soldiers waiting over the horizon to land fully equipped troops after dark. And American planes were always coming into the three landing fields the engineer units had hacked out of the Bataan wilds. Neither these nor the anticipated supplies ever arrived.

Whenever we went on a scouting mission, I marveled at the ease with which the Filipinos moved through the jungle. The native troops were holding the China Sea side of the line, but some always accompanied our patrols. Two weeks after we dug in on Bataan, one of the scouts who frequently passed through our front line headquarters approached me and said, "Sir, I have a message for you."

I don't know how he recognized me through the beard, dirt, and grimy clothes. The envelope, he said, had been handed to him in Manila by a girl, and, of course, it was from Rita. She still hoped that we could bring her family to Bataan as she expected the Japs to ransack her home and ravish her mother and sisters at any moment. There was still no word from her father. I was to answer by the same scout, who had been bringing us military information out of Manila, and he would guide them through the Jap lines. Such an undertaking was simply impossible. Should they be picked up by a Jap scouting party there is no telling what would have happened. I told the scout that there would be no answer, and he melted away into the jungle.

From another Filipino scout we learned that the Japs were storing large supplies of ammunition in the town of Balanga, about twelve miles in front of our lines. My men were to establish a forward communications post that night to keep us acquainted by sentry of Jap advances, so I offered our services to **Captain Mark Wohfield(146)**, whose mission it was to destroy the dump.

We left about dark, each of the fifteen men carrying as many hand grenades as they could stuff in their clothes, and bottles of gasoline with rags twisted into the necks as wicks. It was dawn by the time we reached the poor native village. The thatched huts were lined in rows, and the only sturdy building was a church. Its spire and cross stretched skyward, ignoring the events that were about to transpire.

We didn't see any Japs as we crept up on the windward side, dodging, ducking, and

running from house to house, but it wasn't long before we heard the sound of trucks and shouts and noises as if the Nips were unloading the vehicles. A strong wind was blowing and our party retreated to the edge of the village where we held a conference. Lighting the bottles of gasoline, we each took a street and ran up and down both sides, lighting the thatched walls and remaining to make sure that they would burn. In seconds the village was enveloped in flames fanned by a brisk wind. The smoke was dark near the ground, but swelled up in greyish billows, and the crackle of flames was almost as loud as rifle fire. Burning brands carried by the wind ignited huts on the far side of the town, trapping the Japs working in the village, and their cries were rising above the roar of the fire when the stored ammunition began to explode.

After a few staccato bursts it all went up in a tremendous blast, and we leaped up waving our Garand rifles over our heads and cheered. When the embers cooled a trace of a hut still dotted the village site here and there, but the church was miraculously the only undamaged structure. We walked through the debris-littered streets and examined the charred bodies of the Japs who had been working in the village.

Several days later, one of my best friends, Lt. Reid Amron, was leading a patrol through the town, and he asked his men to stop for a minute. He wanted to go into the church to say a prayer. An enlisted man went with him, and the officer just stepped inside the huge Spanish-type portal when there was a burst of machine-gun fire. The Japs had spotted guns in the belfry, sacristy—everywhere in the church—waiting for anyone who sought its quiet. The other members of the patrol hustled to cover as Lieutenant Amron backed out the door, seriously wounded.

The private who hadn't entered the church took Amron under the arms and, holding him almost erect, was dragging him to safety when a hidden Jap machine-gun outfit across the road opened fire, and the lieutenant died in the enlisted man's arms. His body, acting as a shield, saved the private, who was wounded by the burst but managed to fall into a shell hole. The Japs left the officer sprawled in the road in front of the church as bait, but we knew their trick. We sent for reserves, who came up heavily armed and in force sufficient to surround the church. One man volunteered to move forward and draw Jap fire and when the first Jap trigger was pressed, we raked them. Before the fun was over, there wasn't a Jap who could walk away.

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#### THE BOAT

Lt. Damon Gause (r) and Capt. Lloyd Osborne stand by the "Ruth Lee", named for their wives, in the Philippines before taking off on their long, daring journey to Australia during World War II. Since motor oil was rarely available, they often used coconut oil for the boat's motor.

"By the Grace of God and the Filipinos"  
Lt. Gause and Philippine natives in 1942

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**GENERAL THOMAS P. GERRITY**

(147)

**GENERAL THOMAS P. GERRITY**

Retired, Died Feb. 24, 1968

General Thomas Patrick Gerrity is commander of the Air Force Logistics Command, Wright- Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio. The command's mission is to keep the Air Force aerospace weapon systems ready for action. It must perform this mission at the lowest possible cost to the taxpayers and assure top combat efficiency. Its vital task makes certain that combat air commands have the logistics management needed to constantly keep their aircraft, missiles and support equipment at top efficiency.

General Gerrity was born in Harlowton, Mont., in 1913. His family moved to Chicago, Ill., when he was a child. He graduated from St. Leo High School in 1930, attended Tilden Tech and later the Armour Institute, now the Illinois Institute of Technology, all three schools located in Chicago. The general entered military service in August 1939 as an aviation cadet. He completed flying school in May 1940 and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps Reserve.

His first assignment was with the 15th Bombardment Squadron at Barksdale Field, La., and in October 1940 he was transferred to the 17th Bombardment Squadron at Savannah Field, Ga.

While stationed at Savannah, he attended Armstrong Junior College.

He went to the Philippine Islands in October 1941 with the 17th Bombardment Squadron and was assigned to the Air Ground Support Section of the Luzon Forces. In February 1942 he

joined the 21st Pursuit Squadron at Bataan, transferring in April to the 13th Bombardment Squadron for duty in Australia. He assumed command of the 90th Bombardment Squadron on New Guinea in August 1942. During this period he flew 49 combat missions.

In November 1942 General Gerrity was assigned to the Army Air Forces Materiel Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, as project officer on B-25, B-26, B-29, B-32, B-35 and B-36 bombardment aircraft. During this assignment he attended the command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. After graduation in October 1945 he resumed his former position at Wright Field, and in January 1946 became chief of the Bomber Branch in the Aircraft and Missile Section. While Chief of the Bomber Branch he attended the advanced management course at Harvard University. Later he was named chief of the Aircraft and Missile Section.

In March 1950 General Gerrity assumed command of the 11th Bombardment Group, Strategic Air Command at Carswell Air Force Base, Texas. He was transferred to Headquarters U.S. Air Force, Washington, D.C., in March 1953 as director of procurement and production engineering in the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Materiel and later was named assistant for production programming in the same office.

General Gerrity was transferred to the Air Materiel Command in August 1957 and assumed command of the Oklahoma City Air Materiel Area at Tinker Air Force Base, Okla. In July 1960 he was appointed commander of the Ballistic Missile Center of the Air Materiel Command at Los Angeles, Calif. As a result of the reorganization of the Air Research and Development Command and the Air Materiel Command into the Air Force Systems Command in April 1961, General Gerrity became the first commander of the Ballistic Systems Division in Inglewood, Calif.

In July 1962 General Gerrity became deputy chief of staff for systems and logistics at Headquarters U.S. Air Force, Washington, D.C. He also served as senior Air Force member, Military Staff Committee, United Nations. In August 1967 he became commander of the Air Force Logistics Command at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio.

His decorations include the Distinguished Service Medal with oak leaf cluster, Silver Star, Air Medal with oak leaf cluster, Army Commendation Medal, and the Purple Heart. He holds an honorary doctor of humanities degree from the University of Tulsa, Okla.

(Current as of Nov. 1, 1967)

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**1ST LIEUTENANT EDWARD E. GILBO**

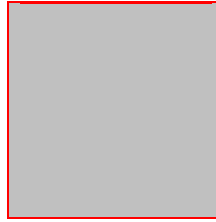
Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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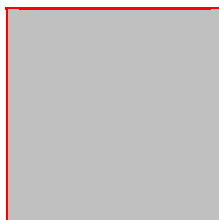
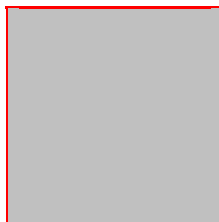
**1ST LIEUTENANT ANTHONY L. GLEBIS**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



**COLONEL PAUL IRVIN "PAPPY" GUNN**

(148)



**Pappy Gunn**

**The name oft heard and heralded  
during and after World War II**

The name ordinarily speaks for itself. The unforgettable human story, untold to this day, of the legendary Pappy Gunn, hero of the Pacific Air war and to his family, who knew and loved him, is told in this book, with the understanding of one who had the foreknowledge and burning determination to sort out the facts and myths about him -- the author, Nathaniel Gunn is his fellow lover of flying, and his youngest son.(149)

You'll find the story intriguing in its discoveries, packed with Pappy's own personal, original files, long-forgotten letters, documents and photographs spanning Pappy's youth into the U. S. Navy, marriage, retirement in Hawaii, and move to the Philippine Islands. Then, the untimely entrance of the United States in the World War II bombing and capture of Manila. Most of all, this story draws a perceptive focus on the man, as the person and courageous patriot he truly was. By joining the U. S. Air Force at this time, he was Fighting three wars at once: His family imprisoned by the Japanese; The brass who needed him to accomplish the impossible; And, the enemy, who had the upper hand, but not for long! Thank God -- he was triumphant in all three battles!!!

Now available!

Pappy Gunn, by his youngest son, Nathaniel I. Gunn; 450 pages, photos.  
Hardcover: ISBN: 1-41843775-1, \$31.50, plus \$5.00 shipping & handling  
Softcover: ISBN: 1-4183766-X, \$21.75, plus \$5.00 shipping & handling

This heart-stopping chronicle of a controversial hero contains over 200 scanned documents, supporting the truth that puts the wildest myths to shame.

Order from the author: Nathaniel I. Gunn, 2733 E. Battlefield #318, Springfield, MO 65804, Email: nathcan3@cs.com

**A Review of the Above Book**

## 'Pappy Gunn' Tale Of Hero

By Tina Dale, Fort Smith, Arkansas, TIMES RECORD

Throughout history fathers have been regarded heroes by many daughters and sons - their acts of bravery and strength fondly remembered for years.

Things are not much different for Nathaniel Gunn. Well, except Gunn's father, Paul I. "Pappy" Gunn, will forever be remembered as one of the great heroes of World War II.

Of course, were it not for Gunn's recently released book "Pappy Gunn," the world might never have realized what a hero the elder Gunn really was.

Gunn's book recounts in great detail his dad's war exploits and the markings he made on history. He tells of his father's amazing acts of daring and ingenuity — many of which have been attributed to others over the years.

Gunn takes the time to backup most accounts with some type of documentation - letters, personal diary entries, reports, military memos, letters and the like.

While the inclusion of the many, many (about 200) documents makes the book a little hard to wade through, they are incredibly important. Without this "proof," the stories told would be hard to believe. Hollywood couldn't create a more colorful and sympathetic hero than the native of Quitman who became one of America's bravest pilots and most clever engineers working in the Pacific theater during World War II.

"No other single man below the rank of general did as much to defeat the Japanese as did Paul Irvin Gunn," states Walter Edmund, historian and author, on press materials for the book.

While Pappy's story is interesting and entertaining from the beginning, it is the tales of war that are the most captivating. We get to know an impassioned man determined to help his country and save his family. (Pappy's wife and children, including Nathaniel Gunn, were held in a Japanese internment camp in the Philippines for three years during the war.)

At age 42, Pappy was working as manager and chief pilot of Philippine Air Lines. At the outbreak of World War II he had to abandon his wife and four children to help the Army. Gunn's account tells of Pappy's many acts of bravery, including when he defied orders and attempted an unsuccessful but bold rescue, landing a plane on a street in the heart of Japanese-held Manila in the hope of a midnight rendezvous to pick up his family.

The book recounts many other real deeds that show Pappy was determined to bring down Japanese forces however he could.

The book also tells of the Gunn's life in the internment camp and the toll it took on the family, who concocted a story of Pappy's death to aid their survival. (Pappy's wife, Clara, convinced Japanese captors that Pappy had been killed during the invasion.)

I would have liked more from the Gunn's time in captivity, but as this book is about Pappy, I guess that will have to wait for another time.

Gunn had enough to accomplish in this book - giving rightful credit for deeds accomplished by his father, such as transforming the B-25 bomber and innovation of low-level "skip bombing" against Japanese shipping. (According to Gunn, Pappy did not take credit for many missions out of fear for his families life and treatment they would receive if the Japanese learned of his part in the war.) And he had to do this while making the main character someone we all want to know.

I think Pappy's outgoing personality helped there. After reading the first few pages, it's hard not to want to know more about this impulsive, innovative and stubborn man.

Gunn said he wrote the book because many World War II veterans asked him to tell the world about Pappy Gunn.

We are very fortunate they asked and Gunn delivered. Our veterans will not be around forever, their tales of heroism should be - whether on print or film.

Gunn said he has been approached by Hollywood about a movie on the book.

I hope it happens. I hope someday soon, I'm sitting in a theater watching Pappy Gunn best the Japanese and reunite with his family.



In the meantime, I'll have to be satisfied with Gunn's 457-page book and the images it provokes.

For additional information see:

<http://members.aol.com/blndbat/pappy.html> and  
<http://members.aol.com/blndbat/pappy2.html>  
<http://home.st.net.au/~dunn/ozatwar/pappygunn.htm>

<http://home.st.net.au/~dunn/cortesi.htm>

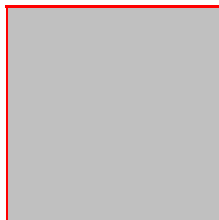
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### CAPTAIN WINFIELD S. HALTOM

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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### LT COLONEL ROBERT F. HAMBAUGH

(150)

#### **THE 36th BOMB SQUADRON RCM**

The 8th Air Force's only Radar Counter Measures (RCM) Squadron

Dedicated to the men and women both air and ground who were the "Gremlins".

#### HISTORY OF THE SECRET RADAR COUNTERMEASURE SQUADRON

The 8th Air Force's 36th Bomb Squadron (RCM), a secret radar countermeasure unit was not involved in typical bombing runs as other bomb squadrons. It only compared to other bomb squadrons due to the fact that heavy B17 and B24 bombers were used. The 36th Bomb Squadron was born out of the 803rd Bomb Squadron (Provisional). This special unit worked initially with the RAF 100 Bomb Group at Sculthorpe in January of 1944 and was first commanded by Capt. George E. Paris. This first detachment had already completed an operational tour. The radar countermeasure effort came under RAF Bomber Command where they performed a variety of special operational activities. The secret missions included Window (Chaff), Jostle, Carpet, Mandrel, and other ramifications. Many of the aircraft jamming systems were developed and tested by Allied scientists associated with the Telecommunications Research Establishment, namely the American-British Laboratory Division 15 (ABL-15) located at Great Malvern, near London. RCM operations were designed to deny the Germans effective utilization of radar and radio equipment, which generally fell into these main categories:

1. Small Wurzburg - used in fire control of flak batteries against Allied aircraft.
2. Giant Wurzburg - employed in control of enemy fighters and anti-aircraft fire.
3. Freya - used with Giant Wurzburg for fighter control and long distance warning radar.
4. Big Ben Jostle - used to jam potential V2 rocket radio control.

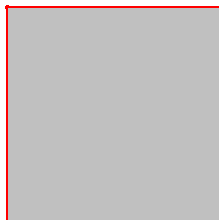
Lt. Col. Clayton A. Scott assumed command of the 803rd on April 25, 1944. At this time the new squadron included nine crews and six B17 aircraft. On May 16, 1944 the squadron moved to RAF Oulton. The first operational mission using four B17 aircraft was on the night of June 5/6 with RAF 100 Group squadrons. Its purpose was to mask the Allied invasion fleet and to support the airborne operations on the Normandy beachhead. This Mandrel mission proved very effective in

countering the German early warning system and "contributed materially to the success of the landings on the beachhead". Initially the screens were flown at 15,000 feet, but were later increased to 19,000 feet. Soon it was found that the B24 Liberator was better suited in delivering a more ample power supply to the high voltage jammers than the B17 Flying Fortress and by the end of July the squadron initiated a changeover to an all Liberator fleet.

In August the personnel from the 803rd merged with those from Det. "A" of the 858th Bomb Squadron and the 856th Bomb Squadron to form the new 36th Bomb Squadron (H) RCM. At this time Major Robert F. Hambaugh assumed command. He continued in that capacity until after the war's end. RCM night missions continued in support of Bomber Command which targets included Berlin, Kiel, Dortmund, Stettin, and Hamburg plus other targets. Frequency search missions were also flown at the request of the American British Laboratories. Mission successes continued as shown by the Mandrel screen and the Special Window operation for the raid on Bremerhaven in September. Long-range raid information was denied and enemy plotting system confused. The intended results were found when the enemy night fighter interception was late against the main RAF attacking force. Successful "spoof" jamming missions were also commenced when RAF Bomber Command had no operations. Deceived by the "spoof" and believing a RAF bombing raid was approaching, enemy controllers at the radar stations would initiate fighter action. In October reduced bomber losses over the continent were being attributed to enemy fighters by the screening efforts.

On Nov. 25, 1944, operations with the RAF were curtailed. Support was now being given to the 8th Air Force for VHF screens. The VHF screen for the Air Division assemblies was designed to deny the enemy valuable information in regards to the attacking force size, route, altitude, and target. December and January brought continued VHF jamming screens and new Jackal or Nazi tank communication jamming commenced for the Battle of the Bulge. Special operations of prepared dialogue to simulate bomber division assembly were employed on days when there were no bombing operations by Bomber Command. The intent of this effort was to further extend the enemy resources. On frequent occasions, due to diversions, squadron operations were conducted from other bases. On January 3, 1945 operations with the RAF ended. During March and April of 1945, "droop snoot" P38's assisted the 36BS B24's and actively investigated radar frequencies not covered by Carpet and Window jamming. All support operations ceased by April 30, 1945.

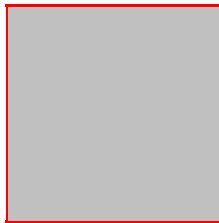
There were 1167 effective sorties out of a total of 1218 flown on 220 missions during the short eleven months of this very special squadron. Twenty-seven airmen lost their lives in service with the RCM squadron.



Lt. Col. Robert F. Hambaugh - 36BS Commanding Officer

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow

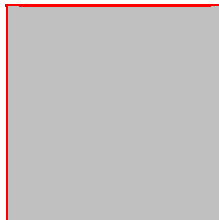


Lieutenant Colonel Robert F. Hambaugh and Staff  
8th Air Force  
Alconbury, England - May 23, 1945

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**BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM G. HIPPS**

(151)



Brigadier General William G. Hipps, USAAF (retired)

**BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM G. HIPPS**

Retired April 30, 1967

William Grover Hipps was born in Lumber City, Pa., in 1912. He graduated from Curwensville High School, Curwensville, Pa., in 1930; attended Millards Preparatory School, Washington, D.C. in 1931; graduated from the U.S. Military Academy and was commissioned a second lieutenant, Cavalry, June 12, 1937. He attended Primary Flying School at Randolph Field, Texas, and Advanced Flying School at Kelly Field, Texas, graduated and was transferred to the Air Corps in 1938.

General Hipps was first assigned as a pilot with the Third Attack Group at Barksdale Field, La., and in September 1940 was assigned as commander of the 16th Dive Bomb Squadron, 27th Bomb Group, at Hunter Field, Ga., which later moved to the Philippine Islands. He remained in the Pacific until January 1943, serving as operations officer, Far East Air Forces, in the Philippine Islands; in Netherlands East Indies, as U.S. Planning Staff Officer with ABDACOM; in Australia as United States operations officer with Australian-U.S. Joint Command; and in New Guinea as operations officer, advanced echelon, Fifth Air Force.

From 1943 to 1945 he served as staff officer, Operations Division on the War Department General Staff, in Washington D.C., and upon completion of this tour of duty in June 1945, returned to the Pacific for duty as plans officer and later operations officer with the Far East Forces, remaining with the occupation forces until April 1946.

General Hipps was then assigned to the Strategic Air Command, at Bolling and Andrews Field, Washington, D.C., as plans officer. In August 1948 he entered the Air War College at Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala., and graduated in June 1949. He remained there as an instructor until June 1951.

He was then designated executive assistant to the secretary of the Air Force at Air Force headquarters, Washington, D.C. He joined the Far East Air Forces Aug. 28, 1955, as commander of 313th Air Division with Headquarters at Kadena Air Base, Okinawa.

In February 1958, General Hipps assumed the duties of deputy readiness and materiel inspection, the Inspector General, U.S. Air Force, at Norton Air Force Base, Calif. On Aug. 1, 1958, he was assigned as director, Readiness and Materiel Inspection, which organization was redesignated as Systems Inspection as of July 1, 1961. On that date, General Hipps was assigned additional duty as assistant deputy inspector general for inspection, U.S. Air Force.

His decorations include the Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit with oak leaf cluster, Bronze Star, Air Medal, and the Purple Heart. He is rated a command pilot.

(Current as of July 1962)

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**CAPTAIN GUSTAVE M. HEISS**



GUSTAVE M. HEISS JR.

Gustave M. Heiss Jr.  
crashed into Coral Sea  
on 4 September 1942  
in a B-25 Mitchell

On 4 September 1942, Guss Heiss of the 89th Squadron, 3rd Bomb Group, flew his B-25 Mitchell into the sea under power while searching for Japanese cruisers and destroyers. The aircraft was seen to side slip into the sea 125-150 miles south of Port Moresby, under power during a steep turn at low altitude. It is believed that this error may have been due to pilot fatigue.

For additional information see:

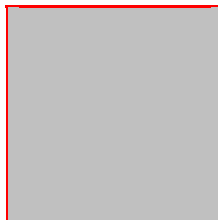
<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/ozcrashes/qld137.htm>

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**J**

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**1ST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM T. JOHNSTON**



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**K**

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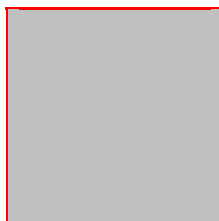
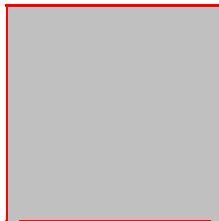
**2ND LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. KANE JR.**

George W. Kane Jr. was the Group Personnel Adjutant of the 27th Bombardment Group and assigned to the Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron. He was captured on Bataan and

his name appears on the compiled duty roster at POW Camp-Cabanatuan #3, Headquarters Squadron, June 1942 to December 1943.

George survived the war and in June 2003 I had a telephone conversation with him and in September 2003 I received this letter from him:

(152)



Transcription

September, 2003

Mr. G. Wayne Dow  
P.O. Box 3232  
Walnut Creek, CA 94598-0232

Dear Sirs:

My countless thanks for delving into the history of the 16<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Squadron, it being a part of the 27<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Group (16). The 16<sup>th</sup> Squadron, to which Harry was assigned, maintained Bataan field services and defense successfully, start to finish. My recollections are not in any day-to-day sequence. It has been too long and my eyesight is too poor to identify the men in the photograph. Also, I was in Headquarters Squadron only. Harry was sent from Savannah to our bivouac at Louisiana (near Lake Charles) at the end of the war game to pick me up and return me to Savannah. I spent a pleasant day with him avoiding thunderstorms on the way back to Savannah. The pay documents you have were in order. It must be remembered that Harry's Squadron was on duty at Bataan Field, several miles beyond Jap artillery. Their bivouac (16<sup>th</sup> B.S.) area was in a valley covered with giant trees which had such dense canopy of foliage and vines that the enemy could not see through. Headquarters, 17<sup>th</sup>, 91<sup>st</sup>, and 48<sup>th</sup> were on the main line of resistance and there was very little communication between MLR and Bataan. We limited exposure on trails, as we were under observation by enemy aircraft and they would attack at any moment.

At the main line of resistance, I saw one (1) map only. It was a penciled sketch, made where, unknown to me. But, it was very inaccurate. I

guess whoever made it was at a rear headquarters. There was no Red River on it. As for the paper #4618, we did, on more than one occasion, get showered with such propaganda ...all ignored of course.

In the thousands of Philipinos trapped on Bataan, one well could have had something edible that he would sell. Our issued rations were at least 90% rice. Never a balanced serving. What food men could find in the jungle was very limited, but anything helped plain rice.

How the papers in Harry's 201 file found their way there would be a wonderful trail to follow. Now, my memory does recall that before the fall of Bataan, if you were in the right place at the right time, you could get a message to the Island of Cebu, which had a station, part of a worldwide (Radio) net. How long before the Japanese took over, unknown. The only transportation had to be by aircraft, military or civilian??

Sincerely,  
George Kane



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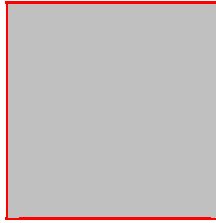
**1ST LIEUTENANT MADSEN C. KOKJER**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



L

2ND LIEUTENANT CHARLES E. LASSMAN



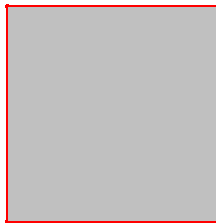
M

2ND LIEUTENANT GORDON E. MACCANI

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



1ST LIEUTENANT JAMES H. MANGAN



Harry Mangan

For additional information see:  
<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/mangan.htm>

CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. MARROCCO

(153)

William A Marrocco, Air Force, New Jersey Chapter 0366, Purple Heart Assn., died 1999.

1ST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. MARVEL

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow

1945.



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## LT COLONEL JAMES B. McAFEE

At the time the unit history was assembled, of which he was the primary author, Jim McAfee held the rank of Captain and had received the Silver Star.

Transcribed below in the [Appendix A](#) are the [first forty one pages from his personal diary](#). It indicates he was a graduate of the US Military Academy at West Point. McAfee was the field operations officer at Bataan Field (where Harry Roth and "Doc" Savage were also), at the time he left on 30 January 1942 for "destination unknown" [Australia]. This is a man that I really would liked to have known.

By January 1944 he was a Lt Colonel and was at the Army Air Force Tactical Center in Orlando, Florida.

In 2002, I asked the Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point for information about Jim Mc Afee and they very graciously provided me with the following items:

**PERSONAL AND SCHOOL HISTORY SHEET - 1936**

[\(larger version\)](#)

(154)



[\(larger version\)](#)

(155)



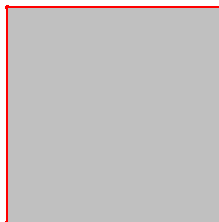
[\(larger version\)](#)

(156)

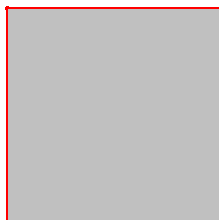


**USMA HOWITZER - 1940**

(157)



(158)



**BIOGRAPHICAL REGISTER**

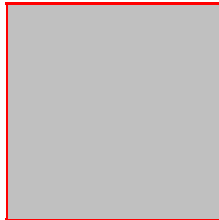
(159)



(160)



(161)





**GRADUATING CLASS QUESTIONNAIRE - 1940**

[\(larger version\)](#)

(162)



UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow

[\(larger version\)](#)

(163)



**VITAL STATISTICS - 1964**

(164)

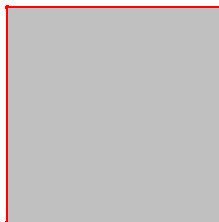


(165)

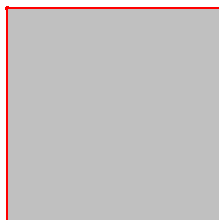


**USMA HOWITZER - 1965**

(166)



(167)



**OBITUARY - 1977**

(168)



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**1ST LIEUTENANT ROBERT F. MC CLURE**

Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944.



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**2ND LIEUTENANT EZRA MC KENNEY**



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**1ST LIEUTENANT KENNETH G. MILLER**

Miller was the Headquarters 27th Bomb Group Mess Officer. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.

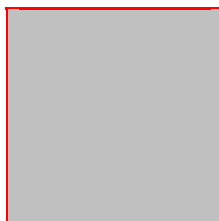




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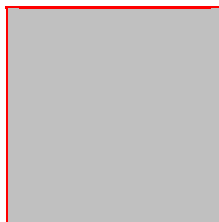
**1ST LIEUTENANT PAUL E. MITCHLER**

Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944.



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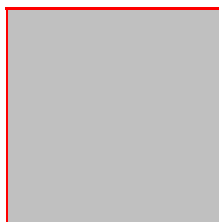
**2ND LIEUTENANT RALPH I. MUSSON**



O

1ST LIEUTENANT ALVAN S. OSE

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**1ST LIEUTENANT WOODY T. OWEN**

Died aboard the Hell Ships ***Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru*** Dec and Jan 1945.



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R

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1ST LIEUTENANT HENRY J. ROSE

According to Edward Rogers (in October 2004), in December 2003 Henry J. Rose was still living in Dallas TX

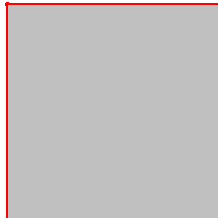
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2ND LIEUTENANT HARRY ROBERT ROTH

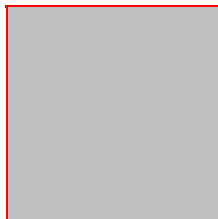
(169)



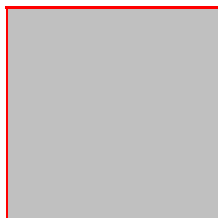
2nd Lt Harry Robert Roth and 2nd Lt. Melvin Roy Swenson  
1941 - [Boston, Savannah AAB or Lanley AAB\(170\)](#)  
(both died aboard Hell Ships)



Roger's scan of Oliver C. Doan's photograph of 2nd Lt Harry Robert Roth (right) and unknown member of group (left)  
[may be Oliver C. Doan, himself, or perhaps Alvan Ose, Leroy Cowart Jr., or Ralph Schmidt]  
(Note Aloha Tower next to dock in Honolulu in the background - [November 6, 1941](#))



Black and white version of Oliver C. Doan photograph above - [November 6, 1941](#)



Oliver Doan's photograph of 2nd Lt Harry Robert Roth at 30 cal. water cooled machine gun at Fort McKinley, Manila, Philippines  
November 20-December 8, 1941



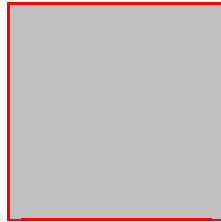
Black and white version of Oliver C. Doan's above photo



Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship ***Arisan Maru*** by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944.

See the separate infobases (or PDF files) titled:

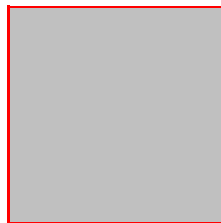
**HARRY ROBERT ROTH**



(171)

It is also a subinfobase of the master infobase about his military service during World War II in the U.S. Army Air Corps, titled:

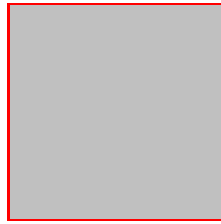
**U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS SERVICE of HARRY ROBERT ROTH**



(172)

Another subinfobase contains copies of Harry's military personnel, medical and prisoner of war files from the National Archives of the United States, titled:

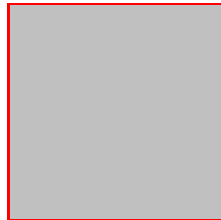
**HARRY'S MILITARY RECORDS**



(173)

In addition, there are subinfobases of the master infobase containing documents and other material about the sinking of the Japanese freighter ARISAN MARU by the American submarine *U.S.S. Snook* or *U.S.S. Shark II*, which resulted in Harry's death, titled:

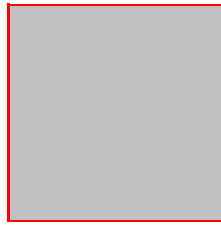
**SINKING OF THE ARISAN MARU**



(174)

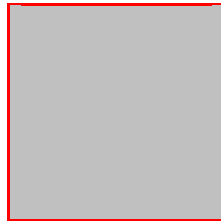


***U.S.S. SNOOK versus U.S.S. SHARK II - 24 October 1944***



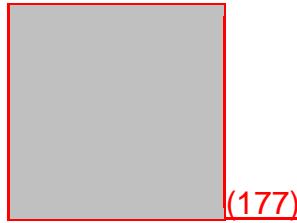
(175)

***SLEEP MY SONS - THE STORY OF THE ARISAN MARU***



(176)

**ARISAN MARU ROSTER**



**LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT G. RUEGG**

(178)

**LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT G. RUEGG**

Retired Aug. 1, 1972

Lieutenant General Robert George Ruegg is commander in chief, Alaskan Command with headquarters at Elmendorf Air Force Base, Alaska. He is responsible for all military operations of this unified command which is composed of components of the Army, Navy and Air Force in the state of Alaska.

Born in Gresham, Ore., in 1914, General Ruegg is a descendant of pioneer grandparents who crossed the plains in wagon trains in the 1860s to settle in the West. He attended elementary and high schools in Nampa, Idaho, and returned to Oregon to study at the Oregon Institute of Technology and graduated from Oregon State College with a bachelor of science degree in 1939. He was a member of the Reserve Officers Training Corps from 1934 to 1939 and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery Reserve in May 1939. He entered flying school in August 1939 and received his pilot wings and appointment as second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps Reserve in May 1940.

His first assignment after flying school was with the 27th Bombardment Group, Barksdale Field, La., as pilot and engineering officer, then as communications officer and airplane commander with the group at Savannah Air Base, Ga.

In November 1941 General Ruegg went to the Philippine Islands to serve as flight leader, and deputy and acting squadron commander with the 3d Bombardment Group. He served in Northern Australia and New Guinea, where he saw action against the Japanese and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism.

General Ruegg returned to the United States in 1942 and was assigned to Wright Field, Ohio. There he was in the Flight Test Division as test pilot; chief, Bomber Branch; assistant deputy for operations, design and development; assistant chief (later chief), Operations Sub-Division. He interrupted these duties to attend the Army Air Forces Engineering School in 1944.

In August 1947 he entered the Air Command and Staff School, Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala., and graduated in July 1948. He was then assigned to the Alaskan Air Command, first as assistant deputy, then as deputy chief of staff, operations.

General Ruegg returned to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, in August 1950, for

assignment as assistant chief and later chief, Aircraft Laboratory.

He went to Washington, D.C., in August 1953, and after attending the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, he became senior Air Force liaison officer in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Development. In November 1955 he was appointed deputy director of procurement and production, Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff, Materiel, Headquarters U.S. Air Force, and became director in July 1957. In January 1959 General Ruegg became deputy director for logistics, J-4, Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

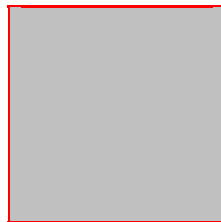
In September 1960 he returned to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, as Director of Procurement and Production, Headquarters Air Force Logistics Command, and in July 1962 assumed command of the Aeronautical Systems Division, Air Force Systems Command. In July 1964 General Ruegg assumed duties as assistant deputy chief of staff for systems and logistics, Headquarters U.S. Air Force, and in August 1967 he became the deputy chief of staff for systems and logistics. He was appointed commander in chief of the Alaskan Command in August 1969.

His military decorations include the Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal and the Legion of Merit. He is a command pilot.

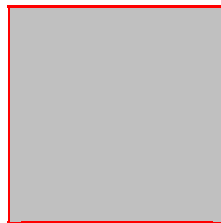
(Current as of Aug. 15, 1969)

Transcribed below are selected excerpts from a excellent historical [website\(179\)](#) concerning Lt. General Robert Ruegg.

**ROBERT "BOB" G. RUEGG, 27TH BOMB GROUP, then 3RD BOMB GROUP,  
and finally USAAF COMMANDER IN CHIEF ALASKAN COMMAND.**



Flying Cadet Robert Ruegg  
1939



Lt. General Robert "Bob" G. Ruegg

Bob Ruegg was one of 25 members of the 27th Bomb Group who were evacuated from the Philippines along with seven pilots of the 24th Pursuit Group on board flying boat A18-10 "Centaurus" of 11 Squadron RAAF. The aircraft was piloted by Squadron Leader Norm Fader and co-piloted by Squadron Leader Mike Seymour.



Short Empire Flying boat Centaurus A18-10 (ex QANTAS)

They had departed Darwin on 23 December 1941 in RAAF short Empire flying boat which travelled to Brisbane via Grootte Eylant, Townsville, Rockhampton, arriving at the Hamilton Reach of the Brisbane River on 24 December 1941.

The arrival of the 27th Bomb Group and the 24th Pursuit Group pilots of the USAAF in Brisbane in the QANTAS flying boat Centaurus was commemorated on 15 August 1998 when a Memorial was unveiled at Bretts Wharf Seafood Restaurant at Bretts Wharf, Hamilton in Brisbane.

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### JOHN AMBROSE RYAN

(180)

#### **Obituaries for April 1, 2000**

**RYAN John Ambrose Ryan**, age 85, Tuesday, March 28, 2000. Former member of Troop E, 107th Horse Calvary. Served on Bataan with Second Air Corps Provisional Infantry, Veteran WW II, 37th Division, Ohio National Guard. Survivor of Defense of Bataan, the "Death March" and 3 years as POW in Philippine Islands and Japan. Graduate of Rosary High School and The Ohio State University, 1937. President of Egan-Ryan Funeral Service. Member of the U.S. Horse Calvary Association. Chaplain and Past Commander Scioto Post #604 American Legion. Member Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, 27th Bomb Group Association, American Ex-POWS and the American Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor, Shamrock Club, Ancient Order of Hibernians, St. Andrew Catholic Church. Member and Past President Central Ohio Funeral Directors Association. Last surviving child of Michael J. and Alice Egan Ryan 9 children. Survived by wife, Betty Webb Ryan; children, Stephen and wife, Jan Ellerhorst-Ryan of Cincinnati, Oh., Daniel and wife, Martha, Emily and husband, Michael Berend of Atlanta, Ga., Judith and husband, John String, Bridget and husband, Scott Helmholz of Springfield, Ill., Peter and Laura of Ft. Myers, Fla., Andrew and wife, Kristine; grandchildren, Jonathan, Devin, Mary and Hannah Ryan, Amy, Ali and Adam Berend, Adrienne and John String, Wesley and Erin Helmholz, Daniel, Eric, Caitlin and Timothy Ryan, Meaghan and Matthew Ryan; many special nieces, nephews, relatives and friends. Friends may call Friday 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. at EGAN-RYAN FUNERAL HOME, 403 E. Broad St. Mass of Christian Burial Saturday 10 a.m. at St. Joseph Cathedral, 212 E. Broad St. Burial Wesley Chapel Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, friends who wish may contribute in his memory to Salesian Boys' and Girls' Club of Columbus, 80 S. 6th St., Columbus, Oh. 43215.

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### COLONEL COLUMBUS SAVAGE

(181)

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)

G. Wayne Dow



2nd Lt Columbus "Doc" Savage

1941 - [Boston, Savannah AAB or Lanley AAB\(182\)](#)  
(183)

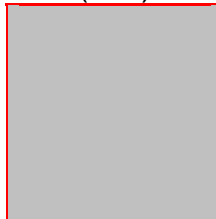


2nd Lieutenant Columbus "Doc" Savage (90lbs)

Aboard USS Relief Navy Hospital Ship  
after liberation from Mukden, Manchuria,  
prisoner-of-war camp

Dairen 1945

(184)

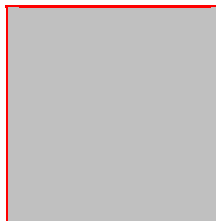


Major Columbus "Doc" Savage (400 hours) (left) and Major Grubbs (right)

Cockpit of B-36 Peacemaker

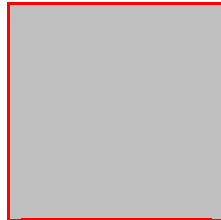
1955

(185)



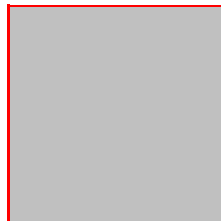
See the separate infobases titled:

**COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE**



(186)

**U. S. AIR FORCE AWARDS CITATION CEREMONY**

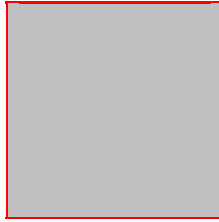


(187)

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**1ST LIEUTENANT PEARLY H. SCARBORO JR.**

Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944.



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**1ST LIEUTENANT RALPH L. L. SCHMIDT**

Mention of Lt. Schmidt's fate is contained in Frank P. Bender's Harper's Magazine article.

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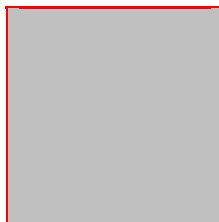
**LT COLONEL JOHN W. SEWALL**





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**CAPTAIN GLENWOOD G. STEPHENSON**



Captain Glenwood Stephenson

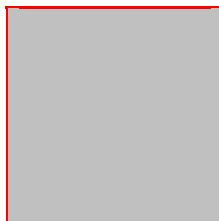
For additional information see:

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/ozcrashes/qld119.htm>

## **SERGEANT LELAND W. SIMS**

(188)

Leland W. Sims was a member of the Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron, 27th Bomb Group. He survived the war and was still living in San Antonio TX in 2004.



In recognition of National POW Day, Leland Sims, of San Antonio, Texas came to Idaho to meet the "Patriots" (students) behind [this web site\(189\)](#). Inspired by a letter from one of the students volunteering on this project, Leland traveled to Lewiston not only for the students, but to meet the Petrie's; family of Wayne Petrie who Leland had been interned with in Camp 17.

Accompanied by his daughter, Brenda MacDonald, Leland was received as a special guest of honor for several planned events during the week of his visit. They would be hosted by the Project Manager, Linda Dahl, who was very honored to have them stay with her.

This exciting event began with a special greeting at the airport, followed by Leland as guest speaker two days at the Junior High the "Patriots" attend. There was also a "POW Day" at the local library where Leland, along with another Japanese POW, Lewiston resident Warren (Bill) Smith, were guests.

National POW Day was honored with a full day of presentations by Leland at the Junior High. A special lunch with the "Patriots", their librarian, Linda Dahl and Wayne's son, Jon Petrie. And then ending with some special moments of sharing between Leland, the "Patriots", and the Petrie's.

The week ended with a barbecue at the home of the youngest son of Wayne Petrie, James, and his wife Karla. Here the families were able to spend a special evening together before Leland and Brenda were to fly out the next day for a national POW reunion.

The accompanying article from the local newspaper perhaps best tells how much this visit meant to everyone involved. And how enriched are the lives of all who were able to partake in the week's events.

### **Ex-POW brings Death March alive Lewiston school kids honor Bataan survivors**

(190)

It started with a simple question as Linda Dahl, a Lewiston elementary school librarian, rode with Lewiston Patrolman Jon Petrie.

"Can you help me find out more about my father, who survived the Bataan Death March, and maybe find someone who knew him or what he went through?" Petrie asked. His father, Wayne Petrie, 52, was Lewiston's Postmaster when he dies in 1972 of cancer. Jon was 12. Anything she could find could be shared with student, he agreed.

It seemed a simple lesson plan, a way to bring some of the reality of World War II to her students. Two years, hours of research, writing and work by Dahl and her students, and two things happened: A web site, [www.myweb.cableone.net/lv/fukuoka/17.html](http://www.myweb.cableone.net/lv/fukuoka/17.html) And Leland Sims.

Sims, 83, of San Antonio, was one of the Bataan survivors the students discovered. And he had survived both the forced march on the Philippines peninsula of Bataan and the coalmines of Fukuoka Camp 17 on the Japanese mainland with Petrie. Bataan is infamous. About 75,000 Americans and Filipinos were surrendered there April 9, 1942, by their American commander after

supplies ran out and the Japanese cut them off. About 60,000, already weakened by lack of food and malaria, were forced to march for up to 24 days to prison camps as far away as 80 miles. They had no food, water or medical care. Some collapsed on the way and were killed where they lay. Some went crazy with the heat and lack of water and broke away from the line. They were also killed. Ten thousand, maybe as much as 16,000, died on the march. Thousands more died of starvation, disease and torture in the next three years. Some estimates are that only a third of the men who were alive at the surrender lived to see liberation in September 1945.

Many survived because the man who walked next to him held him up and kept him moving on. That, Sims said, was the foundation for the slogan of the American Ex-Prisoners of War. "We exist to help those who cannot help themselves." Another slogan, worn on a patch on his vest, is perhaps better known: "The battling Bastards of Bataan," it says. "No mama, no papa, no Uncle Sam." Lindsey Mellick was 12, a sixth grader at Whitman Elementary when she first wrote to Sims. "She wanted to know what I did and where I was at," Sims says.

Dahl got the names from a national POW organization, which wanted help tracing the men so their experiences could be documented. Her students got on the Internet. Writing letters to them personally wasn't part of the assignment. It was to honor them, Mellick says. Sims wrote back. Two years later, he says he wanted to see if the letters really did come from a 12 year old girl in Idaho. He was on his way to a military reunion in Shreveport, La., he said, and Lewiston wasn't far out of his way. And he wanted to meet Wayne Petrie's family. Sims and Petrie shared the march, the transport on the "Hellship" Clyde Maru, a captured freighter, and then the train ride to the slave labor camp in Japan.

Work days were 18 hours long, work "weeks" were 10 days, with the 11th day designated "Sunday" by the Japanese guards. Those days were reserved for cleaning the camp, punishment and standing at attention for hours in the hot sun. Before his death, Petrie said, "we lost at least a man a day to accident in the mine, starvation and brutality." Petrie was down to 95 pounds when the war ended.

Sims, still tall and slender, says he weighed 160 pounds when he went overseas. He was told that he weighed less than 70 pounds when he arrived at the first military hospital, but he thinks it was closer to 80.

Sims brought a copy of the typewritten postcard that was sent to his mother while he was imprisoned there. It says, "Received letters. Glad to receive news and hope for more real soon. Send pictures. I am in good health don't worry about me. Our quarters are comfortable, we have many recreations. Working each day for which we receive pay. Regards to family. Remember me to my friends and relations. Leland Sims". Only his name is hand written. The cards were given to them already typed, and they were forced to sign them - "or else".

Her grandmother told her that her grandfather would have nightmares, says Mallory Petrie. But he never had a hateful feeling toward the Japanese because he felt they were just doing their job. There were some like that, Sims agrees. But there was one (guard) back in the coalmines he'd like to go back and settle things with. Even after 60 years.

Sims, accompanied by his daughter, Brenda MacDonald of San Antonio, spent hours over the past week with Dahl and her former students, now at Jenifer Junior High. And also with the Petrie family, along with another Japanese POW survivor, Warren M. (Bill) Smith of Lewiston. Sims has been amazed at the reception and the interest, he says. The students are equally amazed.

"I'm surprised how far we have come with all this and that Mr. Sims actually came up all the way From Texas to meet us", says Tesla Lindell.

"It was weird to sit down to lunch with fries and a hamburger and hear him talk about eating grasshoppers and watered down rice and soup," says Mellick.

"I never thought a summer project would lead to knowing people and understanding things. And helping these people be remembered," says A.J. Holden.

"It was cool, very cool," says Dakota Winter.

"Definitely more valuable than the average class", Josh Hartwig adds. Michelle Tousley was the guiding force behind the project, sometimes coming in three days a week, and with Lindell and Mellick, demanding perfection of detail, Dahl says. There was a reason, Tousley says, "People go through so many things, especially during war, and lots don't get recognition for things they do. I want to make sure they get some." Wayne Petrie died two months before his first grandchild was born. Leland Sims helped bridge the gap for the family.

"It's just really neat to have a link now, to meet someone who was there," says Sarah Petrie, Wayne's 19-year-old granddaughter.

"One thought that blows me away," Dahl says, "is what would he (Petrie) say if he knew there was a whole web site about him?" "He'd probably say, 'What's a web site?' " said Mallory Petrie, 15.

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**2ND LIEUTENANT WILLIAM W. STRESE**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**COLONEL JULIUS B. SUMMERS, JR.**

(191)

Col Julius B. Summers Jr, USAF, Retired, died September 1999. He was a graduate of West Point.

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**1ST LIEUTENANT MELVIN R. SWENSEN**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**I**

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**2ND LIEUTENANT THOMAS P. TALLEY**

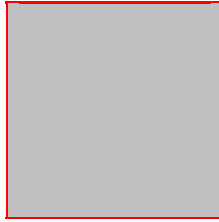
(192)

Thomas P. Talley, Emory University School of Medicine class of '50, a retired psychiatrist from Walnut Creek, Calif., died in 1994.

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**2ND LIEUTENANT ARNOLD W. THOMPSON**

Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**COLONEL FRANCIS E. TIMLIN**

(193)

3rd Bombardment Wing, Tactical - Korea - Col. Francis E. Timlin, appointed Commander 1 August 1962

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**2ND LIEUTENANT EDWIN C. TOWNSEND**

(194)



**12 MAY 1942 CRASH OF A B-25 MITCHELL BOMBER AT CHARTERS TOWERS**

USAAF B-25 Mitchell Bomber crashed after took off from Charters Towers airstrip. It drifted to the left before crashing. The two pilots, 2nd Lt. Ed Townsend and Lt. Arbaugh were both killed. Two other crew members survived the crash.

Townsend's plane crashed at the end of the runway on takeoff. The theory at the time was that the accident had occurred because the pilot had attempted takeoff with the B-25's autopilot engaged. Townsend was badly burned and died 2 to 3 days later; his screams of agony could be heard all over the area until he died

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**W**

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**LT COLONEL LELAND A. WALKER**

(195)

3rd Bombardment Group

Organized as Army Surveillance Group on 1 Jul 1919. Redesignated 1st Surveillance Group in Aug 1919. Used DH-4B's to patrol the border from Brownsville, Tex, to Nogales, Ariz, until 1921. Redesignated 3d Attack Group in 1921, and 3rd Bombardment Group (Light) in 1939. Equipped with O-1, O-2, A-5, A-12, A-17, A-18, [A-20](#), [A-24](#), and other aircraft, 1921-1941. Trained, participated in maneuvers, tested new equipment, experimented with tactics, flew in aerial reviews, patrolled the Mexican border (1929), and carried air mail (1934). Furnished personnel for and helped to train new organizations, 1939-1941.

**Moved to Australia early in 1942** and became part of Fifth AF. Redesignated 3rd Bombardment Group (Dive) in Sep 1942, and 3rd Bombardment Group (Light) in May 1943. Served in combat from 1 Apr 1942 until V-J Day. Used [A-20](#), [A-24](#), and B-25 aircraft for operations.

The group had its headquarters in Australia until Jan 1943, but its squadrons operated from New Guinea, bombing and strafing enemy airfields, supply lines, installations, and shipping as the Allies halted the Japanese drive toward Port Moresby and drove the enemy back from Buna to Lae. At the end of that campaign in Jan 1943, headquarters moved to New Guinea. For the next year and a half the group continued to serve in the Southwest Pacific, where it played an important role in the offensives in which the Allies pushed along the northern coast of New Guinea, taking Salamaua, Lae, Hollandia, Wakde, Biak, and Noemfoor. In Mar 1943 it took part in the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, which ended Japanese attempts to send convoys to Lae. In Aug 1943, when Fifth AF struck airfields at Wewak to neutralize Japanese air power that threatened the advance of Allied forces in New Guinea, the group made an attack in the face of intense antiaircraft fire on 17 Aug, destroyed or damaged many enemy planes, and won a DUC for the



mission. In the fall of 1943 the group struck Japanese naval and air power at Rabaul to support the assaults on Bougainville and New Britain. In an attack on shipping at Simpson Harbor, New Britain, on 2 Nov 1943, the 3rd group encountered heavy opposition from enemy fighters and from anti-aircraft batteries on the ships. In that attack Maj Raymond H Wilkins, commander of the 8th squadron, sank two ships before he was shot down as he deliberately drew the fire of a destroyer so that other planes of his squadron could withdraw safely - an action for which Maj Wilkins was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor. The group moved to the Philippines late in 1944. Equipped with **A-20's**, it bombed and strafed airfields; supported ground forces on Mindoro, Luzon, and Mindanao; attacked industries and railways on Formosa; and struck shipping along the China coast. Moved to Okinawa early in Aug 1945 and flew some missions to Japan before the war ended. Moved to Japan in Sep 1945 and, as part of Far East Air Forces, became part of the army of occupation.

Served in combat in the Korean War from 27 Jun 1950 until the armistice on 27 Jul 1953. Operated first from Japan and later from Korea, using B-26 aircraft. Flew most of its missions at night to attack such targets as airfields, vehicles, and railways. Capt John S Walmsley Jr was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for his actions on 14 Sep 1944: flying a night mission in a B-26, Capt Walmsley discovered and attacked an enemy supply train, and after exhausting his ammunition he flew at low altitude to direct other aircraft to the same objective; the train was destroyed but Walmsley's plane crashed in the target area. The group returned to Japan in 1954. Redesignated 3rd Bombardment Group (Tactical) in Oct 1955.

Squadrons. 8th: 1919-. 12th: 1919-1921. 13th (formerly 104th): 1919-1924; 1929-. 26th: 1921-1929. 51st: 1935-1936. 89th (formerly 10th): 1941-1946. 90th: 1919-.

Stations. Kelly Field, Tex, 1 Jul 1919; Ft Bliss, Tex, 12 Nov 1919; Kelly Field, Tex, 2 Jul 1921; Ft Crockett, Tex, 1 Jul 1926; Barksdale Field, La, 28 Feb 1935; Savannah, Ga, 6 Oct 1940-19 Jan 1942; Brisbane, Australia, 25 Feb 1942; Charters Towers, Australia, 10 Mar 1942; Port Moresby, New Guinea, 28 Jan 1943; Dobodura, New Guinea, 20 May 1943; Nadzab, New Guinea, 3 Feb 1944; Hollandia, New Guinea, 12 May 1944; Dulag, Leyte, 16 Nov 1944; San Jose, Mindoro, c. 30 Dec 1944; Okinawa, 6 Aug 1945; Atsugi, Japan, c. 8 Sep 1945; Yokota, Japan, 1 Sep 1946; Johnson AB, Japan, c. 15 Mar 1950; Iwakuni, Japan, 1 Jul 1950; Kunsan, Korea, 22 Aug 1951; Johnson AB, Japan, c. 5 Oct 1954-.

**Commanders.** Maj B B Butler, 1 Jul 1919; Maj William G Schauffler Jr, 1 Sep 1919; Lt Col Henry B Clagett, 27 Sep 1919; Maj Leo A Walton, 20 Nov 1919; Maj Leo G Heffernan, 10 Oct 1921; Lt Col Seth W Cook, 22 Aug 1922; Maj Lewis H Brereton, 5 Feb 1923; Maj Harvey B S Burwell, 25 Jun 1924; Capt Joseph H Davidson, Feb 1926; Maj Frank D Lackland, 26 Jun 1926; Maj John H Jouett, 15 Aug 1928; Maj Davenport Johnson, 27 Feb 1930; Lt Col Horace M. Hickam, 18 Jun 1932; Lt Col Earl L Naiden, 5 Nov 1934; Col A Rader, Jul 1937; Maj O S Ferson, Aug 1938; Col John C McDonnell, Sep 1938; Lt Col R G Breen, Nov 1940; Lt Col Paul L Williams, Dec 1940; Lt Col Phillips Melville, 18 Aug 1941; 1st Lt Robert F Strickland, 19 Jan 1942; **Col John H Davies, 2 Apr 1942**; Lt Col Robert F Strickland, 26 Oct 1942; Maj Donald P Hall, 28 Apr 1943; Lt Col James A Downs, 20 Oct 1943; Col John P Henebry, 7 Nov 1943; Lt Col Richard H Ellis, 27 Jun 1944; Col John P Henebry, 30 Oct 1944; Col Richard H Ellis, 28 Dec 1944; Col Charles W Howe, 1 May 1945; Lt Col James E Sweeney, 7 Dec 1945; Maj L B Weigold, c. 7 Feb 1946; Col Edward H Underhill, 23 Apr 1946; Lt Col John P Crocker, 3 Jan 1947; Col Edward H Underhill, 28 Mar 1947; Col James R Gunn Jr, 2 Jun 1947; Lt Col Joseph E Payne, 27 Sep 1948; Col Donald L Clark, 3 Jan 1950; **Lt Col Leland A Walker, Jr, 5 Aug 1950**; Col Henry C Brady, 17 Oct 1950; Col Chester H Morgan, 4 Jan 1952; Col William G Moore, 17 Jan 1952; Col Sherman R Beaty, 1952; Col John G Napier, 1 Apr 1953; Col Straughan D Kelsey, 22 Jul 1953; Col William H Matthews, 18

Aug 1953; Col Sam L Barr, 2 Feb 1954; Col Rufus H Holloway, 21 Sep 1954; Lt Col William D Miner, 9 Jun 1955; Lt Col Charles E Mendel, 25 Jul 1955; Col Rufus H Holloway, 17 Aug 1955-.

Campaigns. World War II: East Indies; Air Offensive, Japan; China Defensive; Papua; New Guinea; Bismarck Archipelago; Western Pacific; Leyte; Luzon; China Offensive. Korean War: UN Defensive; UN Offensive; CCF Intervention; 1st UN Counteroffensive; CCF Spring Offensive; UN Summer-Fall Offensive; Second Korean Winter; Korea Summer-Fall, 1952; Third Korean Winter; Korea Summer-Fall, 1953.

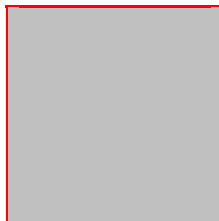
Decorations. Distinguished Unit Citations: Papua, 23 Jul 1942-23 Jan 1943; New Guinea, 17 Aug 1943; Korea, 27 Jun-31 Jul 1950; Korea, 22 Apr-8 Jul 1951; Korea, 1 May-27 Jul 1953. Philippine Presidential Unit Citation. Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation: 27 Jun-31 Jul 1950.

Insigne. Shield: Party per bend vert and sable in chief a cactus (prickly pear) or, a bend azure fimbriated of the third, all within a bordure argent charged with nineteen crosses patee of the second. Crest: On a wreath of the colors an arm couped near the shoulder paleways with hand clenched proper between two wings conjoined in lure argent. Motto: Non Solum Armis - Not by Arms Alone. (Approved 17 Jan 1922. This insigne was modified 22 Dec 1952.)

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**2ND LIEUTENANT ALVIN E. WHALLEY**

Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship ***Arisan Maru*** by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944.



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**LT COLONEL MARK M. WOHLFELD**

(196)



## Transcription

June 26, 1975

Colonel James B. Agnew  
Director  
U.S. Military History Research Center  
Army War College  
Carlisle, PA. 17013

Because of our M.O.S. as Air Corps, the personnel of our 27th Bombardment Group (L) are unable to receive the coveted award of Combat Infantry Badge.

At this late stage one of our alumni, MR. SAMUEL B. MOODY, 102 Bayberry Road, Lungwood, Florida 32750 is scratching about for evidence to establish that although our M.O.S. was Air Corps, we really did fight as Infantry and that we do wish this acknowledged by presenting us with this award.

There is an interpretive circular out dated 27 May 45 Circular 58 Prisoners of War and the Combat Infantryman Badge and we survivors of the Bataan Peninsula Campaign could possibly come under this but it is nebulous and certain HQ have already turned it down.

Anyway, Mr. Moody is probing about in Washington and he requested I furnish the enclosed (copy) statemtn which I have already sent him. I am sending you a copy of the statement in the event it can be used for any reference. I feel my recollection to be very accurate although it undoubtedly will displese someone somewhere. It is hoped Moody gets the acknowledgement. Perhaps he can get it with Combat Pay so that the next of kin can have some use of that which they are entitled to and those of the battalion still alive can hang the badge over theri desks. That's where mine is from the 1st Cav Div and each time I look at it I think: wall now.. mebbe I should have done it the other way .

/s

Mark M. Wohlfeld LTC AUS-R  
142-34 59th Avenue  
Flushing, N.Y. U355



**UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)**

**G. Wayne Dow**



## Transcription

On December 12, 1941 the 27th Bomb Group became the 2nd Provisional Infantry. This was announced by General Henry B. Claggett at Fort McKinley in Manila.

**Capt. Mark Wohlfield** then went to the 12th QM at Fort San Santiago where he drew enough rifles for the entire 27th Group. Some have been cut down to fit Filipino troops and others were still packed in cosmoline from back in 1922. **S/Sgt. Vance** of the 91st Bomb Sqdn. helped Capt. Wohlfield in setting up a training program where as each man was issued a rifle but it was not until all of the 27th arrived in the picnic area of Bataan which we had picked for ourselves as a head quarters site that we started to train each of the men. In all each member of the 27th fired 40 rounds, 10 prone, 10 kneeling, 10 sitting, and 10 standing. We were then told that we were now in the infantry, a few days later we were sent into the front lines and as all know who survived we held our position with honor and pride for 99 straight days of front line duty. Something that has been overlooked in this history is that just before the road into Bataan was closed for good a truckload of 91st Bomb men who had been sent looking for parts for aircraft were lucky enough to shoot down a Japs Betty Bomber. It kept flying low up and down the highway and we were not able to move. **Sgt. Larry Martel** who was in the 91st got all men with rifles and machine guns and when the plane flew over again we all fired at once hitting the plane right in the Bomb Bay as the plane turned over to crash in a field in a nearby rice paddy. Thousands of Filipinos who had been hiding in the fields and under trees came out and cheered but the men from the 27th were the first to shoot a Bomber down from the ground. History shows that we surrendered to the Japanese on 9 April 1942. What it doesn't tell is how we lived on half rations for months, only eating two meals a day, how we were completely out of medicine, had all become sick and weak and yet we fought from the 6 April from our front line position back to the tip of Bataan where we were finally ordered to lay down our arms. It has often been said of the men of the 27th that if Mark Wohlfield could have taken just the men from the 27th up into the hills we might have shortened the war by a year. We did surrender and we did make what is known as the infamous Bataan Death March. Many of the officers and men of the 27th died on the march and later in prison camp. All of us who were there know that each man of the 27th died from lack of food or medicine but as each gave his life we who survived know that they died with dignity and honor. The whole story has never been told. We were called the Army Air Corp but we

never received the Combat Infantry Badge. We had hundreds of heroes but no medals were ever given out because 90 percent of all our officers died in the prison ships on the way to Japan. We were called "Project J" meaning that we were Japanese Prisoners. We were told we would be given all sorts of breaks but as you all know this was not true. What a sad thing it was to be locked up at "Letterman General Hospital" and have the sound system announce that there would be a dance tonight in the Rec Hall for Germany prisoners of war, and the next night to hear that there would be a dance for the Italian prisoners of war. Many of the 27th were found 100 percent disabled and could have gotten out of the service but these men were also told that their reenlistment medicals would be waived if they would reenlist in the "Peacetime Service" and help make it a million. Ninety percent of all the Bataan survivors did reenlist and most stayed either their full 20 years or some went for the 30 years, but the sad thing is that now that these men are getting old and sick and go on sick call, their records show that when they reenlisted that they were 100 percent O.K. medically. I hope before it is too late some one corrects some of the injustices that have been done to the men who did so much so many years ago. We are the forgotten few. We are the only men in the history of the United States Air Force that fought as "Infantry". We were the "Battling Bastards of Bataan." We help our country twice - once on Bataan and again, by reenlisting in the Air Force to help make it what it is today - THE GREATEST ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD. The 27th Bomb Group strength was 804 total - 87 officers of whom 47 were taken out for Australia leaving behind 717 enlisted men. War Dept. records show that one out of every ten survived. However, as there has never been an official headcount or a reunion before we can only guess, but our own records kept by the American Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor it looks like about three out of ten came back to serve in the Army Air Corp.

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FEBRUARY 1940 TO JULY 4, 1941

The 27th Group

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**2ND LIEUTENANT MICHAEL F. WOLF**

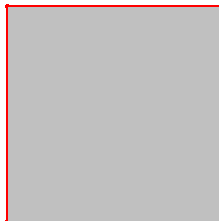
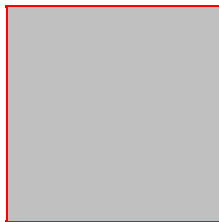
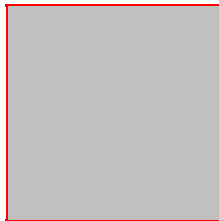
Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.



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**UNIT CONSTITUTION and ACTIVATION DOCUMENTS**

(197)





UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow

|                                   |    |         |   |  |
|-----------------------------------|----|---------|---|--|
|                                   |    |         |   | Supply Officer                           |
| Glenwood G. Stephenson, 0-23128   | AC | RA      | W | Airplane<br>Commander                    |
| Julius B. Summers, 0-23271        | AC | RA      | W | Fund<br>Custodian                        |
| Paul E. Kitchler, 0-300044        | AC | Cav Res | W | Squadron<br>Adjutant                     |
| Robert F. McClure, 0-327688       | AC | FA Res  | W | Assistant Squadron<br>Technical Sup.Off. |
| Frank P. Bender, 0-392735         | AC | AC Res  | W | None                                     |
| David Hochmann, O-420069          | AC | MC Res  | W | Squadron<br>Medical Officer              |
| <u>2nd Lieuts.</u>                |    |         |   |  |
| Robert G. Rueggg, 0-378042        | AC | AC Res  | W | Airplane<br>Commander                    |
| <b>Columbus Savage</b> , 0-365942 | AC | AC Res  | W | Squadron<br>Armament Officer             |
| Alexander R. Salvatore, 0-403816  | AC | AC Res  | W | Assistant Squadron<br>Supply Officer     |
| 7 ?? Schmidt, 0-403818,           | AC | AC Res  | W | Squadron Schools<br>Officer              |

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WD AGO Form No. 309

(1) Officers. 16th Bomb Sq

Page 2:. Officers. 16th Bomb Sq

2nd Lieuts., Cont'd

|                                  |    |        |   |                                      |
|----------------------------------|----|--------|---|--------------------------------------|
| <b>Harry R. Roth</b> , 0-403810  | AC | AC Res | W | Squadron Gas<br>Officer              |
| Henry J. Rose, 0-403809          | AC | AC Res | W | Squadron Communi-<br>cations Officer |
| Robert F. Stafford, 0-403943     | AC | AC Res | W | Airplane<br>Commander                |
| Oliver C. Doan, 0-421732         | AC | AC Res | W | None                                 |
| Samuel H. Dillard, III, 0-421737 | AC | AC Res | W | None                                 |
| Richard B. Donnewald, O-421739   | AC | AC Res | W | None                                 |
| Phil R. Downey, 0-421888         | AC | AG Res | W | None                                 |
| Charles Cannon Jr., 0-420575     | AC | AC Res | W | None                                 |
| Leroy Cowart Jr, 0-429145        | AC | AC Res | W | None                                 |

Flying, Cadet

|                         |  |  |   |                                |
|-------------------------|--|--|---|--------------------------------|
| John A. Ryan, 1501510.4 |  |  | W | Asst to Sq<br>Armament Officer |
|-------------------------|--|--|---|--------------------------------|

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(2) End. Officers. 16th Bomb Sq

Copied from Fotocoples (Partly Illegible) furnished by National Personnel Records Center, GSA. (Military Personnel Records) 9700 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63132 ... said Fotocopies in my possession this date: 26 November 1976.

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow

\_\_\_\_\_(signed)\_\_\_\_\_  
WOHLFELD, MARK M.. LTC (Ret)  
055-09-4226 / 0-314054

# OUR FAMILY TREASURY

## ANNEX B

TO THE

### UNIT HISTORY

OF THE

### 27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (LIGHT)

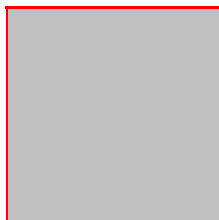
#### U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS

#### WORLD WAR II

1 JANUARY 1940 - 1 SEPTEMBER 1942

History of my uncle's military unit

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P.O. Box 3232, Walnut Creek CA 94598-0232 USA. 14 March 2006



## ANNEX B - APPENDIX A

Note: Appendix A, which constitutes all of Annex A and a portion of Annex B, is material that I have published on the Internet. It is material that I have assembled from many sources, about which I have no concerns that I may be violating someone else's copyrights in distributing.

Appendix B, all of which is a portion of Annex B, is material that I have not published on the Internet. It is material that I have assembled from many sources all of which I believe is copyrighted by someone else and I have no rights to distribute.

## THE END of the BATAAN AIR FORCE

(198)

"It delivered a gigantic blow...then literally collapsed."

By Donald J. Young

Prior to the Japanese attack on the Philippines on December 8, 1941 (December 7 in Hawaii), there were 92 operational Curtiss P-40s on Luzon, distributed at three air fields. By the end of the day only 58 remained flyable. The loss of 34 fighters and 17 of the 35 Boeing B-17 bombers in the islands immediately put General Douglas MacArthur's Far East Air Force on the offensive.

Between December 8 and the order to withdraw into the Bataan peninsula on December 23, the 24th Pursuit Group had been whittled down to just 18 P-40s. In anticipation of the execution of War Plan Orange-3, a plan that had been devised before the war began to withdraw to Bataan and Corregidor if there was an attack by the Japanese against the Philippines, U.S. Army personnel and a handful of civilian engineers had begun work on several small air fields on the peninsula. Little more than dirt runways bulldozed out of dried-up rice fields, they were known as Orani, Pilar and Bataan fields. Two more that would become operational later were at Cabcaben and Mariveles.

No sooner had the tiny air force on Bataan become operational than its resources began disappearing. The biggest single loss came on January 4, resulting from the unintentional transfer of eight of the remaining 18 fighters to Mindanao, some 500 miles to the south. Between December 23 and January 4, the handful of American fighters that had filtered into Bataan had remained virtually inactive, lulling the Japanese into thinking that there were no U.S. planes on the peninsula. Because of that, beginning on December 29, the unchallenged Japanese had begun sending unescorted bombers on daily 1:00 p.m. raids on southern Bataan and Corregidor.

The predictability of the enemy attacks brought Colonel Harold George, commander of the 24th Pursuit, to order his fighter pilots to intercept the 1:00 p.m. flight on January 4. All 18 planes were ordered to take part, nine of which were at Pilar and nine at Orani. Because of the vulnerability of the handful of American fighters on Bataan, Colonel George had decided to transfer all 18 P-40s to Mindanao that same day. After the anticipated intercept, the planes were supposed to return to their respective fields, refuel and take off for Mindanao.

Ironically, while the 18 P-40s were in the air attempting to rendezvous and find the Japanese, an order rescinding the Mindanao transfer came from General MacArthur's headquarters on Corregidor, which had decided to retain the planes for reconnaissance purposes. Colonel George immediately notified two of the fields of the change. For the nine Pilar pilots, however, the order came too late. Having failed to either make the scheduled rendezvous with the Orani fighters or locate the Japanese, Lieutenant Fred Roberts led his squadron back to Pilar. After refueling, he and his pilots took off for Mindanao.

The nine Orani fighters, led by Captain Ed Dyess, actually ran into the enemy formation before reaching the rendezvous point, resulting in an unsuccessful pursuit of the Japanese back toward Clark Field. "When they spotted us, " lamented one of the pilots, "12 Japanese planes went in 12 different directions. We simply couldn't catch them...they held such a pace that [we] never got within shooting distance."

By the time Dyess returned to Orani, the orders rescinding the Mindanao transfer had come through. Except for the unscheduled return of one of Roberts' Mindanao-bound P-40s with engine trouble, nearly half of what would become Bataan's air force had left.

Three days later, on the morning of January 6, six P-40s took off from Pilar field to observe the scale of Japanese troop movements into northern Bataan. Led by Lieutenants Bill Rowe and Bud Powell, they soon spotted a six-plane formation of enemy twin-engine bombers over Manila Bay, heading toward the peninsula. Despite orders to avoid combat, Powell went after the tail end of the Japanese formation. He was hit by fire from one of the enemy bombers and had to bail out.

Rowe saw Powell's shoot open, and circled until the airman hit the water a few yards off the coastal village of Orani. After making sure his friend was safe, Rowe led the remaining four fighters out over the bay, so they could make an approach back to Pilar. Much to his dismay, as he turned toward the field, he saw it was under attack--probably by the same six Japanese planes Powell had gone after. With no other alternative, Rowe signaled that the flight should land at Orani, ten miles to the north.

Two days later, on January 8, the remaining nine fighters were pulled back from Orani, which would soon be inside enemy lines, and Pilar, which had been bombed regularly since the 6th, to Bataan Field, near the southeastern edge of the peninsula. There, while waiting for the Cabcaban and Mariveles strips to be completed, they would find better concealment and be protected by the anti-aircraft batteries of the 200 Coast Artillery, which had moved in behind the field.

On the afternoon of January 17, word reached Del Monte Field on Mindanao from General MacArthur's headquarters that four of the P-40s that had been flown south on January 4 were to return to Bataan. None of the pilots who had flown there on the 4th were anxious for the assignment, which was considered a one-way trip. They decided to draw cards to see who would go. The four unlucky pilots were Lieutenants Dave Obert, Bob Ibold, Ed Woolery and Gordon Benson.

It was decided to make the flight in two legs. The first, from Del Monte Field to Cebu, was 140 miles. The plan was to spend the night there, then make the remaining 310-mile hop into Bataan early on the morning of the 19th. That information was radioed to Colonel George when they reached Cebu. Anticipating that they would arrive low on fuel and therefore vulnerable to enemy fighter attack, George assigned four of his pilots to fly cover for the planes as they came in.

At 7:00 a.m. the 19th, four P-40s roared down the gently sloping Bataan Field, crossed over the East Road and out over Manila Bay, then banked south toward Corregidor. Twenty minutes into their patrol, they spotted what was thought to be an eight-plane squadron of slow-moving Japanese dive bombers over northern Bataan. The American pilots--Lloyd Stinson, Bill Baker, Keifer White and Marshall Anderson--took off after them. As they closed on the Japanese, they discovered they were diving into a formation of enemy "Nate" fighters (the army's version of the Zero).

Outnumbered two to one, Baker and White were quickly jumped by a pair of Nates but were able to shake them and land safely back at Bataan Field. Stinson knocked down one of the enemy fighters before jammed guns forced him to also return to the field.

At first, it was unclear what happened to young Anderson. The next day witnesses on the ground said they had seen him knock down one of the Japanese planes before his Kittyhawk was hit, forcing him to bail out near the village of Bagac on Bataan's west coast. What followed was a heart-wrenching scene. As Anderson floated slowly down, two Japanese fighters dived on the helpless pilot with their guns blazing. Their gunfire collapsed his chute, and moments later, the lifeless body of 1st Lt. Marshall Anderson was picked up by American soldiers in a field near Bagac. The next day he was buried in a small military cemetery located less than 50 yards from

the edge of the fighter strip at Mariveles.

The four P-40s scheduled to return to Bataan from Mindanao on the morning of the 19th had run into bad weather that delayed their arrival some 12 hours. After spending the night at Cebu, they took off for Bataan, but they were forced to land at San Jose on Mindoro, where an emergency airfield had been set up. There they planned to wait until dusk to take off, so that they would arrive at Bataan after dark, when there would be less chance of interception.

Thirty-or-so minutes out from Cebu, Gordon Benson radioed that he was having engine trouble. Lieutenant Dave Obert looked back just in time to see Benson's P-40 spinning toward the ground. Fortunately, Benson--who was losing his third fighter since the war started--had bailed out, landing in the water a few yards off Panay Island. After making sure Benson made it safely to shore, the three pilots flew on to Mindoro, reaching the field at San Jose safely around 1:00.

On the ground they were greeted by Lieutenant Warren Bagget, who--with a detachment of 60 men--had been sent to Mindoro a month before to set up an emergency air strip. Bagget told the three pilots that they were the first to use the field in the 30 days they'd been there. With the setting sun just disappearing behind the South China Sea horizon, the three planes took off for Bataan, all landing safely an hour later.

On January 25, Colonel George was informed that he had been promoted to brigadier general. That same day he learned of an intelligence report about the large number of Japanese planes that were concentrated on Nichols and Nielson fields, south of Manila. George decided to attack the two airfields the next night. Eight pilots out of the 14 available were chosen, including Lieutenants Jack Hall, Bill Baker, Bob Ibold, Ed Woolery, Lloyd Stinson, Sam Grashio, Earl Stone and Dave Obert. The plan, which the pilots themselves devised, was to attack the two airfields with three fighters each, and if all went well, to follow up with three more.

First to take off were the three assigned to attack Nielson. The first two Kittyhawks, piloted by Hall and Baker, took off with three 30-pound fragmentation bombs under each wing, closely followed by Bob Ibold. About half-way down the runway, blinded by the dust raised by Hall and Baker, Ibold veered off the runway and his wing struck a boulder, causing the three bombs under his right wing to explode.

As rescuers reached the wreckage, they were amazed to find the young pilot still alive. Ibold, although in shock and badly burned, would survive. Shaken by the accident and the loss of one of his precious fighters, General George decided to hold off on the attack on Nichols.

Meanwhile, Hall and Baker, who were unaware of what had happened, had circled over Corregidor waiting for Ibold. Guessing after several minutes that something had happened, they headed across the bay for Nielson. As they approached the field, the Japanese, thinking the approaching planes must be their own, turned on the landing lights. The two Americans wasted no time in letting the Japanese know they had made a mistake. They made four or five passes, strafing and dropping their bombs before heading back to Bataan.

When Hall and Baker told George of their success, he decided to go ahead with his original plan. Three fighters would hit Nielson again, and three would attack Nichols. Ed Woolery, Lloyd Stinson and Sam Grashio were briefed on Nielson, while Dave Obert, Bill Baker and Earl Stone prepared to hit Nichols. As before, Corregidor was again asked to notify anti-aircraft crews that friendly aircraft would be assembling over the island at 11:00 p.m., and not to shoot.



There would be no runway lights to guide the fighters on this attack. In fact, the actual results of their missions were not known for several days, when intelligence reported that 37 enemy planes had been destroyed on the two fields. Not mentioning the loss of planes, Manila newspapers the next day claimed that there had been more than 300 casualties from the raids.

For a while the fate of the fighter flown by Dave Obert was in doubt, until he landed some 20 minutes after the first five were down. With nearly a full load of ammunition in his six .50s, Obert had decided he'd make a pass over the road leading into Bataan, hoping to spot an unsuspecting supply convoy or something. He was in luck. At the northern end of Bataan's East Road, he spotted it, "a wonderful target--a long convoy with all lights on driving toward Bataan."

Attacking head on from 1,500 feet, the excited young lieutenant opened up with all six .50s, strafing the column of close to 40 trucks from one end to the other. In his exuberance, however, Obert nearly flew his Kittyhawk into the ground behind the last truck. With his bombs and ammunition gone and luck still holding, he returned to Bataan Field, where he landed around 12:30.

On the night of January 29, a routine exchange of miscellaneous military information between Corregidor and Brig. Gen. William F. Sharp's command in Mindanao included word that the Japanese had captured the air field at San Jose on Mindoro Island. Twelve Japanese bombers were reportedly spotted on the field. The field, known as Waterous, was one of the few airfields still in friendly hands between Bataan and Cebu, and a vital emergency landing spot for the few American planes traveling back and forth between those two locations.

Before dawn the next morning, General George dispatched four P-40s to reconnoiter Waterous. If it was found to be in Japanese hands, the planes--flown by Woolery, Obert, Hall and Glover--were ordered to destroy the enemy bombers. It was barely light when the four took off from Bataan Field for the 150-mile flight to Waterous. On the way, Wilson Glover got separated from the three other planes and returned to Bataan.

The three planes reached Waterous at daybreak. Spotting what appeared to be a row of enemy planes off one end of the runway, Woolery and Obert dived on the target. Woolery, for some reason, failed to release his bombs. Obert, however, dropped all six of his 30-pounders, as he said later, "square on the target." Unfortunately, the "enemy planes" said the embarrassed young second lieutenant, turned out to be "clumps of bushes so arranged that they [were] mistaken for planes in the faint morning light." In fact, a close examination of the strip from the air indicated that the report had been in error. There were no Japanese.

After circling to make sure, the three pilots came in to land, where they were met by Lieutenant Warren Bagget, whom Woolery and Obert had met 10 days earlier on the way up from Mindanao. After an enjoyable breakfast and a few laughs over Obert's "attack" on the bushes, they took off for Bataan, loaded down with a 100-pound sack of sugar each from the nearby sugar central in San Jose.

Before leaving, Woolery and Hall decided that since they still had their load of bombs, they would unload them on the Japanese in northern Bataan before returning to base. Arriving over the northeastern Bataan coast at 9:30 a.m., with Obert flying cover against possible intervention by Japanese fighters, Woolery and Hall took off after an enemy convoy spotted heading down the East Road. Seconds later, according to Obert, who had just glanced up to look for enemy fighters, there was a "large mid-air explosion below and off to one side."

Scanning the sky below him, Obert could see no trace of his two companions. Diving down to investigate further, he spotted some debris falling from the sky and got a quick glimpse of what appeared to be a burning plane crash into Manila Bay. The puzzled young pilot orbited the area for 30 minutes. With no sign of his two comrades, and hoping there was a chance they'd returned to Bataan Field without notifying him, Obert turned his Kittyhawk for home.

As he climbed out of his P-40, he asked if the two had landed. "Lieutenants Woolery and Hall were not there, and were never seen again," wrote Obert in his diary that night. He described them as "Two of the best pilots in the Philippines (who) until their disappearance had above and beyond the call of duty continued to do everything in their power to stop the Japanese advance."

About two miles south of Bataan Field, on the southeastern edge of the peninsula, was the coastal barrio of Cabcaben. A quarter of a mile north of the village was a wide, flat rice valley, which, by February 6, had become the operational site of Cabcaben airfield. There were revetments, landing lights, a crude control tower, and anti-aircraft protection. Although no planes had yet been hit by Japanese bombs on Bataan Field, General George decided to move half of his operational fighters to newly completed Cabcaben after dark on the 6th.

The first two planes, flown by Sam Grashio and Kiefer White, took off and landed without incident. Lloyd Stinson was next. As he started in, however, the landing lights suddenly went out, forcing him and Bill Baker, who had banked behind Stinson for his approach, to pull up and go around again.

By the time the two planes had lined up for their approach for the second time, the lights were back on. But again, when the planes were at almost the same spot, they went out. Again Stinson got his fighter to react, safely clearing the field for the second time. But as Baker started to pull up, his engine, still a little cold from the short flight over from Bataan, stalled. Baker's fighter hit the ground in the middle of a battery of anti-aircraft guns, showering one of them with pieces of the plane that had scattered over 200 yards of jungle. A few minutes later, startled members of a nearby gun crew found Baker staggering about amid the smoldering remains of his P-40. Although burned and incoherent, he would live. But the Bataan air force was down to just seven flyable airplanes. It was discovered that the cause of the lighting problems was a carabao that had twice wandered out onto the field as the two planes were approaching.

On the night of January 22, a Japanese force of some 1,200 men had attempted to land on Bataan's rugged west coast. A costly miscalculation caused the force to separate, 300 of them ending up on the southern tip of the peninsula, while the larger 900-man force landed on a headland known as Quinauan Point, some 8 miles north of the smaller group. The battle to dislodge the enemy from these locations, recorded as the Battle of the Points, lasted 20 days, during which time the Japanese twice attempted to reinforce their isolated garrison on Quinauan without success.

Realizing it was a lost cause, on the night of February 6 the Japanese command in Olongapo, in Subic Bay, sent a fleet of small boats to the Quinauan area to rescue what was left of the Japanese force. A little before midnight, U.S. listening posts along the coastline picked up the barely distinguishable sound of small boats moving south. Word was passed immediately down the line to be on the alert for an enemy invasion attempt. A few minutes after midnight, a call came into Bataan Field requesting the airmen to stand by.

By 3:15, the enemy rescue force was standing off the vicinity of Silaiim Point, a few hundred yards north of Quinauan. Suddenly, the coastline erupted with machine-gun and artillery fire. On shore,

a call went out to "send the planes." Roughly 15 minutes later, homing in on the lines of tracers pouring from the cliffs, two P-40s flown by Sam Grashio and Lloyd Stinson, dived low over the water and unloaded their 30-pound fragmentaries among the disorganized fleet of enemy boats. A little while later three more planes piloted by Dave Obert, Earl Stone and John Posten repeated the act. By 4:00 a.m. what was left of the rescue flotilla was high-tailing it back toward Olongapo. The Japanese had been turned away, but so had Lady Luck for another of the P-40s.

Lieutenant Kiefer White, attempting to take off from Cabcaben with Grashio and Stinson, apparently confused by his first nighttime takeoff from the field, veered off the runway, totaling his Kittyhawk. White was unhurt.

General Harold George's Bataan air force was now down to just six fighters. By February 7, just one month and three days since their first action on Bataan, the American unit had lost its sixth plane. By later World War II standards, that wasn't bad, but on Bataan, it amounted to the irreplaceable loss of one-half of the entire force.

On the afternoon of January 14 observers on Corregidor spotted a convoy of Japanese heavy artillery being towed into position on the southern shore of Manila Bay. Realizing immediately what threat artillery would pose on Corregidor and the three Manila Bay forts--all of which were well inside of the enemy's range--Colonel Paul D. Bunker, commander of the island's Seaward Defense, directed that the area be shelled. But, with no specific target coordinates, his order was overruled until the gun positions could be pinpointed. It was suggested that an aerial reconnaissance of the area be made to locate the Japanese guns. On January 16 a lone P-40 made several runs over the suspected area, but the pilot could see nothing.

As a last resort, the job was dropped in the U.S. Navy's lap. At 5:30 on the afternoon of January 18, PT-41, under the command of Ensign George Cox, stopped at Corregidor to pick up U.S. Army artillery observer Major Stephen Mellnick and then sped across the South Channel to the southern shoreline.

For 15 minutes while her crew scanned the coast, PT-41 moved boldly along the shore "tempting the Japs," Cox recalled. "When they opened fire at us, the major would take careful note of their position." But there was nothing--not a shot fired. "The Japs refused to take the bait," lamented the young Navy ensign as he headed back for Corregidor.

Finally, it was decided to wait until the Japanese put the guns into action, after which U.S. observers could pinpoint their locations from muzzle flashes and telltale smoke. It wasn't until February 6, some 24 days since they had first been seen, that the Japanese opened up. That day all four Manila Bay forts were fired on, but again the guns were not located.

Facing the possibility of being shelled at will by the hidden Japanese batteries, Major General George F. Moore, commander of the entire harbor defense, persuaded General MacArthur to once again seek help from the air corps. General George, asked if he had a plane that could be used on a photoreconnaissance run over the Ternate area, replied that he would modify an old Stearman trainer that was hidden amongst the trees at the head of Bataan Field. To escort the slow-moving biplane, George planned to send five of his remaining six P-40s.

The man who accepted the assignment to fly the Stearman was Philippine Army Air Corps (PAAC) Captain Jesus Villamore--who had already received the DSC for taking on an entire squadron of 27 Japanese bombers on December 10, in his open cockpit 1933-model P-26A fighter. Sergeant Juan Abanes would shoot the pictures through a hole cut in the floorboard. In

order to take full advantage of the sun and the enemy air force's penchant for long lunchtime breaks, it was decided to take off at 1:00 p.m. Once over the area, the plan was to stack the five escorting fighters at different altitudes, while Villamore made his photo run.

Everything went well--in fact, so well that Villamore, at the urging of Abanes, crisscrossed the Ternate area enough times to allow him to shoot the entire roll of 110 exposures. With the last click of the camera, Villamore waggled his wings to the circling fighters and turned for home. Nearing Corregidor, he "fancied a couple of figure-eights" for a cluster of men watching from the island's Kindly Field, and then headed for Bataan.

Villamore had pressed his luck. Unbeknownst to him as he swung out over Manila Bay for his approach to the field, the escorting fighters had received word that six enemy pursuits were coming in their direction.

At Bataan Field the message had also been heard, sending everyone--including General George and General Richard Marshall, MacArthur's deputy chief of staff on Bataan--sprinting to the edge of the field to watch the show. From where they were standing they could see the escorting P-40s strung out behind the Stearman as it began its approach.

The P-40 pilots had realized they were being tailed. Suddenly, as Villamore lined up for his approach, the P-40s roared past him toward the field. They had also been spotted from the ground. "There's the Zeroes!" yelled George, pointing to the diving enemy planes.

The fast-approaching Americans were only able to get in a quick burst as the diving Japanese passed above them. George yelled, "The Japs have overshot them. He's just plain overshot them....Now give it to 'em, kids!"

Dave Obert was the first to tangle with one of the Nate fighters. However, he was only able to get in a short burst at the Japanese before his guns jammed, forcing him to outrun a second enemy plane that had got on his tail. Leveling off over the North Channel between Bataan and Corregidor, he quickly cleared his guns, then headed back looking for the enemy. A few minutes later he spotted a lone fighter flying over the channel south of Corregidor. Obert dived on the Japanese, but again, after "a fairly long burst," his guns jammed. By the time he cleared them for a second time, the sky was clear of enemy planes, so the young lieutenant returned to Cabcaben.

After tangling with two enemy planes, Ben Brown, like Obert, also had to dive to escape a Japanese fighter. After losing his pursuer, when he climbed back to look for more, none of the enemy was to be seen. After Obert landed at Cabcaben, he was greeted by Lloyd Stinson, the pilot of the fifth P-40. As planned, Stinson had continued to orbit over the South Channel for several minutes, to give the rest of the planes enough time to land. By the time he swung out over the bay for his approach to Cabcaben, not a single Japanese or American plane was to be seen.

Satisfied that the warning about the "Six enemy pursuits coming in [their] direction" hadn't materialized, he came on in. When Obert told him of what had occurred, Stinson was beside himself. He had missed the whole show. A Bataan fighter pilot's dream--a dogfight on even terms.

But what of the two planes flown by John Posten and Earl Stone? By late afternoon, neither had been accounted for. It was dusk when a lone P-40 got the green light to land at Bataan Field. It was Posten. A dogfight with one of the Japanese had carried the two adversaries southwest toward Lubang Island. After escaping the enemy fighter, and unaware of what the situation was back at Bataan, he decided to make for Waterous Field at Mindoro. Posten refueled and waited

until it was nearly dark, then headed back.

It was obvious by the time Posten arrived that something had happened to Earl Stone. An Air Corps observer at Mariveles Field had watched Stone and a single Japanese fighter disappear into the mask of gray-white clouds over Mt. Mariveles, followed moments later by an explosion, then silence. A tragic midair collision had ended the life of Lieutenant Earl Stone.

"Ace pilot of Bataan Field...officially credited with three Japanese planes," wrote Captain Allison Ind, General George's intelligence officer, in his diary that night.

Days later a search party reported finding the wreckage of the Japanese plane along with the body of its pilot. Due to the ruggedness of the terrain, neither Stone nor his plane was ever found.

Although not a single Japanese plane was claimed by the American pilots, news that one victory had been confirmed came a couple of days later from a Philippine Army artillery unit. An enemy fighter that had apparently been damaged in one of the air battles was seen trailing smoke and losing altitude as it headed north.

A short distance in front of the newly manned U.S. position on what was called the Orion-Bagac line, was the once used Pilar Field. The openness of the field, now sitting squarely in the middle of no-man's-land that fronted the new line, had forced the Air Corps to abandon it in early January. It was there that the crippled enemy fighter--to the delight of the American artillerymen--decided to set down. Quickly word came down from observers to one of the batteries of 75s concealed in the jungle below Mt. Orion. Coordinates were phoned down, followed seconds later by the command to "Fire!" In one salvo, the "probable" became the first confirmed kill in the most adventurous day yet for the Bataan air force. There would be one more to come.

On the evening of March 3, with the sun about 40 minutes behind the South China Sea horizon, the air raid siren on Corregidor wailed at the approach of unidentified planes. Searchlight and anti-aircraft positions were manned, and steel helmets were donned. Fifteen minutes later the all-clear sounded; it was a false alarm. It didn't take MacArthur's chief of staff, General Richard Sutherland, long to trace the planes picked up on Corregidor's radar to the Bataan air force.

Upset, he called General George, who was at that moment at his advanced headquarters behind Bataan Field. For the second time in six weeks, he bellowed, the Air Corps had failed to notify Corregidor of pending night operations. And for the second time in six weeks, they had avoided being blasted by Rock guns by the skin of their teeth.

Apparently Sutherland didn't know that George's boys had just blasted a Japanese convoy up in Subic Bay, a feat that, given the odds, was probably unmatched by anything the entire U.S. Air Force had done against them since the war started. George told Sutherland that the air raid alarm incident was caused by his planes returning from their last raid on the Japanese convoy in the bay.

Sutherland, who earlier that morning had been the one that tipped the Air Corps to the entrance of the "good-size enemy convoy into Subic," asked, "What were your losses?" Four planes and one pilot, George told him, quickly adding that one of the planes could probably be salvaged. "What'd we do to them?" asked Sutherland.

George explained that the Japanese had lost no less than one 12,000-ton transport sunk; one 6,000-ton ship beached and burning; two 100-ton motor vessels sunk; several barges and lighters destroyed; an unknown but vast amount of supplies and equipment blown up and burned on both

Grande Island and Olongapo docks; and a large but undeterminable number of the enemy killed or missing.

After Sutherland's tip, which had come just before noon, George had contacted Captain Ed Dyess, leader of the 21st Pursuit Squadron and senior pilot of those currently on flying status. Ironically, just the day before, the ground crew, under the guidance of Warrant Officer Jack Day, had put the finishing touches on a homemade 500-pound bomb rack on Dyess' fighter, made from parts of automobiles and wrecked planes. "Do you think that your homemade rig for releasing the heavy egg is ready for a practice test?" asked George.

"There never was a better day, General," answered Dyess, adding that he would be ready in an hour.

After Dyess left, George contacted Captain Joe Moore at Mariveles. After filling him in on the situation, George told him to have his two fighters take off for Subic Bay. A few minutes later, Lieutenant John Posten, loaded with a half-dozen 30-pound fragmentaries, took off from Bataan Field for the bay. He found it full of ships and the docks at Olongapo crammed with newly arrived supplies. Knowing his 30-pounders were useless against big ships, he bombed the docks, but he couldn't stay around long enough to find out the results.

By then the two Mariveles fighters, flown by Erwin Crellin and Kieffer White, whose planes were also loaded with 30-pound fragmentaries, arrived over the big bay. They, too, headed for Olongapo, choosing for a target what appeared to be a warship near the docks. Judging from the volume of anti-aircraft fire from the ship, White later said he thought it must have been a cruiser. The two Americans dived down. White, who was in the lead, dropped his bombs and then pulled up. But when he looked back for his wingman, Crellin was nowhere to be seen. He had apparently been hit by anti-aircraft fire.

It was now Dyess' turn. At 12:30, loaded with the 500-pound bomb hanging on his homemade bomb rack, he took off from Bataan Field. It was the first time he had attempted to get up with that much weight. Dyess gunned his Kittyhawk, nicknamed Kibosh, down the gently sloped runway, barely clearing the East Road before pulling up over the bay. Lieutenant Donald "Shorty" Crosland took off at the same time from Cabcaban.

As the two reached the mouth of Subic Bay, they saw four transports already in the bay, two of them unloading on the north side of Grande Island. A fifth, just arriving, was at that moment passing between Grande and the western shore. Farther inside, there looked to be two cruisers and two destroyers along with several smaller vessels scattered about. Dyess noted at least a dozen ships of various sizes unloading at Grande Island.

Dyess picked the late-arriving transport as his target. He began his run at 10,000 feet. At 5,000 feet, all hell broke loose when the previously alerted Japanese anti-aircraft batteries around the bay began to fire. At 2,000 feet he released his bomb, but he overshot the target by 40 feet. Angered, he turned to strafe. He later recalled raking the ship "three times, from stern to bow, bow to stern, and from stern to bow again....The transport stopped dead and didn't move again that day."

Next he and Crosland ripped a row of warehouses on Grande Island, then jumped a 100-ton motor vessel near the damaged transport that was departing for shore. "The Japs aboard her were putting on quite an act," said Dyess. "Those astern were running forward and those forward were rushing astern....They met amidship where our bullets were striking." A second pass started

her sinking, and after a final "short burst at her sister ship," Dyess signaled to Crosland, and the two Americans turned for home.

While Dyess and Crosland's planes were being rearmed, Sam Grashio took off from Cabcaben in Posten's P-40, loaded with half a dozen fragmentaries for a run on a string of enemy barges. Finding his assigned targets right where he had been told they would be, Grashio lined up his Kittyhawk and headed in. A few seconds after releasing his bombs, he glanced back over his shoulder to see the results. But there were none; no explosions could be seen. Disturbed that he had missed his target, he headed back for Cabcaben.

Unbeknownst to the young second lieutenant, he had not seen his bombs explode because they had never been dropped. No one knew that until Lieutenant Ozzie Lunde, in the Cabcaben tower, screamed at Grashio over the radio transmitter as he was approaching: "Don't land! Your bombs are hanging! Bail out!"

"To say that I was unpleasantly startled would be a gross understatement," said Grashio. "If even one of the bombs should drop while I was attempting to land the war would be over for me. Yet the last thing I wanted to do was bail out." The choices left to him raced through his mind. Of the three landing fields he had to choose from, Mariveles was the longest. He would need that space, for he would have to stretch out his landing to avoid the usual bouncy, three-point touchdown, which might jar one of his bombs loose.

Meanwhile, back at air corps headquarters behind Bataan Field, General George and Captain Allison Ind, who had been listening to the radio, heard someone announce, "That plane over Bataan seems to be having trouble." They learned that although the bombs were still on his wings, he had decided to land at Mariveles. Off in the distance they could hear his engine. Then there was silence--no explosion anyway. Then, on the radio they heard, "Landed OK." He had made it.

It was nearing 5:00 when Dyess and Crosland took off on their second run. Again Kibosh was loaded with a 500-pounder.

Making the same approach to Subic Bay, Dyess recalled that he picked "two unloading freighters as [his] target and went into a dive at 10,000 feet...releasing [his] bomb at 2,000. It passed just over the outer freighter," said the frustrated captain, and "exploded among a concentration of barges and lighters that were receiving cargo from the ships. They went up in a glorious cloud of smoke, water and debris. I felt better."

"As I pulled up, swarms of Japs began running from the two ships and stampeding along the dock toward shore," Dyess recalled. "I pulled around and cleaned off the dock with my machine guns, [then] sprayed the four warehouses again with everything I had." Dyess then gave Crosland, who had also strafed the docks, the high sign, and the two headed for home.

As Dyess brought Kibosh to a stop at the head of Bataan Field, the excited ground crew rushed out to hear the news of the second attack. But the squadron leader was out of the cockpit and gone before they got there. "I was fighting on two fronts that day," Dyess recalled, "both against the Japs and against diarrhea."

It was now a little before 6:00. Shadows covered the entire length of runway, and the wind was picking up off the bay. Was there enough time for one more strike? Dyess contacted General George. "He eventually granted permission," said Dyess. "If he hadn't, I'd have missed the best shooting of the day."

Thirty minutes later, Dyess gunned old Kibosh down Bataan Field's red-dust runway. Over at nearby Cabcaban, John Burns, flying Crosland's P-40, took off at the same time. Coming in over Subic for the third time from the same direction, he recalled, "I saw that my two freighters had shoved out from the dock and were running around like mad." He therefore decided to go after the huge mass of supplies and equipment, unloaded from the two ships, that was literally covering the entire northern end of Grande Island. Waiting a little longer this time, he released the 500-pounder at 1,800 feet. Seconds later, a tremendous blast shook the island--a direct hit. Soon huge fires erupted, punctuated by small explosions.

By now the sun had dropped down behind the horizon. It was almost too dark to see anything, and besides, it was becoming dangerous to be in the air. A few seconds later, however, Dyess received a message that observers had picked up a large transport trying to slip out of the bay just south of Grande Island.

Dyess banked Kibosh northeast across the bay until he saw the ship's silhouette against the western horizon. He then turned and headed in, all guns blazing. A second pass had "fires started all over the bow and in the well deck," Dyess recalled. "Then she blew up. The glow in the west now served me well for the second time. Silhouetted against it was (yet another) fairly large ship that had been reported variously as a cruiser, destroyer, tanker and transport."

Dyess first struck it from the southwest, raking it from bow to stern. Two more passes had all anti-aircraft guns silenced and small fires blazing up on both bow and stern. Although he was unable to make it blow up as the other ship had, the Japanese were forced to beach it, and it burned all night...and was still burning the next day.

It was dark when Dyess and Burns, who had also scored some hits, headed back to Bataan. As Dyess began his approach to Bataan Field, he sensed "a terrific tail wind," but was able to set old Kibosh down safely. In the meantime, just over the ridge at Cabcaban, John Burns, fighting a losing battle with the same wind conditions, had come in too fast. In order to save himself and the plane, he ground-looped his P-40 at the end of the runway. The crash caused the inadvertent firing of his guns, sending "a stream of tracers going up against the mountain" and making Dyess think for a minute that they had drawn some "flies" (Japanese planes) after all.

At about the same time Dyess and Burns took off for their last attack on Subic, Lloyd Stinson and Jim Fossey had taken off from Mariveles for the bay. Although not as successful as Dyess, they had strafed a 100-ton ship that was trying to get out of the bay, causing it to blow up.

In the communications shack behind Bataan Field, General George and Captain Ind had just finished sweating out Burns' crash when word came in that one of the Mariveles fighters was in trouble. It was Stinson. "Heavy tail wind," came the report. "He overshot and cracked up at far end. They don't know how he is."

While they were waiting anxiously for an answer as to how he was, word was flashed that Jim Fossey had also overshot the field because of the heavy tail wind. Both pilots were okay, but their planes were wrecked beyond repair.

The day was at last over. Captain Allison Ind, who had sweated it out sitting next to the radio, probably summarized the results as well as anyone. "At least the death of our little air force," he wrote, "was one of unmitigated glory. It delivered a gigantic blow out of all proportion to its size--then literally collapsed."



The next night, in response to the attack made by nine pilots flying 12 sorties in five P-40s, Tokyo Radio announced that "Fifty-four heavy bombers, mostly four engined," had attacked their shipping in Subic Bay, with [some] tonnage sunk. Four U.S. bombers were reported to have been shot down.

Although nine different pilots took part in the day's activities, the bulk of the credit, went to Ed Dyess. As for old Kibosh, at the moment the only flyable P-40 in the Bataan air force, it was a virtual sieve. "You could hardly see [it] for the patches," said Dyess. "The plane was olive drab and the patches were bright blue. There were 60 or 70 of them."

Two days after the Subic raid, the men under chief engineer officer Leo Boelens began cannabilizing parts from various wrecked P-40s, in hopes of putting the fighter John Burns had ground-looped at Cabcaben back into flying condition. Parts were collected from the two fighters that overshot Mariveles and from the Kittyhawk Keifer White had cracked up in early February while attempting to take off at night. Stocked with a newly rebuilt engine, according to Ed Dyess, the plane they dubbed "P-40-Something..." flew quite well." With patched-up Kibosh, three days after the Subic raid, the Bataan air force had doubled its size to two airplanes.

Ed Dyess recalled that on May 10 he set his P-40 down on Bataan Field after a reconnaissance flight and found General George waiting for him. George told him that he had been ordered to accompany General Douglas MacArthur to Australia, where he was to take over as commander of Allied forces in the southwest Pacific. "I guess this is goodbye for a while, Ed," said George. "Tell the boys that if I'm not back pretty soon, it will not be because I don't want to come back."

"It was the last time I ever saw him," remembered Dyess. "He was one of the greatest officers I ever have known." (George was killed in an airplane accident in Darwin a month and a half later.)

For the next three weeks, outside of an occasional reconnaissance flight, the tiny two-plane Bataan air force pretty much stayed in hiding. On the morning of April 3, the Japanese opened what would be the final offensive against the American forces on Bataan. Outside of knowing that Japanese artillery had been relentlessly pounding U.S. lines since March 31, men of the Bataan Flying Field Detachment were unaware that the collapse of the peninsula was just 5 days away.

By the afternoon of April 8, the exhausted, straggling remnants of the Filipino-American army were in the process of falling back to the Lamao River, to what would be its last line of defense. A mile south of the Lamao, a beat-up Ford command car skidded to a stop near the edge of Bataan Field. Out of it stepped Captain Ed Dyess, who, since General George's departure in mid-March, had been in command of the squadron at the field. A half hour earlier, while sitting down to what would be his last meal on Bataan, Dyess received a phone call alerting him that the Japanese had broken through the Alangan River line and were now less than two miles away. Knowing that what was left of his air force would be in jeopardy should that be true, he "grabbed Lieutenant Jack Donaldson...and told him to take off in old Kibosh...and to bomb and strafe the approaching Japs." More important, he told him if this was a false alarm, "come in and land. [But] if the Japs are as close as they tell us, rock your wings and keep going for Cebu."

Fifteen minutes later Donaldson was back, "bomb racks empty....He rocked the plane like hell and kept going." Dyess relayed the information over the phone to Little Baguio, which told him to begin evacuating the remaining pilots in the planes that were left. They specified the pilots who were to go, including Dyess.

Back on April 4, two P-35s had been flown up from Del Monte Field in Mindanao by Lieutenants Ray Gehrig and John Posten. Dyess ordered that the two planes be pulled out of their revetments and readied for the flight south. Along with Dyess, four pilots were on the list. One of them, Captain Joe Moore, took off in P-40-Something from Cabcaban.

Next out in one of the P-35s was Captain Ozzie Lunde. Randy Keator asked Lunde if he could hitch a ride in the baggage compartment. Lunde agreed, and Keator climbed in.

Next Dyess called Captains Ben Brown and Hank Thorne at the headquarters shack above Bataan Field and told them that a P-35 was waiting for them. "They both refused to go," said Dyess, "but as the field commanding officer, I sent them off."

At the last minute, like Keator, Lieutenant Larry McDaniel asked Hank Thorne if he could ride in the baggage compartment with Brown. Before the call came naming the five pilots that were to be evacuated, McDaniel and Keator were ready to take off in the two P-35s, but were replaced by Thorne and Lunde. Aware of this, Brown and Thorne agreed to take the disappointed young lieutenant.

As the last American fighter lifted off from Bataan Field on that horrible night of April 8, 1942, leaving behind Captain Ed Dyess, who had refused to go, a no more fitting epitaph could be written for the tiny Bataan air force than that created by Allison Ind. "the death of our little air force," he wrote, "was one of unmitigated glory."

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*For additional reading, Donald J. Young recommends **Doomed at the Start**, by William H. Bartsch, and **The Battle of Bataan**, by Donald J. Young.*

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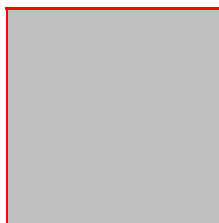
Also by Bartsch, **December 8th-MacArthur's Pearl Harbor**.

## LT COLONEL JAMES B. McAFEE'S DIARY

(199)

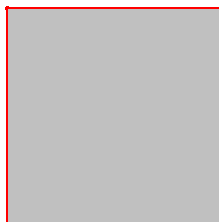
Transcribed (or displayed) below are forty one pages from the personal diary of **Lt. Colonel James B. McAfee** which he gave to Air Force Historical Archives in 1944. Two versions of this diary exist: the [manuscript original\(200\)](#) and a [typescript version](#) that was edited, at Mc Afee's request, by deletions of some personal matters. The diary covers the period 1 November 1941 through 5 October 1942; only the first forty one pages of the typescript version from 1 November 1941 through 28 February 1942 are included here. A complete reproduction of the [entire manuscript version\(201\)](#) can be found elsewhere in my collection in the Adobe Acrobat file named [MCAFEEDI.PDF](#). As noted in the text below, McAfee bought the the "diary book" in Surabaya, Java, on 11 February 1942 and all the record entries he had made up to that time (in other books/papers) were copied into it at that time.

This diary is a wonderful companion to unit history shown above and provides a more personal perspective of events in the time frame covered. It also contains a couple unique and interesting comments which I have highlighted. He mentions **Harry Robert Roth** once on [25 January 1942](#) and **Columbus "Doc" Savage** twice, on [22 January 1942](#) and [25 January 1942](#).



**DIARY**  
**Kept on the Philippine Islands, Java and Australia**  
**by**  
**Lieutenant-Colonel James B. McAfee**  
**0-23263, U. S. AAF**

**1 November 1941 - 5 October 1942**



**Personal Diary of Major James B. McAfee**

**This is the beginning of my diary, log, scratch pad etc -- It contains personal experiences, rumors, occasions, thoughts, actions and other incidental things.**

**There's no vital information here which might aid the enemy -- no information other than that the enemy knows already.**

**This diary to be delivered, uncensored if possible, to Julia Preston**

**McAfee:**

**c/o Mrs. Randolph Preston  
2844 Wisconsin Avenue  
Washington, D. C.**

**This diary was bought in Suarabaya, Java, on Feb. 11th and all preceding notes copied herein.**

November 1, 1941(202)

\* \* \*

November 2, 1941

We are out to sea headed for Plum(203) and I still feel all mixed up inside. The ship is very comfortable inside and **Zeke Summers**, Ralph Neusson and I are sharing the stateroom. It's elegant -- but I hate this -- I think if I could I would jump off and swim home. Spent the day looking the boat over. It's quite nice. There's a swimming pool, a library (which I will make good use of), a gym, and deck tennis courts. We eat more than well -- very, very good. I wonder if Julia(204) and Stanley(205) are enjoying being together. I miss them so much I think I shall get off the boat at Hawaii to go home.

November 3, 1941

[Pilots] **Bob Ruegg**, **T. H. Gerrity**, **Gus Heiss** and I finally ended up a table together in the mess. It ought to be very companionable. I can't get over the food -- it's just like the kitchen of Henry VIII. All kinds of cheeses, meats, salads, etc. -- choice of anything in the world. We're not supposed to know where we're going but it's undoubtedly P.I. The boat puts out a daily Bulletin news and it seems we stop only an hour at Hawaii -- some stuff!

November 4, 1941

**Tom Gerrity** and I are going to get up a foursome and teach me to play bridge. It ought to be hard for them. Had one first session today which I enjoyed very much . . .

November 5, 1941

We came around Diamond Head at 6:00 a.m. this date. Hawaii is very impressive at first sight -- looks like all the travelogues in the movies. We got off the boat at 7:00 a.m. and I walked with **Zeke Summers** all over Honolulu. We went out to his cousin's house only to find his wife at home for the husband (Naval officer) was out to sea. The wife took us to ride over the island, though. It was a very beautiful view of the Western and Eastern sides of Hawaii from the top of a mountain. Afterwards I called Julia from the telephone building and she sounded very sweet. I'm so damn tired of being away from her I don't know what to do. Wish she were co-pilot or something or something so she could be along. However, with these damn Japs on the way to Washington for the conference maybe she shouldn't

be out here. Anyway, I want to be home - - - Sailed at 3:00 p.m. in convoy with the Navy in evidence.

November 6, 1941

It was certainly fine that I ran into Stanley in Frisco. I'm as proud of him as can be and feel very confident that he is a good officer. I think the Naval Academy might have added to him in many ways but mostly to the natural abilities he already has. He is more like his Dad and has more of his Dad's sense of things than I . . . Anyhow, I can't figure out why I more than Stan got the chance of a free education. Still, the Navy got a man they can make much of and Stan will make much of the Navy.

November 7, 1941

Have been playing deck tennis a lot and find that I'm way out of shape. I sure am lazy and it's getting warmer. I always figure that when the time comes I'll go out and take all the exercise I need in one bunch but that's a false theory, Natcherly!

Have written Julia a letter every day and will continue thru this trip so that when the ship docks I can mail them right back to her. They ought to make her feel better -- or worse.

November 18, 1941

I haven't just skipped all these days for any reason other than the fact that there has been little to report, except that I have been very lonely and missed my wife a very, very great deal and I learned to play bridge. I hated to write about that alone every day because it would have made me feel worse than usual about being away from Julia. I've been very unhappy and bored to death. There has been a great deal of discussion about the U. S. and Japan. Most everyone seems to believe that the U. S. had Japan licked before we start and that irritates the hell out of me. Japan's navy is bound to be bigger than ours out here and that would decide the issue. Naturally in the long run we can win but I'd hate to see us tangle without any more of a start for war than we have. The U. S. has a diversion of its naval strength in the two oceans and we can't be strong in two places at once. I doubt the British have much Navy at Singapore cause the U. S. is doing all the big talking out here. Great Britain is more than occupied in dominating the Mediterranean, supplying Africa, and covering the waters around the British Isles. The darn Japs ought to know that if I do. That leaves very little for Singapore. But philosophy won't do this situation any good and if it breaks as I bet it will for I can't see how Japan can accept the U. S. demands or the U. S. accept Japan's, it will take airplanes, big naval concentrations, and lots of guys with guns.

November 20, 1941

Manila! It doesn't look inviting -- I'm still badly homesick. We waited over 3 hours at the dock while everyone raved madly about asking questions and looking official. I sat in the lounge of the boat all morning trying to represent the debarking squadron in case anyone wanted any information. No one wanted any. We all got on trucks and rolled through the dock area along Dewey Blvd, and thru a dirty,

squalid part of Manila to Fort McKinley. It was a shock to see how foreign this Manila looks. Natives sitting in their thatched huts just stared (orientally) at us as we rolled by -- just like the movies. Two little Filipino children yelled "Hi-Joe" at us. That seems to be the standard salutation. Caribou stand in mud puddles and look like the pictures you see from China. Temporarily we are to put up at Ft. McKinley. Then in Qtrs #12. Next door to [Classmate] Feddy Yeager whom I lived with as a plebe for awhile. He is [in] the Infantry. Petey Wood and Charlie Hass live with Freddy and I'm to eat with them. Freddy took [Capt] Hipps and me to town tonight to see the sights. I got my mail off to Puss.

November 21, 1941

Last night we went to the Alcazar night club, very modern, where the manager gave Freddy and I several free drinks (Hipps got coca-cola) and tried to entice us downstairs to the gambling room but we didn't get that tight. Later we went to J'ai Alai and I lost several pesos on the players but enjoyed the games. The building is beautiful. Everyone, almost, had mail waiting but me. I just couldn't believe that I hadn't a letter on the [clipper\(206\)](#) that came yesterday -- I felt so frustrated cause I just knew I had to have one on it. I was mad all day. Julia writes so very good that every letter is a pleasure but even if it was horrible I would be real happy to get one now. Freddy and I went out again tonight. I like [it] but don't fare too well on this habit in Manila bars of letting customers pour their own drinks. My arm is too strong. Natchery! John Creech, the Judge and I would really take these bars over. **General Wainwright** gave us a buck up talk at lunch about being spoony -- reminiscent of plebe West Point. At the officer's club I saw a great lizard about 3 feet long. It was harmless but nothing to see when stewed or in a dark alley.

November 22, 1941

My mail left on the Clipper today, I hope. If I could get a letter from Julia I would feel a lot better. It's becoming an obsession with me to hear from her. I could never for a minute find anyone who could give me the peace and happiness one of Julia's letters gives me - - -

November 23, 1941

Ordered 2 sets of Khaki uniforms and 1 linen suit today from a Chinese called Ah Choong. All of that cost about \$18 so I felt that I had been pretty smart. Have lots of money left from my trip since I didn't become involved in any poker games on the boat. I'm going shopping tomorrow maybe to get Julia some Jade and Chinese stuff so she can be real exotic.

November 24, 1941

Bought a Chinese Dragon Robe, red with a great big gold dragon on the back. I can hardly wait to see her in it for she ought to be more beautiful than ever with it on. I even forget if it was red or black now on account of I looked at so many of them. It was great fun bargaining for that coat. The Chines (or Jap?) wanted 3 times the price of the coat at first. I guess he skinned me in the end anyway. Julia said she wanted one of those carved teakwood chests and I saw some of those today. When I go home or when Julia comes out (I doubt very much the latter) I'll

get some of those things -- big fat, squat Buddhas, teakwook carvings and chests, Chinese silks, lots of things it will be nice to have. I got real tired shopping and haggling. It's a little too hot to walk all day long in those dirty stores. Had my two Catholic medals put on a chain -- M[other] of the B[ride] gave them to me when we were in Winston -- [Salem, N.C.]

November 25, 1941

Jack Christian came down today and we had an awful big one all over town. That's one of Julia's relatives I can out drink at least. John Creech would have had a fine time with us. Anyway we drank too much tonight for me to get to know him. At the end we were in the Casa Fanana and Jack wanted to dance with one of the Philippine Hostesses. That's more than I can do. Anyway, I still have to have a big meal for supper if I intend to drink later and keep my feet. Period.

November 26, 1941

Flew with **Steve** to Clark Field in a B-18 this afternoon. First time either of us had flown since the States and we both narrowly missed piling up on taking off. We were both at fault and it was much too close for comfort. I was co-pilot up and **Steve** co-pilot back. We came home after dark without incident. I never have enjoyed being anyone's co-pilot since I was checked off as a 1st pilot.

November 27, 1941

Flew some more today with Schmidt as my co-pilot. These B-18's are in such rotten shape that it's a wonder they hold together at all. This one was all screwed up and I was glad to get out of it. Luzon is peculiar looking from the air -- looks too foreign to suit me. I'd give anything to hear from Julia! I love her with all my heart.

November 28, 1941

One thing I know if I don't get a letter from Julia soon I'll have to call up. I'm worried for fear she may have had trouble driving home or something - - - I hope she goes to visit Mother and Dad some.

November 29, 1941

The situation looks bad out here. [Captains] Colin Kelly, **Morocco**, Greeley, and myself were the cheer leaders for the Army-Navy game tonight at the Army-Navy Club. The radio broadcast was supposed to begin at 2:00 a.m. but the static was so bad no one ever heard the score and all we did was ride the mule around and drink. Kelly was a first classman in "L" Co when I was a plebe - likewise Greeley except he was in "M" Co. They're Captains but we had a jolly time rehearsing. Greeley fell on his face doing a flip last night and cut his puss up a little. A drink fixed him up.

November 30, 1941

I got a sweater with an "A" on it and a Navy megaphone for cheer-leading last night. Heard the Army got beat -- I don't feel so good on account of the drinks.

Remember that I had my picture taken on the mule with some real pretty girls on behind me. Julia would shoot me if she saw that. I'll try to get a picture to send her anyway. I wore Hipp's white slacks and fell off the mule once and got grass stain all over them. He'll shoot me too when he finds out. He made me Engineering Officer for the 16th and I feel good about that. But he still looks down his nose at me

December 1, 1941

Aw hell, I sprained my foot very badly today playing soft ball, of all things. Doc Hockman took me to the hospital. It feels as if the same bone is broken that I broke just before I graduated from school. I hope not because I hate these crutches and hospitals. Anyhow, they X-rayed it and I will know soon. Meanwhile, it's hot and I haven't heard from Julia and I was going to call her today. What a sorry business! I miss my beautiful wife.

December 2, 1941

My foot isn't broken thank goodness. It looks as if all Army Hospitals are the same so they are all terrible. If I could only hear from Julia I would feel better. I have written her so much since Nov. 1 that I feel as if everything I say I have said a million times before. If I could hear from her I'd have a better excuse for saying it all over again.

December 3, 1941

**Zeke** brought me a quart of rum and some cokes tonight. I had a high old time. One of the nurses caught me at it too and she was real mad. She had been very sarcastic previously when she carried Julia's letters out to be mailed. I don't care anything for these nurses and I think mostly she was mad because I didn't ask here for a date later or something. Anyway, she came back later after **Zeke** left and she wasn't mad at all and I gave her a drink to get rid of her.

December 4, 1941

I must look good in bed on account of the same nurse was back today -- most all day. I was out of rum so I can't get the idea. Anyway, I enjoyed talking and listening to her troubles. Mostly she wants to go home but not half as bad as I do. I'll be out tomorrow on crutches I think. I made **Zeke [Summers]** a date with this girl. Wait till I tell him. He'll have his hands full.

December 5, 1941

Nope, not out till tomorrow. I want to remember all the boys who came to see me. **Bachus** and **Zeke** came most often. **Geo. Kane** frequently too. **Zeke** brought another jug today. **Hipps** came once and [I] made the awful boner of asking him if he was at the hospital to get his blood typed. He replied, very haughtily, that No, he came to see me. He'll never get over that or me either. I got so tickled I nearly fell out of the bed. The only thing I ever did he like was the job of crating and packing in Savannah [ Georgia]

December 6, 1941



Got out of the hospital today but my foot is by no means well and I'll have to be real careful. No mail. Wonder what happened to Julia's letters? I know she wrote for she's the best correspondent I ever knew -- her letters are wonderful too.

December 7, 1941

Went over with the group today to watch them play softball with Manila polo club members. We got licked and lots of rum cokes. Went to Manila Hotel tonight where the group gave a dinner for **General Brereton**. It was quite a jag. Later I saw Jack Christian. The dirty dog had gotten a wire from Julia (!) to me and hadn't sent it to me. Julia says she can get a job out here -- Happy Day! Well, I'll have to do some thinking about that. We may be in the middle of a war before she can get here. I'm real upset because Jack didn't have the wire with him and didn't remember it all. I'm almost made. I wish she would write.

December 8, 1941

Just before I left to go over to Yeager's for breakfast I heard the tail end of a broadcast saying the U. S. was at war with Japan. I got the news at 6:15 a.m. this day. It seems Pearl Harbor has been extensively bombed by the Japanese. That was a bold stroke! We can get no news on the damage, and I prey Stanley was not present. Julia and the family, I know, must be frantic about him if he was there. I feel responsible for him on account of I talked Daddy and Stan into his joining up. We all drew tin hats, pistols and gas masks at once and we look warlike to say the least. The P-40's have been droning all over the sky all morning but no Japs yet. At lunch the radio said Clark Field had been bombed. We all looked up places to get in (fox holes) in case we get bombed. The group had a big pow wow about what to do. We HAVE NO AIRPLANES!

December 9, 1941

Last night was a Lulu! We had an alert at 10:00 p.m., 11 p.m., 1 a.m. , and finally at one I gave up and decide they weren't going to bomb. However, at 3:00 a.m. the first bomb hit about 1/2 mile away and several more fell in quick succession. I went through the mosquito bar just a flying and hit outside the house in one jump. The bombers went on and flew directly over my house. After it was over I realized that somehow I had a pair of underwear shorts on, my pistol, tin hat, and shoes. Nothing else. Everyong else was worse off! The enlisted men, living in tents across the road, nearly broke their collective necks when they madly ran off a 20 foot cliff in the dark. About 40 of them piled up at the bottom -- it was funny and luckily a skinned nose was the only casualty. Today I was to be the co-pilot in **General Brereton's** private ship to take some pilots to Clark. Before we could go a Jap Zero burnt it upon the field. Damn near caught me in it. Several men were killed when a bomb hit the barracks at Nickols Field last night.

December 10, 1941

Last night was quiet. But the night before when the Japs bombed, there must have been 10,000 flares shot up by 5th columnists. Dirty B-----s. I now have a job making out the situation map for **General Brereton**. I'm learning to know the P.I.

well th. My tour is from 4 a.m. until noon and most of the reports come in from 6 a.m. till 10. It would be bad if the Japs know they had practically knocked out our air force the first day and yesterday. Our B-17 force is cut in half (15) and the P-40's about as bad. I was assigned to fly a B-18 on a daylight raid to Formosa but never got off on account of the Japs burnt the B-18 up. It would have been a suicidal flight anyway. The General wanted to hit back even we had to go in PT's. I remember telling Julia we would lose 1/3 of our forces learning to fight. It was more than 1/3. I heard tonight that Oglala [ship my brother, Lt. S. K. McAfee, was on in Pearl Harbor. He was on it but was saved.] was sunk in Pearl Harbor. Damn! Well, I'll hear but Heaven help the Japs - - -

December 11, 1941

The damn Navy must have been sound asleep. There is no use to criticize them since it's over if only they're awake now. They say we weren't hurt much in Pearl Harbor but I wouldn't be surprised if the whole fleet was sunk. I'll even Stanley's score with the Bastards. I can't believe he was hurt -- he must be ok. The Japs have landed on Luzon, of course. The whole Jap Navy was off North Luzon yesterday covering the landing at Aparri and Vigan. They landed ok but we seem to be fighting hard even tho they have no air support. I can't understand why I haven't heard from Stanley . . . .

December 12, 1941

I watched the demise of our Air Force today over Manila. I had no ship to fly and **General Claggett** and I just stood on the steps of his dugout and watched the Zero's and P-40's fight it out while the Jap bombers blew Cavite [Naval Base] and Nickols Field all to Hell. **General Claggett** is funny as hell and served in China for a while. He's seen the Japs bomb before. Every Gook [Filipino] within 10 miles shot at one of our pilots when he bailed out. They shot him in the leg. Some joker put a bullet [into a post I was leaning against] about one foot over my head. I got away from there quick! The Japs are insolent as hell in their flying now that they know we have little left. The Hq is moving out of here tomorrow. (Neilson Field). They stayed four days too long. The damn hangar still had black and yellow squares on its top. I have not heard from Stan! [Brother at Pearl Harbor]

December 13, 1941

Took over as the CO of Neilson Field [the old Civilian Airport at Manila] yesterday afternoon when Air Force Hq moved to McKinley. They gave me 90 men to run it. I guess they figured nobody but a low ranking 1st Lt. would be dumb enough to stay on that field -- it's going to be bombed to hell. They've strafed it twice already. I have 3 young officers under me but 2 of them are useless and scared to death. I don't blame them. Only have a few planes here, but we're having a terrible time camouflaging them. There's no cover here.

December 14, 1941

Still have no news on Stanley. I finally got my money off to Julia. The troops wiped out about 500 Japs at Lingayen Bay yesterday. The Zeros strafed and got about 80% of a cavalry outfit there. Elsewhere the Japs are pushing right on down.

They've landed at Legazpi. Everyone drives by outside the Field and they're too damn scared to stop so they go to some safe place with a phone and call up and give me hell for not hiding the planes any better. They thought they could see one. Hell, you can't make them invisible. I've written Julia a thousand letters but I have gotten none from her. I'd give my Lt's bars to hear from her.

December 15, 1941

**Ruegg, Gerrity**, and **Sammy Dillard** are helping me out now. **Ruegg** can sure relieve me of a lot of worries. The Japs haven't been stopped yet. They put a bunch of Nips in school trucks and they came singing right through the front lines and almost got away with it too. There's a great amount of 5th column activity. All the Nips seem to be in Manila. **Ruegg** and I went to Army Navy Club and got stinko last night.

December 16, 1941

Just as I was typing out a notice that there would be 10 minutes interval after an air raid warning before the bombers get here the first bomb hit Nickols Field. That's about a mile away. I sprained my foot while running across a rice paddy, the same foot I was in the hospital with earlier. I made it to a foxhole too. We must be doing fairly well at hiding our airplanes for we haven't been bombed yet! I got caught at Nickols in the last raid. One of our men was killed over there that day.

December 17, 1941

I heard from Julia today! She said Stan was ok -- Happy Day! I feel swell. We opened several bottles tonight to celebrate the great news and me hearing from "the wife". Stan and I ought to be able to give the Japs hell between us. Hope he gets a good ship this time. **All the officers not doing anything(207) in the group pulled out last night in an airplane for Australia.** They say our airplanes are down there. Hot Hell! But I don't believe we can hold out long enough for them to get back. Anyway, I heard from my wife so I'm happy. **Col. Brady wouldn't let me go though Col. Davies [Group C.O.] asked for me(208).**

December 18, 1941

I can't figure out if Julia is in Washington or California. Sure hope it is the latter for I don't want her to stay in Cal.

December 19, 1941

The war is going badly in Luzon. We don't seem to be able to stop them. We see some Jap aircraft every day here. They're real busy. Have several classmates commanding companies at the front. Hope they're ok. There are 80 transports in Lingagen Bay unloading troops. My, My I guess that's all to us.

December 20, 1941

A P-40 landing damn near ran over me yesterday. He lost control and ran right by me when I was sitting in a car and he hit a barricade causing his wheels to

collapse and all his guns started firing. What a day! If we can't fly our ships we may as well burn them up. They're worth their weight in gold. We got the ship off the field in 1-1/2 hours. The Japs are fighting not so far north of here.

December 21, 1941

Another P-40 landed on a barricaded runway today. He got out with the remarkable statement that "The Japs can land on this runway." There stood his ship all torn to hell.

December 22, 1941

A quiet day, the Japs missed their 11:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m bombing schedule. I guess the weather is bad at Formosa. I'm real proud of my men. They have done a great job and have been very brave. So far we have not been bombed -- only strafed. They have burnt no ships on this field! I'm proud of that too.

December 23, 1941

All the flare shooting about Manila has died down a little. They killed a lot of the flare shooters and spies. Left them where ever they killed them as warning. A Gook shot a Jap pilot right in the head when the Jap was strafing. The airplane lit in a graveyard -- very appropriate. The [16th Squadron left for Lipa](#) today to build an airport. For what! **Stephenson** is in charge since **Hipps** left. I sat in a slit trench while four Jap dive bombers circled Neilson for 20 minutes. I think the reason I was so scared was on account of I left my tin hat inside again. They wouldn't stop a piece of butter but my they're confortin'.

December 24, 1941

I'll never forget this day! I've never heard of one more snafu. At 1:30 **Hipps** called and said for me to send all my men to the docks to load on a boat. I thought maybe this was going to happen cause I had seen trucks going by the field towards town all day. I commandeered enough trucks to transport them and went to Hq while the men were loading. Everyone was running for their life -- I got the impression the Japs were only a few miles away. "Happy Day!" I only had time to collect Julia's picture and some underwear and socks before I went down to load my men on the boat.

Ran into **Sewell** and at the Army Navy Club getting a last drink. We all got crocked. Got on a boat with 300 men built for 120. No life vests. No idea where we are going. Sailed at 11 p.m. dirty and tired. At dawn we were off Corregidor. On the docks last night some witch give me a couple of packs of Cycle Cigs for Xmas present. It was too dark to see who it was -- might have been bird, man, fowl, or beast for all of me.

December 25, 1941

Merry Christmas, Julia. At 6:00 a.m. a Navy patrol boat (launch) hailed us asking where we're going. The secret is out -- Bataan Peninsula. I was afraid it was

Australia. Anyway the fool commander didn't even know he was in the middle of a mine field. We either! The launch led us into Mariveles harbor where we unloaded to the tune of a bunch of hopbern at 8:00 a.m. I got my men together and doubled timed them down the road and out of Mariveles. No breakfast and where are we going? I guess we'll find the 16th over here somewhere -- they moved over by road I hear. No lunch and we have hiked six miles carrying our laundry bags. The men suspect I don't know what to do. At last found a man who knows where the 16th is. Sent a Sgt. to tell **Steve** to send a couple of trucks for us. We, dirtier and more tired, get to camp at 5 and the mess Sgt. (Bless his heart) had a cup of hot coffee for me and the boys. To bed on the ground but I didn't know it.

December 26, 1941

I'm too sore in my legs to mess around so I'll collect up odds and ends I failed to put in my diary previously when I left Neilson. I had to order **Stafford, Dillard**, and Idom to take off in 3 C-49's and try to make Corregidor in them. They, brave boys, just out of flying school, made it ok. Took off between trees on a road. I was scared for them. I meant to crash land an A-27 on Corregidor but it was too short a field for me to put my wheels down. However, some dope cracked it up landing at Neilson first before I was to take off. 9 P-40's landed just before I left Neilson to go to the boat. One P-40 flew right through the hangar wall and caught fire. The pilot got out somehow. They flew south to Batangas later. That's all of our Air Force left practically, except what I sent to Corregidor -- if they get to Corregidor. The Japs aren't in Manila yet -- I can't understand all the confusion and mad rush. We left lots of supplies in Manila, which was declared an open city yesterday. I wonder how long we'll last on Bataan. A boat nearly ran us down in Manila Bay night before last.

December 27, 1941

I remember thinking on Xmas day as we were hot footing it out of Mariveles to get away from the bombers that "A little man shall lead 90 men with a great big barracks bag." That wasn't funny then -- it is now. We were routed out of Manila! It was amusing that all the liquor at the Army Navy Club was evacuated by boat to keep the Nips from getting it and damn if the Japs didn't bomb and sink it. Funny hell! I'd like more of it. I was glad to get off Neilson Field -- I was getting a little bomb happy! I'm confident I can stand under fire but I get awful upset over the bombing -- the strafing is the worst though. It's deadly! The bombing just scares you and the strafing kills you. I have put my pup tent up under some bamboo on the side of a hill. **Pete Bender, Steve** and I sleep together. We dug a fox hole right next to our bunks. It's dusty as hell tho and hot. I'm glad I've been in the field before.

December 28, 1941

I guess Xmas at home wasn't much more fun than it was here. I bet the dirty dogs had more to eat than we did tho. What are we going to do; we have no airplanes. If the 27th bomb is sacrificed over here for nothing, I'm going to shoot a dozen thousand of those low isolationist congressmen who wouldn't spend any money on an air force. Heard the three boys I sent to Corregidor made it safely, though two nosed over on landing. The cook's name is **Drake** and bless his heart, he baked some biscuits today. We named them Drake's Cakes! We sent some trucks up to Guagua to pick up some food supplies. They got bombed there but got

back with the food. It will be worth it later. It now seems that the rout out of Manila wasn't necessary at all -- The Japs aren't in Manila yet. What in hell was Hq thinking of!

December 29, 1941

They bombed the hell out of Corregidor yesterday. I sat on the beach about a mile and a half away and watched it. It was good bombing but I understand that casualties were only 30 or so. After all the bombs (66 tons) that's light. There are some fires still burning. The AA got two of the Nips. We are teaching our men some infantry drill and how to shoot. I guess we'll be infantrymen after all. I was dumb enough at West Point to make a good paddlefoot.

December 30, 1941

Corregidor bombed again today. The Japs do a pretty fair job of it too -- better than I thought to expect. One AA burst hit the lead ship of a flight of 3 directly in the bomb bay. The bombs blew up and blew up the two ships on the wing. All 3 came down in bits. One of the boys brought in a case of Old Grandad from Manila. Our last trip there. All the officers took a bottle -- one was left over so we all signed it and put it in the safe to be drunk by those of us left when and if we get out of here. We got a job -- we are taking over Bataan Field. Guess we'll keep it and run the operations but we have no ships. Maybe I can at least get checked off on a P-40. There are only 12 left.

December 31, 1941

Looked our field over good today. Set up a site for operations and engineering. The men are pleased because they can get to work on some airplanes. They're a grand bunch -- the communication section is laying lines this p.m. I'm to be operations officer. Bender is to be my asst. This is a great deal like Neilson Field and I guess we'll get bombed a good bit.

January 1, 1942

**Pete** and I went down to Limay last night with a quart apiece of "Old Grandad". There were several other officers we know there. Namely [Lt.] Goodman who took care of me while I was in the hospital before the war. He took me without leave or permission (AWOL) from the hospital to his quarters for supper. I deeply appreciated it, truly a kindness and the sort of thoughtfulness not usually found in friends. Anyway, I meant to repay the Doc his hospitality last night with a now precious and bare quart of whiskey. To my surprize he had one himself. He invited some nurses in and we had a rather "forced" gay evening. The shadow of this war is hard to black out but we managed nevertheless to do rather well. I hope this New Year will bring Julia and I back together on account of that's all I ask for. Today was dull. I expect things to pop before long; as soon as the enemy can get ready.

January 2, 1942

And so starts the popping -- the enemy began to come over in flights of nine at about 11:00 a.m. flying at 25,000 feet. They blasted Corregidor for over two

hours. Several big fires were started and I sat outside on the beach and watched it all. If I had had a camera I could have made more historic shots. It was a horrible exhibition. The reports are tonight that only a few were hurt though. I could hardly see how anyone survived it. I guess their tunnels saved them. The Japs entered Manila today.

January 3, 1942

Corregidor was hit again today. It seems the anti-aircraft made a mess out of quite a few of the bombers but I did not see any actually fall, though I did see three blow up in mid air from a direct hit in the bomb bay of the lead ship. Four of twelve dive bombers fell into the bay just outside my line of sight. Seven flights of high bombers bombed a destroyer in the bay but the dest. dodged out of the way every time. It was fine -- Mariveles caught it too. We have had a truck into Manila bring out supplies every day until yesterday. I think we have a better set up than the best of the units. **Drake (Pfc)** is baking biscuits which we call "Drake's Cakes".

January 4, 1942

We ourselves took a pasting today. From 8:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. we were hit seven times. It was the worst time I had since the war started. We had only one casualty however, and they dropped almost 300 bombs. Very little damage to the field either. Corregidor wasn't hit again. I have to admit that it scared me badly but we took it pretty good I thought.

January 5, 1942

The Japs can sit across the bay and watch everything we do on the field. It's going to be a tough job alright. We heard a rumor that Russia bombed Tokyo for 6-1/2 hours and declared war. I doubt it tho. But anything to make the situation look better. I guess it will be four months or more before the U.S. can relieve the situation out here. Bombs hit again today -- no damage but a lot of dust.

January 6, 1942

Last night as I drove across a bridge below our camp at Cabcabena a guard stopped me and said, "Do you have your gun and tin hat?" I said, "Yes, why?" He said, "60 Japs have landed at Kilometer Post 150 and are landing." I said, "What Kilometer Post is this?" "160" he said. We nearly fell out of the car. Anyhow there were no Japs but we were more or less excited for time being. Little action today but we got our place of business [Bataan Field] fairly well fixed up

January 7, 1942

Took another pasting today. A Jap fighter jumped two of our taking off and they went at it hot and heavy right over the middle of the field. It is very hot and dusty. We have had no rain since the war began. We are in a very precarious place here but I have confidence that the U.S. will do something about it before summer. (Like Hell)

January 8, 1942

Same old stuff. The powers that be think we have an air force, as our boys do good once in awhile, so they send them out (try to, I mean) continually. We won't last a week if we did all they said. Had a little fight on the front last night. They all moved back to new lines. The shoe pinches some now.

January 9, 1942

My foot is some better but not much. I wonder if this is permanent. It has been over a month since I first sprained it and it hasn't healed like it should. There's nothing I can do for it either on account of there are no facilities here. We got pushed around again. Getting awfully tired of it. They can't bomb worth a darn. We painted a great white circle in the runway for them to put their sights on. They dropped nine duds today. To our amazement and sense of humor they were bombs abandoned by us at Clark Field. The gross Nips forgot to put a fuze in them before they were dropped.

January 10, 1942

All would be well I think if we had some decent food to eat. Two meals a day and half rations is not sufficient. We have been eating the first meal at 8:00 a.m. and the last at 4:00 p.m. and I just about starve to death around 2:00 p.m. The boys are doing pretty well and holding up ok. When I asked for volunteers to make up a night guard around camp they were quick to whistle so that they could get off Bataan Field. We've been working and are still.

January 11, 1942

Got the order today to organize the outfit into a provisional infantry company. That, of course, was expected since we had no airplanes to drive. I've been thinking that with my training before maybe I could help out some on the front but don't know. Anyway, I made out the poop sheet and the men, as could, started firing for practice on the beach.

January 12, 1942

I took part of the sq. and went to our new camp site. It's not got enough water but it will do. It's cleaner, safer, and cooler. We're close to our place of business too and that's nice. We don't have to sweat out that made dash across the runway again -- much. We are building a dam and spillway so we can take a bath some day.

January 13, 1942

I'm trying to build a place to sleep up off the ground -- if we're to stay here and operate this field for as long as (indefinitely) why than we may as well be comfortable -- as can be, rather. Heard the news from Tokyo tonight and they claim that they will have driven us into the sea by the 15th -- not on their life! They're arrogant bastards now that they're winning. It seems a shame that we had to sit by and let this happen. Wheeler, Nye and Lindburgh sure sold us out -- among other people. They bombed us again.



January 11, 1942

The news from Frisco, which we have heard these last three days, has been gloomy. I imagine by the first of May or June that the U.S. will be ready to show its hand some way. From what I have seen and heard as 1st hand information we will really have to hit them like a steam roller to do any good. One more day of grace -- we're going to be driven into the sea tomorrow, Ha! Wish people in the states would quit sending us their heartfelt wishes and praises of the work we're doing and instead start sending things to fight with. Not here but somewhere where they can dig in and knock hell out of these yellow Japs.

January 15, 1942

Of all things, a telegram from Mother just flew in! Seems she sent it Xmas and it has been knocking about Corregidor ever since the 6th when it arrived. She wants me to answer it and it worries me that maybe she will be real upset on account there's absolutely no word I can get to her. There was no more out of the Japs today -- i.e. we didn't have to swim out of it. Routine stuff -- Buddy Rowe whom I knew back at Tuscaloosa [Flying School], we had the same instructor, is here. He's a good little guy. It's nice to see old friends.

January 18, 1942

The dam I have been supervising more or less turned out to be fine. We built a long sluice down to the kitchen area and put up a platform where we can take showers. It's mighty fine and quite a relief. I didn't get a bath for a week until now and I sorely needed it even after the first day. The water is real cold and fresh if not so clean. They put a few holes in our runway today but didn't hit the target circle. Col. Vance cracked up our A-27 last night trying to fly to Del Monte. He must have been asleep.

January 19, 1942

This seems to be the situation up to date -- this island has been by-passed by the main Jap army and the fight is now on in Malaya [*Malasia*]. Most of their heavy bombers went south too and I hazard that the Japs have only some 50 ships of all types in this theater. At intervals the Japs make minor sorties with fairly big patrols which **Frisen** now calls posies - not so. The 155's than pound the patrols all night and the next day we move back. Not as big a fight as one would think. They have aerial observation over the field, the lines and elsewhere 24 hours. It's hard on your nerves to listen to them drone back and forth. We've given up all hope of getting back into the air. But it's smart of the Japs to first leave a holding force in front of us. Eventually food must give out or else we get help. That latter is of course an impossibility at present -- Lesson 2 -- You can not move surface vessels within range of land based aviation -- if you don't want to lose it. Carriers might protect it -- for a while. The rule applies however.

January 20, 1942

Rule three -- to sink any ship by bomb. It is easier and more quickly done to

hit the stern or bow where the projectile can penetrate the hull and explode. If the bomb hits the superstructure it damages the ship, of course, but does not hurt the hull for it explodes before it enters the hull. Dive bombers take note -- A 650 lb bomb will sink a battleship - proven.

January 21, 1942

A Sgt. told me today that his CO told him that he saw so many U.S. aircraft fly by that he couldn't count them. Also that the Air Corps orders to keep 50 of them on the ground for two days to protect the convoy coming in. That's awfully bad for morale for when the poor guy finds out what a stinking lie that is he's going to feel terrible. I happen to know that we have eight ships and they're all shot up. We can't even fly them either cause there's so many Nips about. Well, one more raid this p.m. Two officers got it when they were running for a hole. Moral - - don't run but lie down wherever you are.

January 22, 1942

We sure have very little to eat anymore. No one says too much about it. [Lt.] Savage does the best he knows how to scratch up some here and there, but it isn't enough. We're still on two meals a day and those are half rations. Most everyone is under weight. I just hope there's no chance of an epidemic for if there is any sickness it won't help the guys to be weak to begin with. The usual day today. Nothing doing much -- some of the P-40's took a run over Manila last night and bombed my old field (Neilson). It never was bombed while I was there. The news from Frisco is bad - - -

January 23, 1942

Went up to the front today to take a couple of guys back to their outfit. The 155's were shelling something and getting shelled in return. It wasn't awfully close but I was uneasy until I got my fat fanny out of the joint. There was barbed wire all over the rice paddys and a tank here and there. It smelled not too good but not much worse than other places around about. Guys were patrolling about with fixe bayonets -- just so it was all real and horrible. They aren't getting anymore to eat than we are. Was covered with dust when I got back and it was sure good to crawl in the creek and shiver awhile.

January 24, 1942

Our food situation is terrible. A Colonel came around to our camp in the jungle and searched all over trying to find extra food we might have cached away. He found none -- we had a little but it wasn't much. We only eat two meals a day with no bread or anything good. They're half rations of the same thing for both meals rice and hash. Once in awhile a little canned tomato. The Japs bombed the ice house in Corregidor and we lost a lot of meat. Andy Anderson was shot down and killed yesterday. He was a fine fellow. The bastards strafed him when he bailed out. Andy fell the last 1000 feet without benefit of his chute -- damn them. They have no rules.

January 25, 1942

**Steve** and **Bender** and **Stafford** and I are leaving on a secret mission today. I don't know what it is. Maybe we are going south but I don't know how in hell we'd go. Anyway, it doesn't look as if we are going back to the sq. We hated telling the boys goodbye. I love these enlisted men. They're the salt of the earth and the backbone of the Army. **Ruskin**, **Smith**, all of them. **Dillard**, **Savage**, **Cannon**, **Roth**, all of the 16th Sq. are staying behind. They're my boys and I promised I'd be back. I left most of my little possessions in the safe. [The clarinet one of the Sgts. gave me was in the safe.] We are going down to sleep at **Col. Georges** pursuit camp tonight. We can only carry 25 pounds of baggage. I don't need a thing but Julia's picture. I love her too damn much.

January 26, 1942

After sweating out our going somewhere all day, at 5:00 p.m. we went to Mariveles and got on a launch for Corregidor. Slept on the ground last night. Damn if John Willis wasn't the Navy guy on the launch. He knows my wife, John Creech, Coky, everyone -- He's from Winston. I think I've met him in N.C. somewhere. He gave me a wire to send. We're to meet tonight for a chat. Still in the dark about our move, but John said he thinks we're leaving on a sub. My, My! He knows Creech real well.

January 27, 1942

Met a bunch of my classmates on the Rock [Corregidor] today. They're all trying to be optimistic but I know Corregidor will fall as soon as the food gives out on Bataan. Gus Cullen, who was a real good friend of mine at W. P., is a battery CO here. The Japs are setting up big field guns where they can fire on the Rock from the south coast of Manila Bay. Our gunners say they're just waiting till the Nips put in the last gun before they blow them out. Watched the Nips dive bomb Bataan Field this p.m. The poor 16th. We're leaving on a sub tomorrow or the next day. I hate to leave the boys. But somehow I want a chance to fight in the air. That's why we're leaving.

January 28, 1942

Still no sub. All day we've played bridge and inspected the damage done by the Jap bombers. It isn't bad. Everyone lives in the tunnels. The AA on Corregidor has scored 143 Japs shot down so far. A good score. They are real spooony here. **Pete** and I have full beards and mustaches and we have no clean clothes. We are quite a contrast. **Gen. MacArthur** and family live next door to us in a house. We eat at the same place. He seems calm.

January 29, 1942

I guess we aren't going. The sub hasn't come. Just as well. I feel as if we're running out on the boys. Meanwhile I've had a bath and had my beard trimmed. I feel fairly good but depressed over our future. How in hell are we going to get out of here. The Japs are just waiting on us to starve to death. **Col. Vance** thinks we can do something, I don't know what. The "goon" **Sterling** is still up on the front. Guess he's having a time getting that "Nip" before breakfast -- at least a nip out of a bottle.

So far those boys up there haven't seen a Jap. They're on the reserve line.

January 30, 1942

The [sub\(209\)](#) came in last night. I saw her when she surfaced. She's quite big but I bet we're cramped. We're to leave tonight at midnight. I saw Willis and he isn't going. He seems to be cheerful. It's a wonder some of these high ranking Joes don't crowd us out. Played poker till 1? with some Navy guys and I cleaned them. It's a good thing -- they can't spend their dough and I'm broke. We still don't know where we're going.

January 31, 1942

Sailed at 1 p.m. It felt funny when she submerged. It's a good big sub. I went first to the galley and never will I forget the taste of a jar of sandwich spread I found on the table. It was delicious and I had forgotten what good food tasted like. I'm to sleep in one of the crew's bed while he works. They have plenty of food. Coffee too! They promise us turkey too. I doubt that. There are 24 of us passengers. Twelve Navy Air Corps and twelve Army AC. They're all punks like me, except **Col. Vance** and **Doc Monocco** (?). So I guess we're going for a purpose. The Col. says he'll tell us tomorrow. This sub is ok. The food is anyway.

February 1, 1942

We're down a bit from Corregidor headed south, our destination either Java or Australia. We think we may be able to fly back to Bataan. Hot hell! I'm waxing fat with this food, it's delicious. Plenty of it and always coffee at any hour. The boys say this food is a little bit better than usual, they got it off a bombed ship in Darwin. Fine -- I volunteered for a watch on deck when we surface on nights. It's fun and I think I would like sub life. The Captain and his crew are sure fine men. I've struck up a good friendship with the sec in command -- [Mr. Deragon](#). He's Annapolis '39. We know people. He says he was surprised I liked subs. I'd like six months duty aboard but no more.

February 2, 1942

Made an approach on a lighthouse today thinking it was the top of a boat from a distance, ha! The food is terrific! We listen to the radio after we surface at night. There's a terrible battle going on in Macassar Straits and we're headed that way. Hope we get there in time to help. We've lots of torpedoes but nothing to use them on. [Captain Warder](#), Navy, is a fine guy. He's teaching me how to run a sub. I read part of the time we're under water. They have a fine library. Most of the crew have beards as I do. They're a fine looking lot, big and brawny and very, very capable.

February 3, 1942

Entering Macassar Straits tomorrow. Still seems the battle is on. We're praying. It would be fine to sink a few Nip ships! We're getting a lot of bridge in. **Col. Vance** and I skinned **Steve** and Major Anderson today. The equator is near. Guess I'll get my beard shaved off when we pass it. This a great experience. I can hardly wait to tell my beautiful wife about it. She would love it and will envy me this

privilege. Surabaya was bombed yesterday so the Japs may beat us there. Heard **Major Davies** may have been caught in Macassar when the Japs pulled in there. Sure hope not.

February 4, 1942

Stayed on the bridge all last night hoping to see some action but we had no luck. We're right in the middle of this Strait battle and I'd like to see it. All the sailors have their fingers crossed for luck. The news from Frisco stinks except for this Straits battle. We stay down about 60 feet all day and surface at night. The air gets rather thin just before we surface due to all the passengers. We sweat easily then and feel like gasping for breath. Actually the oxygen content is plenty high and we are no where near to suffocating.

February 5, 1942

It looks as if Singapore is going to fall. It has all along, but somehow after all the propaganda the British have put out through the years on Singapore I never felt that the Japs could push right on across the Straits of Jahore. They will if the British don't get some air force in quickly. It's too late now I'm afraid. Stayed on deck last night looking for dead Japs to float by. Saw none.

The war in the Pacific will sure put us back with the fall of Singapore. Sumatra, Java, New Guinea will all fall if Singapore does. Australia too probably if the Japs feel like going that far. We had a big turkey dinner yesterday, all the trimmings. Equator passed today. My first time.

February 7, 1942

We'll get in tomorrow -- we must have missed a check point! Ha. Everyone (all us landlubbers) will be glad to get off and get a good bath. Too, (this is delicate) we can't work all the valves and pumps on the head (toilet) very well. If you don't work it just right and twist valves and pump why you're liable to have the whole mess blow right back out of the place. That would be rather untidy. Anyway, it has been something that money wouldn't buy, this trip has. I will hate to leave some of these fine fellows. They do a grand job and have my admiration -- they aren't scared of the devil. Anyhow, land ho!

February 8, 1942

It certainly is a pleasure to have a meal with all the trimmings. And of course, it is so much better to be getting a full supply of oxygen in the morning. We went out to have a beer and ran right into an air raid. It was quite the naval thing, and we got a beer and waited until it was over. Walked around and looked for American books and Time magazine but found none of it being Sunday. Anyway, we are rapidly acquiring again a taste for the luxuries of life -- beer, chocolate candy, coffee, good food, mattresses, baths, etc. This is quite a place. The men wear dresses and caps and everyone rides a bicycle. The Dutch just drink beer and sit.

The landing wasn't much. In the channel we couldn't dive on account of shallow water and I knew we were going to be bombed -- no such luck. Capt. Kurtz met us at the dock. A young, goodlooking boy but sort of fastidious.

February 9, 1942

Major Sprague is coming today so maybe we can get some news of what's to be done with us. We are getting impatient naturally. I bought a new pair of shoes today and some shaving articles. I hope I can keep these shoes longer than the pair Julia bought me in Frisco. Kertz and I went out later in the p.m. to a movie and later for a drink. He may be able to fix me up with something to do I like better than sitting on the ground. The movie was K. Hepburn in Philadelphia Story which Julia and I saw in Montgomery when she came to visit me in Feb of '41. There are no new magazines from the States. I was anticipating that very much.

February 10, 1942

**Major Vance** gave me a watch today which I needed very badly as on the night of December 24th on our evacuation I threw my Elgin into Manila Bay as the stem broke on winding it. We are going at 3:00 p.m. to our new job and so we're doing nothing at all today but waiting and discussing possibilities over beer bottles. **Stafford** had trouble last night and he is getting a great deal of hasing. The car came for us at 6:00 and on account of he was late we had much too much beer. So rather loudly we wended our way, getting lost twice, to our new jobs.

February 11, 1942

I got to Ngord about 11:00 p.m. last night and found a place to stay for the night. We routed a very pessimistic Dutch private out of bed and he in turn got some coolies up who fed us some very tough meat and vegetables. However, it was food and better than the hash and "corned willy" which we are used to normally. And so today we are trying to get acquainted with our new jobs. I am to be more or less a field operations officer which means that I see that camouflage, gas, and other administrative details are taken care of. At least I have hopes of getting to fly one of these days though maybe not fighter planes. At 5:30 p.m. we went home and I moved my things to the place I'm to stay. Before supper I had a big bottle of cold beer which tasted like manna. To bed early in order to get up early.

February 12, 1942

My second day in here. It's not at all what I had rather do but then I have nothing at all to do with it. It doesn't seem that they are anxious to have us fly this type of ship [P-40]. Didn't do anything unusual. More or less stand around and do things that anyone could do and I could be somewhere else flying.

February 13, 1942

Just routine stuff. We hear that Singapore is bad off. But we expected that. The British sure do things a funny way. Not at all usually. The place is a behive of industry. We have a nice quiet setup and it is most peaceful. We are getting ourselves back into shape again. But for how long?

February 14, 1942

We have been augmented by a few P-40's and have now the same number

as Julia wishes she was old. That's not enough by about 2000, however. I am concerned over some things they do here but no one listens when Pete and I tell them. We still have our beer for supper and the food is fine especially when I think about what we ate in the P.I.

February 15, 1942

Some of the boys took a whack at the paratroops in Palembang. They had fun, got back ok, and seemed to have done a good job on four. The Major [Sprague] is very aggressive and a good pilot. The Dutch are very good to us and try to help out. Have had a call in to Julia for a week but no results so far. Am placing machine guns, camouflaging, and otherwise trying to do this and that. Singapore fell today. That will hurt bad !!

February 16, 1942

There are more things that we do that I think should be done differently but then I can't do anything about it and I have gotten into trouble expressing myself. Well, they'll learn like we learned in the Phil -- the hard way. But it won't be long before they learn and while we have time something should be done.

February 17, 1942

The day has come, I guess. Anyway the Japs have gone back with five less bombers and two less fighters. We lost none -- the AA, of course, is silent. It was a good day and I imagine that it will be quite a bigger production tomorrow. Sat around and sweated it out for the afternoon.

February 18, 1942

And today the story was the same but bigger -- no bomber but the fighters came and went back with five less and maybe more than five and we did ok with ours too. A couple tried out their parachutes. Cy [Bianton\(210\)](#) had me worried but he rolled in from Surabaya later.

February 19, 1942

Hear that some of our crowd from the 27th are around. Have not seen any of them. Heard that **Summers** and **Galusha** got a hit on a cruiser and transport all by themselves. It was good work. Wish I could see **Zeke**. He's a good boy. They were told to take off and fly around till a raid was over and come back -- but no, they went on down to Bali and laid their eggs. They ought to be decorated.

February 20, 1942

Went to Surabaya today to get some money to pay the troops with. Drew 14,523.57 not near enough to pay off. I'll make a partial payment I guess. Saw Frank Kertz. Saw **Steve**. An air raid came on at 10:00 and I got caught in the bank. Everyone tore out like mad and I had to leave to keep from being locked up with all the money. Came back two hours later and got the money. Ate lunch at the Oranje Hotel with the boys and went back to the bank for a minute. Spent the night at the

Oranje.

February 21, 1942

Saw **Zeke** today. We had a couple of beers together. He's much elated over the two cruisers he has sunk. I'm real glad he is done so good -- more credit to him because his airplane [A-24] is so stinky [no combat ship]. Went back up to the field today. Had to identify "Chief" Field in the morgue before I left town tho. He looked horrible and I felt real bad after having identified him, through an American penny in his pocket mostly. I have an awful feeling about Java. The Japs will certainly take a crack at it and I know it'll fall flatter than a cake and twice as quick. We can't get anymore airplanes because Bali and Timor have fallen. My telephone call to Julia hasn't gone thru and I'm scared it won't either. I know she thinks I'm dead.

February 22, 1942

I haven't written much about the pursuit fellows I'm working with. They are doing a grand job. They got six bomber and three Zeros about a week ago and lost none. Later they got two and two and lost one pilot. The food is atrocious -- hardly edible. Natives cook it and under the most unsanitary conditions I ever saw. Dutch women (all fat and forty but splendid people) supervise the cooking but they can't help it much. Oh, well, it won't be long and we may as well get used to it, for the Japs don't cook even this good and it's all rice. **I don't see how I'm to get out of this one if the Japs come. It was, of course, a miracle about Bataan but this one will have to be too.**

February 23, 1942

I understand from G-2 that the Japs have a large convoy coming down this was from two directions. It will surely take another Macassar Sts Battle to stop them but the boys in the Navy probably know that. The pursuit lost a couple of pilots today but they caught the Japs and shot down three before they got it. This Heinekens Beer is certainly fine. The bottles are twice as big as an American bottle and two of them give me quite a buzz. However, it's far and again the best beer I have ever had. When we hit for the hills I'll have to take a couple of bottles along. Some guys got there calls thru to the States tonight -- I'm scared to death I won't be able to talk to Julia before the Japs come.

February 24, 1942

Went to Surabaya today. Tried to push my call thru but no luck. Had an air raid, no bombs very close tho. Drew some more dough for the boys. This dough is hard to handle, I don't know its worth too well.

February 25, 1942

We've decided to write our own orders to get out of Java. They're taking all the pursuit pilots out but there have been no provisions made for **Bender, Stafford** or **McAfee**. I wrote the orders and H. Mc Calleen signed them. They say - OK to leave if you can make it. The Japs are expected off the coast tomorrow and to land about 4 p.m. Everyone is going. One half the pursuit boys left tonight. I sent **Pete**



to Bandocing to repair an elevator bar to this C-52. He ought to be back tomorrow. The Japs will probably burn up our ship before then.

February 26, 1942

Talked to Julia last night! God bless her. I cried the whole time I talked to her. She has been in a flying school she says. That scares me to death. I'm going to wire her to stop flying right away. She seem in good health.

We're going to try to leave at 1:00 p.m. tonight on the C-52 if **Pete** gets back. The Japs are off the coast and not expected to land until tomorrow. **Zeke** and **Bachus** bombed it today I heard.

February 27, 1942

Tried to take off last night , the right engine quit on take-off so we didn't make it. The Japs got on yesterday afternoon. **Pete** and I have been working harder than hell trying to get the ship ready. There are so many Japs over the island we're scared to take off in daylight. We're going to try again tonight if the Japs don't beat us to it. There was water in the right engine last night. That was close.

February 28, 1942

We made it. Brought with us two women (one pregnant and one with baby). Found a wreck (DC-3) on coast of Australia as we came in. Landed at a mission on coast to gas and reported wreck, survivors were waving flags. Landed at Daly Waters at 2:00 p.m. Saw **Salvatore** and **Birnn**. Wired **Col. Davies** at Batchelor that we were in Australia! We feel fine and are again safely out of the way of the Japs. for how long? Slept good.

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## USS SEAWOLF SS197

(211)

Included here is a composite of some excerpts from [three web sites\(212\)](#) with historical background information about the submarine which took **Stafford, McAfee, Bender** and **Stephenson** from Corregidor to Surabaya, Java.



Launch, Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, Kittery, Maine, 15 August 1939



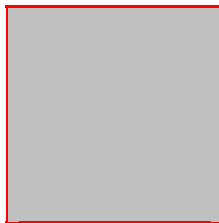
Launch, Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, Kittery, Maine, 15 August 1939



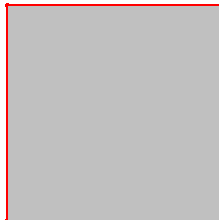
USS Seawolf SS 197 shortly after completion



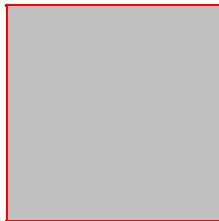
USS Seawolf SS 197



5 August 1940 - USS Seawolf SS 197



USS Seawolf SS 197 under Brooklyn Bridge



5 August 1940 - Portsmouth, NH - Officers and Crew

UNIT HISTORY-27th BOMB GROUP (L)  
G. Wayne Dow



(names in red mean lost in the war)

First Row, L to R:

Mac Dowell, (lost at Corregidor); Wilcoxon; Lt. Kinsella; Lt. Adkins; Cdr. (Fearless Freddy) Warder; Lt. Deragon; Lt Holden; Watts; Jobe

Second Row:

Butler (lost on Tullibee); Tremblay; Langford; Delnigro; Metz; Capece; Perry (lost at Corregidor); Hershey; Bennet; Leffingwell

Third Row:

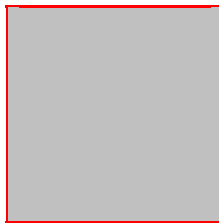
Sandridge (killed at Perth); Lober; Baker; Carney; Cross; Apperson; Sullivan; Crawford; Harris; Lamberson; Eckberg; Franz

Fourth Row:

Campbell; Connely; Jenkins; Hutchinson; Gervais; Butler; Rajjotte; Poole (lost on the Flier); Lipham

Fifth Row:

Enslin; Street; Kibbons (lost on Shark); Mocarsky; Evans; Crane; Bateman; Dvorack; Randazzo; Hickman; Dishman; Rozel; Parden



USS Seawolf SS 197 - 7 March 1943

DISPLACEMENT - 2350 tons (submerged)  
LENGTH - 311 feet  
BEAM - 27 feet  
SPEED - 20 knots (surf), 8.75 knots (submerged)  
MAX OPERATING DEPTH - 250 feet  
ARMAMENT - Four 21 inch torpedo tubes forward and aft  
CREW - Approx. 55  
LAUNCHED - August 15, 1939

COMMISSIONED - December 1, 1939  
DECOMMISSIONED - Lost at Sea, October 1944

Commanding Officers

1939 - 1942 - LCDR F. B. Warder, USN

1943 - 1944 - LCDR R. L. Gross, USN

1944 - 1944 - LCDR R. B. Lynch, USN

1944 - LCDR A. L. Bontier, USN

The keel was laid by Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, Portsmouth, NH on 27 September 1938 and Launched on 15 August 1939. She was sponsored by Mrs. Edward C. Kalbfus. USS SEAWOLF (SS-197) was commissioned 1 December 1939 with LCDR Frederick B. Warder in command.

During her 14 wartime patrols, USS SEAWOLF sank 27 and damaged 13 enemy ships for a total ships sunk tonnage of 108,600 and 69,600 for ships damaged. On the first day of the war she started patrolling off northern Luzon and returned with no damage to her credit. On her 2nd patrol through the passage from Manila to Port Darwin she did not encounter any enemy ships. On her 3rd patrol in January 1942, USS SEAWOLF (SS 197) SEAWOLF transported a cargo of .50 caliber anti-aircraft ammunition to Corregidor and passengers to Surabaya.

However, on her 4th patrol in the Lompoc Straits, SEAWOLF sank an enemy transport and damaged three light cruisers, two transports and a freighter. For this she received the Navy Unit Commendation. On her 5th patrol, she sank a freighter in the Philippines area, and on her 6th patrol she sank a tanker and freighter-transport and damaged another tanker in the Makassar Strait.

On her 7th patrol, SEAWOLF made the passage from Fremantle to Pearl Harbor and patrolled at Davao Gulf, Palau, and YAP enroute. On 3 November 1942 she sank the Japanese freighter-transport Sagami Maru 40 miles inside the mouth of Davao Gulf. On this same patrol, she also sank two freighter-transports and damaged a freighter. On her 8th patrol in the Bonins-Formosa area, SEAWOLF sank a large freighter, tanker, and two sampans. On 23 April 1943 she sank a converted Japanese destroyer. On her 9th patrol while in transit to the Chinese coast off northern Formosa, she sank a freighter-transport, a sampan and damaged a destroyer escort.

During August and September 1943, SEAWOLF patrolled the East China Sea for her 10th patrol and sank three large freighters, two sampans and damaged a third sampan. On her 11th patrol in the South China Sea she sank a large freighter transport, an unidentified ship and damaged a freighter.

On her 12th patrol, in the East China Sea north of Formosa, SEAWOLF sank a freighter transport, three freighters and damaged three other freighters. Her 13th patrol was a photographic reconnaissance mission of Palau, where she also rescued two downed aviators from a U.S. carrier raid.

To begin her 15th and final patrol, USS SEAWOLF, under the command of LCDR A. M. Bontier, left Brisbane on 21 September 1944 and arrived at Manus on

29 September. She was directed to carry certain stores and Army personnel to the east coast of Samar, and she left Manus that same day. On 3 October 1944, SEAWOLF and USS NARWHAL (SS-167) exchanged SJ radar recognition signals at 0756. An enemy submarine attacked and sank the USS SHELTON (DE407). Three of the four friendly submarines in the vicinity of this attack reported their positions as directed, but SEAWOLF was not heard from. On 4 October 1944, when again directed to report her position, SEAWOLF did not respond.

Unaware of other friendly submarines in the area, the USS ROWELL (SS403) and U.S. aircraft had attacked a submarine in the vicinity of the SHELTON, and it was thought that SEAWOLF must be held down by these antisubmarine operations. It is possible that SEAWOLF had been the attacked submarine.

The report from ROWELL indicates that an apparently lethal attack was conducted in conjunction with a plane that marked the spot with dye. ROWELL established sound contact on the submarine, which sent long dashed and dots which ROWELL states bore no resemblance to the existing recognition signals. After one of several hedgehog attacks a small amount of debris and a large air bubble were seen.

It has been established that the Japanese submarine RO-41 sank SHELTON on 3 October 1944 and was able to return to Japan. In addition, there is no attack listed in the Japanese report of antisubmarine attacks which could account for the loss of the SEAWOLF. In view of these facts, it is possible that SEAWOLF was sunk by friendly forces in an antisubmarine attack on 3 October 1944. It is also possible that she was lost to an operational casualty or as a result of an unrecorded enemy attack.

USS Seawolf sank taking 102 men to the bottom of the ocean. 14 aboard were US Army personnel.

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## **27th BOMBARDMENT GROUP (L) IN AUSTRALIA DURING WWII**

For additional information see:

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/27bg.htm>

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## **3rd BOMB GROUP (LIGHT) IN WORLD WAR II**

For additional information see:

<http://kalaniosullivan.com/KunsanAB/3rdBW/Howitwasa.html>

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## **REINFORCEMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES**

For additional information see:

<http://www.ibiblio.org/hyperwar/USA/USA-P-PI/USA-P-PI-3.html>

## SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE



(213)

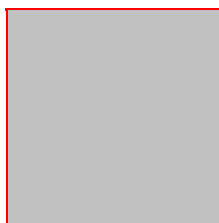
The *SS President Coolidge* was launched in February 1931 and made her maiden voyage on 15 October 1931. Sailing under the flag of the Dollar Steamship Line and later the American President Lines, she plied trans Pacific routes out of San Francisco to the Far East.

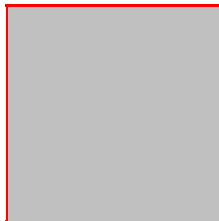
On the scale of passenger liners being built at that time in Europe, the *Coolidge* was not all that big. The ship was 654 feet 3 inches long, 81 feet wide, 34 feet deep and with a gross tonnage of 21,936 tons. Displacement was 30,924 tons and cargo capacity was 608,850 cubic feet. The *Coolidge* was powered by turbo-electric engines which turned twin props. A cruising speed of over 20 knots was possible and maximum speed of at least 22.2 knots.

As well as being a passenger liner (214 to 307 First Class, 133 Special Class, 170 Third Class, 380 Steerage Class - Total 990 maximum plus 324 crew giving 1,312 people), the *Coolidge* had seven cargo holds, one of which was refrigerated. This cargo space was 633,000 cubic feet, of which about 70,000 cubic feet was refrigerated. Included in this cargo space was room to carry 100 cars. The ship had three levels above the deck and five below.

In 1935 General Douglas Macarthur was travelling from San Francisco to Manila in the Philippines to take up a job as special US Military Adviser (really command of the Philippine Armed Forces), a special role arranged between President Quezon and President Roosevelt when he met his second wife Jean Marie Faircloth (he later called her "my finest soldier"). Macarthur was travelling with his aide (he called him his best clerk), Major Dwight D. Eisenhower (later General and President of the USA). After their marriage in New York in 1937, the Macarthurs travelled on the 10 May voyage from San Francisco to Manila on the *Coolidge*.

On 6 March 1937 the *SS President Coolidge* left San Francisco on its regular west bound trip to Honolulu and Yokohama (its 31st voyage). As she approached the Golden Gate Bridge, a thick fog rolled in over the bay. At the same time, the SS Frank H. Buck, an Associated Oil tanker, entered San Francisco Bay. The ships collided head on and the *Frank H. Buck* was very badly damaged.



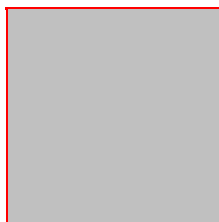
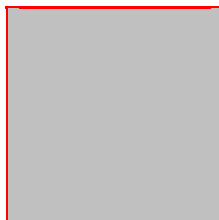


On 28 May 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared a state of national emergency and just four days later, on 2 June 1941, the ship was taken over by the Maritime Commission as a troop transport for the Army. On 15 July 1941 she left San Francisco on a voyage to Honolulu and the Philippines carrying, it is resumed, troops. On 4 August 1941, a [Japanese intelligence report\(214\)](#) sent from Manila to Tokyo reported "About six-hundred American soldiers have arrived in Manila on the Coolidge.

She returned from Manila with 250 Americans, originally intending to travel via Yokohama where she was to collect another 100 Americans but she was refused permission to enter Japan (this may not have been technically correct as a report states that she was able to enter and take home some officials, but not private citizens). The evacuees from Manila and Shanghai arrived in San Francisco on 28 August 1941.

The *Coolidge* left San Francisco on 8 September 1941 for the Orient, returning on 23 October 1941. During this trip the ship was reportedly "escorted" for part of the Honolulu to Manila section (presumably the last bit) by a cruiser and several patrol boats.

The ship again left San Francisco on 1 November 1941 for Honolulu (6 November) and Manila - **this was the voyage on which the Harry Roth, the other members of the 16th Bombardment Squadron, as well as those of the other flight squadrons (Hq, 17th and 91st) of the 27th Bombardment Group (L) travelled, arriving in Manila on 20 November 1941.**



21 Nov 1941 *President Coolidge* Post Card (showing the Coolidge in Hong Kong Harbor) from my uncle, Lt. Harry R. Roth, to me

The SS *President Coolidge* departed Manila on 27 November and was midway between Manila and Honolulu, when the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor occurred. She reached San Francisco on Christmas Day 1941, after taking a circuitous route around the South Pacific.

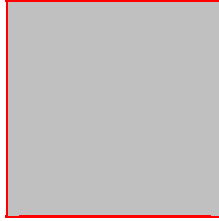
She was subsequently converted to a military troop ship able to carry over 5000 soldiers and for the next nine months the *Coolidge* was used to ferry troops and equipment across the Pacific to the war front. On 6 October 1942, the *Coolidge* sailed from San Francisco for New Caledonia (20 to 24 October) and Espiritu Santo in Vanuatu. This was the ship's last voyage



**THE FATE of the SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE**

(215)

**PAGE 1**



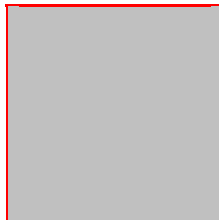
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**PAGE 4**



**PAGE 5**



**PAGE 6**



PAGE 7



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**PAGE 8**





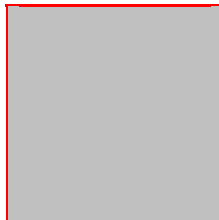
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**PAGE 9**



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**PAGE 10**



## AIRCRAFT

### DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC

This is the aircraft that my uncle was trained as a pilot to fly prior to World War II. This is the aircraft model that never arrived in the Philippine Islands for him to fly at the beginning of the war.

[\(larger version\)](#)

(216)

For additional information about this aircraft see:  
[http://home.att.net/~jbaugher4/a20\\_9.html](http://home.att.net/~jbaugher4/a20_9.html)

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## **DOUGLAS A-20A HAVOC**

(217)

For additional information about this aircraft see:  
[http://home.att.net/~jbaugher4/a20\\_10.html](http://home.att.net/~jbaugher4/a20_10.html)

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## **DOUGLAS A-24 DAUNTLESS**

For additional information about this aircraft see:  
[http://home.att.net/~jbaugher4/a24\\_1.html](http://home.att.net/~jbaugher4/a24_1.html)

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**MARCH FIELD MUSEUM LETTER (5 July 1988)**

(218)



## Endnotes

### 1 (Note)

The official distinctive insignia of the 27th Bombardment Group. This pin backed insignia is made of silver colored metal with blue and orange cloisonne. They were worn in pairs by authorized military personnel of the unit. The design was approved on 12 September 1940. The colors represent the Air Force with the clenched fist indicating strength and the magnolia, the Louisiana state flower, represents the station of origin of the organization. The unit was redesignated the 27th Fighter-Bomber Group in 1943, after the original unit was virtually wiped out defending the Philippines in 1942, and then redesignated again to the 27th Fighter Group in 1944.

### 2 (Note)

Other than infobase titles and initial headings, text highlighted in color usually represents a link point to a related item that can be accessed by double-clicking the left mouse button anywhere in the colored text area. **Blue highlighting** brings up a linked object (graphic) or scanned image of a document or picture. **Red highlighting** brings up a jump link to another area of text in the infobase or to a specific point in a related but different infobase. **Violet highlighting** brings up a pop-up box of explanatory material. **BOLD BLUE HIGHLIGHTING** usually brings up another program or takes you to another infobase.

Click [HERE for Quick Help and instructions](#) on how to use this FOLIO VIEWS program that is located in the Appendix of another infobase.

Use the icon  with the word "Contents" in the tool bar at the top of the screen to access the hyperlinked Table of Contents of this infobase.

### 3 (Note)

This "Contents Overview" is for use with .PDF file version only. If viewing the infobase (.NFO) version, click on "CONTENTS" in the tool bar above for direct jump links to each topic.

### 4 (Note)

The name of this linked infobase is ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY. Its DOS file name is HISTORY.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC A and DVD 1&2 and DVD 5&6.

### 5 (Note)

The name of this linked infobase is HARRY ROBERT ROTH. Its DOS file name is HARRY.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

### 6 (Note)

The name of this linked infobase is U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS. Its DOS file name is AIRCORPS.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U1 and DVD6.

### 7 (Note)

The name of this linked infobase is HARRY'S MILITARY RECORDS. Its DOS file name is HROTHMIL.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

### 8 (Note)

The name of this linked infobase is THE STEADFAST LINE. Its DOS file name is STEADFAS.NFO and

it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**9 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is SINKING OF THE ARISAN MARU. Its DOS file name is ARISAN.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**10 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is U.S.S. SNOOK versus U.S.S. SHARK II - 24 October 1944. Its DOS file name is USSSNOOK.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**11 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is SLEEP MY SONS - THE STORY OF THE ARISAN MARU. Its DOS file name is SLEEPMYS.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**12 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is RIDE THE WAVES TO FREEDOM.. Its DOS file name is RIDEWAVE.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**13 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is ARISAN MARU ROSTER. Its DOS file name is ARROSTER.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**14 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE. Its DOS file name is SAVAGE.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC O and DVD6.

**15 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is US AIR FORCE AWARDS CITATION CEREMONY. Its DOS file name is SAVAGE2.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC O and DVD6.

**16 (Popup)**

16mm film is quite small. As a result, the quality of the resulting 8-1/2" x 11" page reproductions from the film are of not very good quality - sometimes rendering small fonts unreadable.

**17 (Note)**

DN1389, pages 1 through 158.

**18 (Popup)**

These units are extensively covered in Mary Cathrin May's book "*The Steadfast Line.*"

**19 (Note)**

DN1389, selected pages from p.1 through 158, serial #4940-5097.

**20 (Note)**

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/31bg.htm>  
Page 3 of 12. See also OZatWar.PDF.

**21 (Note)**

Given to me by Columbus "Doc" Savage. On back he had written:  
"Kodak, Black & White shot made at Savannah Army Air Force Base  
Savannah, GA - 1941  
16th Bomb Sq. Officers  
Harry Roth in middle row 2nd from right end  
Mel Swenson 1st from right end"  
"Doc" said he is in back row because he did not show up for the photo with his jacket!

None of the officers in this picture are identified and I, having known none of the others, am unable to identify them with any degree of certainty.

**22 (Note)**

*National Geographic Magazine*, April 1988, p. 460

**23 (Note)**

This photograph supplied to me by Columbus Savage. See also [another print of this photo](#), as well as one taken at same time from slightly different perspective, taken by 2nd Lt Oliver C. Doan. It also appears on the following web site, with two people mis-identified:

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/27bg.htm>

**24 (Popup)**

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/27bg.htm>

**25 (Popup)**

On Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, California. Part of the San Francisco Port of Embarkation at the time. 1000-man barracks on right.

Departure for the Philippines was Fort McDowell, Angel Island, S.F., Calif.

**26 (Popup)**

The correct spelling of his last name is WOHLFELD.

**27 (Popup)**

Stephenson is the correct spelling..

**28 (Popup)**

There was no "66" on these orders.

**29 (Note)**

*American Heritage Picture History of World War II*, p.166.

DN1334, serial#4372, p.3 of 9 pages.

**30 (Popup)**

Note that the spelling of Neilson Field on this map is "Nielson". [Elsewhere in this infobase](#), the Army says the officially correct spelling is "Neilson". I don't know which is right.

Today there is no such field. The former Neilson Field was within the boundaries of Fort William Mc Kinley. Today this is called Fort Bonifacio and the former field is the site of the [Manila American](#)



[Cemetery and Memorial](#) where Harry Roth and others of the 27th who died in the war are interred or have their names inscribed on the wall of the missing.

**31 (Popup)**

The correct spelling of his last name is WOHLFELD.

**32 (Popup)**

This appears to be the correct spelling, not Scarborough as shown on first list.

**33 (Popup)**

There is nothing in the history that explains how or why [Lt. John \(Jack\) Wienert was able to get out of Bataan Field and go to Mindanao at the very last minute](#). I think it is safe to assume, however, that he did it the same way as Gerrity, with the help of [Ed Diess](#).

**34 (Popup)**

The correct spelling of his last name is WOHLFELD.

**35 (Note)**

Officers of the 3rd Bombardment Group, aka 3rd Attack Group, many of whom were formerly in the 27th Bombardment Group, "The Last Slug" at 26 Acland Stree, Charter Towers, Australia, 1942.

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/31bg.htm>

Page 8 of 12. See also OZatWar.PDF.

**36 (Popup)**

There is nothing in the history that explains how or why Lt. John (Jack) Wienert was able to get out of Bataan Field and go to Mindanao at the very last minute. I think it is safe to assume, however, that he did it the same way as Gerrity, with the help of [Ed Diess](#).

**37 (Note)**

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/heyn.htm> page 24 of 64

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/3bg01.jpg>

**38 (Popup)**

Captain Ed Diess became a hero in the US for his exploits. He was a pursuit pilot, commanding officer of the pursuit squadron at Bataan Field and the one who probably arranged the flight to get Gerrity out since the 27th Pursuit was regularly flying medical supplies from Mindanao to Bataan and [personnel and records from Bataan to Mindanao](#) at this time.

**39 (Popup)**

Name appears well over 30 times in history narrative. Name was on ["essential personnel"](#) list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Author's page of history show he received the Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star. Had an illustrious Air Force and retired as a Brigadier General in 1957. He died in Napa CA 1 September 1976. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See [photo at Charter Towers](#). Also, see [other photographs of him](#) from [27th Bomb Group web site](#).

**40 (Popup)**

Name appears nine times in history narrative. Name was on ["essential personnel"](#) list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. His name does not appear in Davies' 1 Aug 1942 memo - because he was transferred out to be a member of Gen. Brereton's staff. He had a long career in the Air Force, retiring as a Brigadier General in August 1961. He died 30 March 1973. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

**41 (Popup)**

Name never appears in history narrative. Name was not on ["essential personnel"](#) list. No further

information about him found in history. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

#### 42 (Popup)

Name appears once in the history narrative. Name is not on list of "[essential personnel](#)". Did not go to Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 Apr 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information about him.

#### 43 (Popup)

Name appears six times in history narrative, spelled "Sewall". Name was not on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942 when Bataan fell. Prisoner of war. No further information in the history. However, in Donald Knox's book "*Death March-The Survivors of Bataan*", Captain Mark M. Wohlfield mentions an incident involving Sewell as a prisoner of war. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 44 (Popup)

Name listed three times in history narrative. Name not on list of "[essential personnel](#)". Did not go to Australia. Assumed to have been captured 8/9 Dec 1942 when Bataan fell. Survived the War and was still living in September 2003 when I contacted him. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

#### 45 (Popup)

Name appears once in history narrative spelled "Wholfell". Name was not on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942 when Bataan fell. Prisoner of war. No further information about him in the history. He survived the war and was a contributor to Donald Knox's book "*Death March-The Survivors of Bataan*". Throughout the book he has contributed descriptions of his experiences as a prisoner of war, including his escape. He also makes mention of "Col" Sewell as being with him when he was captured. Extensive description of his escape from prisoner of war camp in Philippines can be found in Manny Lawton's book "*Some Survived-An Epic Account of Japanese Captivity During World War II*." The correct spelling of his last name is WOHLFELD. See additional information in the [biographical section](#) of the [Appendix](#) under his name.

#### 46 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Name is not on list of "[essential personnel](#)". Did not go to Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 Apr 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information about him.

#### 47 (Popup)

Name appears four times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Name shown in 1 Aug 1942 Davies memo as "Major Floyd. W. Rogers, Distinguished Flying Cross" dead or missing in action.

#### 48 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Name is not on list of "[essential personnel](#)". Did not go to Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 Apr 1942 when Bataan fell. See additional [biographic information](#).

#### 49 (Popup)

Name appears once in history narrative. A "Winfield S. Halton" as listed as captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 50 (Popup)

Name appears eleven times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Name shown in 1 Aug 1942 Davies memo as "1st Lt. Richard R. Birnn, Distinguished Flying Cross" dead or missing in action. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 51 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 52 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name appears twice in history (once as "Tony" and once as "Swenson"). Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. Name [appears on that list](#) as "Anthony L. Giebis" of Racine, WI. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 53 (Popup)

Name appears three times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Was one of authors of history. Described in Davies 1 Aug 1942 memo as "Major Ronaold D. Hubbard, Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star". See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

#### 54 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name did appear on [list of "essential personnel"](#) but did not go to Australia. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 55 (Popup)

Name never mentioned in the history narrative. Was not on the "[essential personnel](#)" list. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No further information.

#### 56 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Name was on list of "[essential personnel](#)" but he never left for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information.

#### 57 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name did appear on [list of "essential personnel"](#) but did not go to Australia. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See [photo](#) under [Biographical information](#) for Harry R. Roth. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 58 (Popup)

Name appears three times in the Philippine narrative. Was not on the list of "[essential personnel](#)". Was at Bataan Field with Columbus Savage, Sam Dillard and Harry Roth when Bataan fell 8/9 April 1942. Captured as prisoner of war. No additional information.

#### 59 (Popup)

Name appears six times in the Philippine history narrative. Name was on list of "[essential personnel](#)" but he never left for Australia. No other information about him in the history, which is curious because he was C.O. of the 16th Bomb Sq. until his last mention on 25 December 1941. However, he apparently left the Philippines before the surrender to the Japanese and had a long career in the Air Force, retiring 30 April 1967 with the rank of Brigadier General. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

#### 60 (Popup)

Name appears nine times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list.. He left the Philippines by submarine on 30 January 1942 for Java and ultimately Australia. See [SS Seawolf](#) in [Appendix](#). He does not appear, however, on Davies' 1 August 1942 list, so I assume he had earlier been transferred to another unit in Australia. Mentioned in [McAfee's diary](#) in [Appendix](#). No other information about him.

### 61 (Popup)

Name never mentioned in the Philippine history narrative. Name not on list of "[essential personnel](#)" and did not go to Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944, along with [Pearly H. Scarboro, Jr.](#) (DN1351 p.4), [Alvin E. Whalley](#) (DN1351 p.4), [Robert F. Mc Clure](#) and [Harry R. Roth](#). See additional [biographical information](#).

### 62 (Popup)

Name appears twice in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. Oliver G. Doan, Missing in New Guinea for six weeks". See [photo at Charter Towers](#). See additional biographical information.

### 63 (Popup)

Name never mentioned in the Philippine history narrative. Name not on list of "[essential personnel](#)" and did not go to Australia. Name was not on "[first class passenger list](#)" so apparently transferred to unit after they arrived in the Philippines. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944, along with [Pearly H. Scarboro, Jr.](#) (DN1351 p.4), [Alvin E. Whalley](#) (DN1351 p.4) and [Harry R. Roth](#). See additional [biographical information](#).

### 64 (Popup)

Name appears four times in the Philippine narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. Was at Bataan Field building revetments with Columbus Savage, Harry Roth and Ollie Lancaster when Bataan fell on 8 April 1942. Assumed captured and on the Death March. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 65 (Popup)

Name never mentioned in the Philippine history narrative. Name not on list of "[essential personnel](#)" and did not go to Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information.

### 66 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 67 (Popup)

Name appears eleven times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Became C.O. of 16th Sq on 18 Dec 1941. Was at Bataan Field until 30 January 1942. Left the Philippines by submarine 30 January 1942 for Java, subsequently going to Australia. See [SS Seawolf](#) in [Appendix](#). Mentioned in [McAfee's diary](#) in [Appendix](#). Name shown in 1 Aug 1942 Davies memo as "Capt. Glenwood G. Stephenson, Purple Heart" dead or missing in action. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

### 68 (Popup)

Name appears once in the Philippine history narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. . No other information about him.

### 69 (Popup)

Name appears 24 times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Did not fly out with the initial group that left the Philippines, but did leave by submarine on 30 January 1942 for Java and ultimately Australia. See [SS Seawolf](#) in [Appendix](#). Davies' 1 August 1942 memo states "Captain James B. McAfee, Silver Star. Primary author of the history. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See also the portions of [his personal diary](#) that I have included in the [Appendix](#), elsewhere in this infobase. See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

### 70 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 71 (Popup)

Name appears 10 times in history narrative. Name was not on "[essential personnel](#)" list; nevertheless, left the Philippines by submarine on 30 January 1942 for Java and ultimately Australia. See [SS Seawolf](#) in [Appendix](#). Seriously injured in combat. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "Capt. Frank P. Bender, Silver Star", among those missing in action or killed. Mentioned in [McAfee's diary](#) in [Appendix](#). Survived to serve in Europe. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 72 (Popup)

Name never appears in the Philippine history narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. . No other information about him.

### 73 (Popup)

Name appears eleven times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Was one of the authors of the history. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "Captain Robert G. Ruegg, Distinguished Service Cross". He had an outstanding career in the Air Force, retiring 1 August 1972 as a Lieutenant General. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

### 74 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured on 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell and probably went through the Death March. No other information about him.

### 75 (Popup)

Name appears six times in Philippine portion of history. Name appears on list of "[essential personnel](#)", but he never left for Australia. Was at Bataan Field with Harry Roth, Sam Dillard and Ollie Lancaster when Bataan fell 8/9 April 1942. Captured as prisoner of war and went through the Death March. After three years on Japanese prisoner of war camps in the Philippines, he was put aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945, and survived. He was ultimately freed from a Japanese prisoner of war camp in Manchuria by the Russians. Had a distinguished post-World War II career in the Air Force and retired as a Colonel. "Doc" died 16 January 2002 at the age of 87. See the separate infobases about him: [COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE](#) and [U. S. AIR FORCE AWARDS CITATION CEREMONY](#). See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

### 76 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Mentioned twice in the history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 77 (Popup)

Name appears six times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list and he left on 18 December 1942 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. Ralph L. L. Schmidt, Silver Star", among those missing in action or killed. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 78 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in the history narrative. Captured on Bataan when it fell on 8/9 April

1942. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 79 (Popup)

Name appears only twice in the Philippine narrative. Was not on the list of "essential personnel". Was at Bataan Field with Columbus Savage, Samuel Dillard, and Ollie Lancaster when Bataan fell on 8/9 April 1942. Went through the Death March, 3 years in prisoner of war camps. Was killed in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* by an American submarine 24 Oct 1944, along with [Pearly H. Scarboro, Jr.](#) (DN1351 p.4), [Alvin E. Whalley](#) (DN1351 p.4) and [Robert F. Mc Clure](#). See the separate infobases about him: [HARRY ROBERT ROTH, U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS SERVICE of HARRY ROBERT ROTH](#), and [HARRY'S MILITARY RECORDS](#) . See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#), including [photo](#).

### 80 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in the history narrative. No other information about him.

### 81 (Popup)

Name appears seven times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Was one of the authors of the history. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. Henry J. Rose, Silver Star". Author's page of history show he received the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster. See [photo at Charter Towers](#). See [additional biographical information](#).

### 82 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942. Went through the Death March. Prisoner of war for three years. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 83 (Popup)

Name appears eight times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list. Left the Philippines by air 18 Dec 1941 for Australia. Name shown in 1 Aug 1942 Davies memo as "Major Herman F. Lowery, Distinguished Flying Cross" dead or missing in action.

### 84 (Popup)

Name appears six times in the Philippine narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. Was with the 17th Sq on Bataan when Bataan fell 8/9 April 1942. Assumed captured as prisoner of war and went through the Death March. No additional information.

### 85 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Name was not on the list of "[essential personnel](#)" and he did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information.

### 86 (Popup)

Name appears sixteen times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list and left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. Thomas P. Talley, Distinguished Flying Cross". Author's page of history shows he received the Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

### 87 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Name was not on the list of "[essential personnel](#)" and he did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information.

### 88 (Popup)

Name appears thirteen times in history narrative. Name was not on "[essential personnel](#)" list but he apparently still left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. Francis E. Timlin, Silver Star". Author's page of history lists him as Assistant Editor. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

### 89 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Name was not on the list of "[essential personnel](#)" and he did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information.

### 90 (Popup)

Name appears seven times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list and left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "2nd Lt. Edwin C. Townsend, Silver Star", as missing in action or killed. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#)

### 91 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Name was not on the list of "[essential personnel](#)" and he did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information.

### 92 (Popup)

Name appears three times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list and left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "2nd Lt. Douglas B. Tubb, Distinguished Flying Cross", as missing in action or killed.

### 93 (Popup)

Name appears six times in the Philippine narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. Was at when Bataan fell 8/9 April 1942. Captured as prisoner of war. [Escaped twice and eventually made his way to Australia. Received the Distinguished Service Cross](#). See additional [biographical information](#) about him, his personal journal, and the book his son published of the journal in the [Appendix](#).

### 94 (Popup)

Name appears twenty times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list and left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. Leland A. Walker, Distinguished Service Cross, Seriously wounded". Author's page of history show he received the Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

### 95 (Popup)

Mentioned eleven times in the history narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave with others on 18 December 1941 (presumably because his hand was wounded in an air attack) or 30 January 1942 for Australia. Was at Bataan Field up until 3 April 1942, when he flew out to Mindinao with Lt. Wienert. Was taken from there to Australia by other members of the 27th. Davies' memo of 1 August 1942 lists him as "Captain Thomas P. Gerrity". Listed on the Authors page of the history as "Captain Thomas P. Gerrity, Purple Heart". See [excerpts from his diary](#). He had an illustrious career in the Air Force, retiring as a full General. He died 24 February 1968. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

### 96 (Popup)

Name appears eight times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list and left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. Howard B. West, Silver Star". Author's page of history show he received the Silver Star.

### 97 (Popup)

Name appears once in history narrative. Was with the 17th Sq on Bataan when it fell and he was captured 8/9 Apr 1942. Presumably went through the Death March. Prisoner of war for three years. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 98 (Popup)

Name appears eight times in the Philippine narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. Was with the 17th Sq on Bataan when Bataan fell 8/9 April 1942. Assumed captured as prisoner of war and went through the Death March. No additional information.

### 99 (Popup)

Name appears ten times in history narrative. Name was not on "[essential personnel](#)" list, but he apparently left by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia anyway. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo states "Captain Gustave M. Heiss, Silver Star" was alive as of that date, but he was subsequently killed in action. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

### 100 (Popup)

Name appears once in the Philippine narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. Was with the 17th Sq on Bataan when Bataan fell 8/9 April 1942. Assumed captured as prisoner of war and went through the Death March. No additional information.

### 101 (Popup)

Name mentioned six times in history narrative. Was on list of "[essential personnel](#)" and left for Australia by air on 18 December 1941. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "1st Lt. James H. (Harry) Mangan, Silver Star. Author's page of history show he received the Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster. See [photo at Charter Towers](#). See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

### 102 (Popup)

Name never appears in the Philippine narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured as prisoner of war when Bataan fell on 8/9 April 1942 and went through the Death March. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 103 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.

### 104 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name not on list of "[essential personnel](#)" and he did not leave for Australia. Name never appears in the history narrative. Assumed captured on 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell and probably went through the Death March. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 105 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru, Enoura Maru and Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 106 (Popup)

Name mentioned seven times in history narrative. Name was on list of "[essential personnel](#)". He apparently left the Philippines by submarine 30 January 1942 with Mc Afee, but after reaching Java there is



no further mention of him or his fate in the history. However, see additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

#### 107 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name did appear on [list of "essential personnel"](#) but did not go to Australia. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 108 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name is not on list of ["essential personnel"](#) and did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured on Bataan when it fell on 8/9 April 1942. No other information about him.

#### 109 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name does appear on list of ["essential personnel"](#) but he never left for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 110 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name is not on list of ["essential personnel"](#) and did not leave for Australia. Assumed captured on Bataan when it fell on 8/9 April 1942. No other information about him.

#### 111 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name did appear on [list of "essential personnel"](#) but did not go to Australia. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 112 (Popup)

Name appears five times in history narrative. Name was on ["essential personnel"](#) list and he left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "Captain Harry L. Galusha, Distinguished Flying Cross". Author's page of history show he received the Distinguished Flying Cross and Silver Star. See [photo at Charter Towers](#).

#### 113 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name does appear on list of ["essential personnel"](#) and he left with the group on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists him as "1st Lt. Robert F. Hambaugh" and alive on that date. No other information about him in the history. However, see additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). Note in both the [First Class Passenger List](#) and the [essential personnel](#) list his name is spelled "Hambraugh".

#### 114 (Popup)

Name mentioned three times in history narrative. Name was on list of ["essential personnnel"](#) and he left by air with group on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists him as "Captain James R. Smith, Silver Star" and living as of that date. See [photo at Charter Towers](#). No other information about him.

#### 115 (Popup)

Name appears on ["First Class Passenger List"](#) as "William J. Strese". A "William W. Streso" of Durand WI was captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945, so I assume it is the same person. See additional [biographical information](#).

#### 116 (Popup)

Name appears sixteen times in history narrative. Name was on ["essential personnel"](#) list and he left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "Captain Julius B. Summers, Jr., Distinguished Flying Cross". Author's page of history show he received the Distinguished

Flying Cross and Silver Star. See additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#). See [photo of "Zeke" at Charter Towers](#).

**117 (Popup)**

Name never appears in history narrative. Name was on list of "[essential personnel](#)" to go to Australia but there is no evidence that he ever did. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information about him.

**118 (Popup)**

Name appears five times in history narrative. Name was on "[essential personnel](#)" list and he left the Philippines by air on 18 December 1941 for Australia. Davies' 1 August 1942 memo lists "2nd Lt. Alexander R. Salvatore" and living on that date. See [photo at Charter Towers](#). No other information about him.

**119 (Popup)**

Name appeared on "[First Class Passenger List](#)" as "Pearly. H. Scarborough". Name never appears in the history narrative. Captured on Bataan 8/9 April 1942. Went through the Death March, 3 years in prisoner of war camps. Died in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* on 24 Oct 1944 (DN1351 p.4). See additional [biographical information](#).

**120 (Popup)**

Name appears also spelled "McKinney". Name never appears in history narrative. Name on list of "[essential personnel](#)" (spelled as McKinney) but there is no evidence that he ever left for Australia. Assumed to have been captured 8/9 April 1942 on Bataan when it fell. See additional [biographical information](#).

**121 (Popup)**

Name never appears in history narrative. Name does appear on list of "[essential personnel](#)" but there is no evidence he ever left for Australia. It is assumed he was captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information about him.

**122 (Popup)**

Mentioned twice in the history narrative. Was on the list of "[essential personnel](#)", but did not leave with others on 18 December 1941 or 30 January 1942 for Australia. Was on Bataan up until 3 April 1942, when he flew out to Mindinao with Lt. Gerrity. Presumably was taken from there to Australia by other members of the 27th. although there is no mention of that or further mention of him in the history. [See comment about him](#).

**123 (Popup)**

Name never appears in history narrative. Name does appear on list of "[essential personnel](#)" but there is no evidence he ever left for Australia. It is assumed he was captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information about him.

**124 (Popup)**

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

**125 (Popup)**

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in history narrative. Name not on list of "[essential personnel](#)" and there is no evidence he left for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 Apr 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information about him.

### 126 (Popup)

Name appears on "[First Class Passenger List](#)" as "Michael R. Wolfe". Name never appears in history narrative. A "Michael F. Wolf" is listed as Captured 8/9 Apr 1942 on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945, so it is assumed this is the same person. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 127 (Popup)

Name did not appear of "[First Class Passenger List](#)" so it is assumed he was assigned to unit after its arrival in Philippines. Name never appears in history narrative. Name did appear on [list of "essential personnel"](#) but did not go to Australia. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 128 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name does appear on list of "[essential personnel](#)" but he never left for Australia. Assumed captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. See additional [biographical information](#).

### 129 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Captured on Bataan 8/9 April 1942. Went through the Death March, 3 years in prisoner of war camps. Died in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* on 24 Oct 1944 (DN1351 p.4). See additional [biographical information](#).

### 130 (Popup)

Name never appears in the history narrative. Captured on Bataan 8/9 April 1942. Went through the Death March, 3 years in prisoner of war camps. Died in the sinking of the Hell Ship *Arisan Maru* on 24 Oct 1944 (DN1351 p.4). See additional biographical information.

### 131 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Captured 8/9 Apr 1942, on Bataan. Prisoner of war. Died aboard the Hell Ships *Oryoku Maru*, *Enoura Maru* and *Brazil Maru* Dec and Jan 1945.

### 132 (Popup)

Name never appears in history narrative. Name does appear on list of "[essential personnel](#)" but there is no evidence he ever left for Australia. It is assumed he was captured 8/9 April 1942 when Bataan fell. No other information about him in the history. However, see additional [biographical information](#) about him in the [Appendix](#).

### 133 (Note)

DN3335, p.1-9, #14457-65. This copy of the 1988 roster was provided to me by Clyde G. Stephenson, brother of [Glenwood Stephenson](#), in 2002. The notations on it are those of Clyde Stephenson. "N/A" means "no answer"; "N/L" means "nothing listed". He indicated that he had "talked to: Gen. Hipps, Lt Col Stirling, Lt Gen Ruegg, Paul Lanford, Col Mangan, Robert Wolfersberger, Col Savage died recently, Col Summers died about 2 years ago."

### 134 (Note)

DN3336, p.1-8, #14466-73. Copy provided to me by by Clyde G. Stephenson, brother of [Glenwood Stephenson](#), in 2002.

### 135 (Note)

[http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/backus\\_en.html](http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/backus_en.html)

### 136 (Note)

Harper's Magazine, Vol. 187, No. 1122, November 1943, p.529-534.  
DN3333.

**137 (Note)**

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/ozcrashes/qld136.htm>

**138 (Note)**

<http://harrisonheritage.com/adbc/comeaux.htm>

**139 (Note)**

[http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/davies\\_jh.html](http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/davies_jh.html)

**140 (Note)**

<http://www.42cs.au.af.mil/au/afhra/pp055.htm>

**141 (Note)**

[http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/eubank\\_we.html](http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/eubank_we.html)

**142 (Note)**

*Air Force Magazine Online*, December 1997, Vol. 80. No. 12.

<http://www.afa.org/magazine/valor/1297valor.html>

**143 (Note)**

<http://www.hellhawk.com/gause.htm>

**144 (Note)**

<http://www.uga.edu/gm/699/FeatOdds.html>

**145 (Note)**

<http://partners.nytimes.com/books/00/01/23/reviews/000123.23dickey.html>

*The New York Times* on the Web, January 23, 2000

**146 (Note)**

<http://partners.nytimes.com/books/first/g/gause-journal.html>

*The New York Times on the Web*

**147 (Popup)**

The correct spelling of his last name is WOHLFELD.

**148 (Note)**

[http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/gerrity\\_tp.html](http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/gerrity_tp.html)

**149 (Note)**

Click [HERE](#) for additional information about how to order this book.

**150 (Note)**

<http://www.pappygunn.net>.

**151 (Note)**

<http://www.36rcm.com/history/history.htm>

<http://www.36rcm.com/personnel/staff/staff.htm>

**152 (Note)**

[http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/hipps\\_wg.html](http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/hipps_wg.html)

**153 (Note)**

DN3320.

**154 (Note)**

Purple Heart Magazine, May/June 1999, p. 47

**155 (Note)**

DN3334, p.1 of 15, #14442

**156 (Note)**

DN3334, p.2 of 15, #14443

**157 (Note)**

DN3334, p.3 of 15, #14444

**158 (Note)**

DN3334, p.4 of 15, #14445

**159 (Note)**

DN3334, p.5 of 15, #14446

**160 (Note)**

DN3334, p.6 of 15, #14447

**161 (Note)**

DN3334, p.7 of 15, #14448

**162 (Note)**

DN3334, p.8 of 15, #14449

**163 (Note)**

DN3334, p.9 of 15, #14450

**164 (Note)**

DN3334, p.10 of 15, #14451

**165 (Note)**

DN3334, p.11 of 15, #14452

**166 (Note)**

DN3334, p.12 of 15, #14453

**167 (Note)**

DN3334, p.13 of 15, #14454

**168 (Note)**

DN3334, p.14 of 15, #14455

**169 (Note)**

DN3334, p.15 of 15, #14456

**170 (Note)**

Photo supplied to me by Columbus "Doc" Savage in 1999.

**171 (Popup)**

It is really unclear where this photo was taken. Attached to photo was a card in Doc's handwriting, dated 3/23/99 stating:

"SAVANNAH ARMY AFB, GA

1941

One weekend I went on a training flight to BOSTON in a B18A. First Pilot was 1st Lt Lug Adams. He had

3 co-pilots - ROTH, SWENSON & SAVAGE. Returning stopped in Langley AFB on acct of weather. Got to SAVANNAH about 3:00 AM."

**172 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is HARRY ROBERT ROTH. Its DOS file name is HARRY.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**173 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS SERVICE. Its DOS file name is AIRCORPS.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U1 and DVD6.

**174 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is HARRY'S MILITARY RECORDS. Its DOS file name is HROTHMIL.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**175 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is SINKING OF THE ARISAN MARU. Its DOS file name is ARISAN.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**176 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is U.S.S. SNOOK versus U.S.S. SHARK II - 24 October 1944. Its DOS file name is USSSNOOK.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**177 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is SLEEP MY SONS - THE STORY OF THE ARISAN MARU. Its DOS file name is SLEEPMYS.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**178 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is ARISAN MARU ROSTER. Its DOS file name is ARROSTER.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC U and DVD6.

**179 (Note)**

[http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/ruegg\\_rg.htm](http://www.af.mil/news/biographies/ruegg_rg.htm)

**180 (Popup)**

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/usaaf/ruegg.htm>

**181 (Note)**

<http://www.dispatch.com/news/newsfea00/apr00/obit0401.html>

**182 (Note)**

Photo supplied to me by Columbus "Doc" Savage in 1999.

**183 (Popup)**

It is really unclear where this photo was taken. Attached to photo was a card in Doc's handwriting, dated 3/23/99 stating:

"SAVANNAH ARMY AFB, GA  
1941

One weekend I went on a training flight to BOSTON in a B18A. First Pilot was 1st Lt Lug Adams. He had 3 co-pilots - ROTH, SWENSON & SAVAGE. Returning stopped in Langley AFB on acct of weather. Got to SAVANNAH about 3:00 AM."

**184 (Note)**

Photo supplied to me by Columbus "Doc" Savage in 1999.

**185 (Note)**

Photo supplied to me by Columbus "Doc" Savage in 1999.

**186 (Note)**

*Ft. Worth Star-Telegram*, Friday, January 18, 2002. Note that Doc's wife, Polly, suffered from Alzheimers, not Doc.

**187 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is COLUMBUS "DOC" SAVAGE. Its DOS file name is SAVAGE.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC O and DVD6 .

**188 (Note)**

The name of this linked infobase is US AIR FORCE AWARDS CITATION CEREMONY. Its DOS file name is SAVAGE2.NFO and it can be found on OUR FAMILY TREASURY-DISC O .

**189 (Note)**

See also [Appendix B](#) and the [story his mother received](#) in 1944 from Washington D.C.

**190 (Popup)**

[http://www.myweb.cableone.net/lv/fukuoka/Leland's%20Visit/Leland's\\_Visit.htm](http://www.myweb.cableone.net/lv/fukuoka/Leland's%20Visit/Leland's_Visit.htm)

**191 (Note)**

From Tribune article September 21, 2003 by Sandra Lee, Tribune reporter Lee may be contacted at [slee@lmtribune.com](mailto:slee@lmtribune.com)

**192 (Note)**

<http://www.aog.usma.edu/PUBS/ASSEMBLY/000506/btap.htm>

**193 (Note)**

[http://www.emory.edu/WHSC/HSNEWS/publications/EM/EMatm96/alumni\\_notes.html](http://www.emory.edu/WHSC/HSNEWS/publications/EM/EMatm96/alumni_notes.html)

**194 (Note)**

[http://maxwell.af.mil/au/afhra/wwwroot/rso/wings\\_group\\_pages/0003wg.html](http://maxwell.af.mil/au/afhra/wwwroot/rso/wings_group_pages/0003wg.html)

**195 (Note)**

<http://home.star.brisnet.org.au/~dunn/ozcrashes/qld102.htm> page 1 of 3.

**196 (Note)**

<http://libraryautomation.com/nymas/usaaf1.html>

**197 (Note)**

Copies of pages from the 1975 and 1976 27th Reunion Books, supplied to me by Walter Walsh of Harlingen TX.

**198 (Note)**

The document dated December 22/30, 1939, is frame #1963 and 1964 of the [microfilm reel that is subject of this infobase](#). The second two page document is frame # 1970 and 1971 of this same reel..

**199 (Note)**

*Aviation History*, January and March 2000 feature article

[http://militaryhistory.com/aviationhistory/articles/2000/01002\\_text.htm](http://militaryhistory.com/aviationhistory/articles/2000/01002_text.htm)

[http://militaryhistory.com/aviationhistory/articles/2000/03003\\_text.htm](http://militaryhistory.com/aviationhistory/articles/2000/03003_text.htm)

**200 (Note)**

Walter Walsh of Harlingen TX provided me photocopies of 41 selected pages from Mc Afee's diary in

October 1992. They were made from a very poor microfilm and many pages are very difficult to decipher. I have therefore transcribed them, rather than try to show the page images. The identifying first two pages are reproduced here only. The film reel number is #25542 and this transcription represent image frames # 0128 through 0171.

The manuscript version of his diary -i.e., the one in his own handwriting - is on a 16mm roll B0105.

**201 (Popup)**

[MCAFEEDI.PDF](#)

**202 (Popup)**

This version can be found on microfilm roll #B0105.

**203 (Popup)**

Date sailed from San Francisco on the SS President Coolidge.

**204 (Popup)**

"Plum" was code word for Philippine Islands.

**205 (Popup)**

His wife.

**206 (Popup)**

His brother.

**207 (Popup)**

Pan American Airways Clipper flying boat.

**208 (Popup)**

"not doing anything" must have been the criteria for deciding who went and who stayed! Note that, like Gerrity (see unit history), McAfee was on the "[essential list needed to assemble planes](#)" but injured - possibly not taken because it was felt that those who went initially needed to be in good condition.

**209 (Popup)**

on the "[essential personnel list need to assemble planes](#)"

**210 (Popup)**

"USS Seawolf"

**211 (Popup)**

First part of word is unreadable - spelling here is just a guess.

**212 (Note)**

See seawolf1.pdf, seawolf2.pdf and seawolf3.pdf.

**213 (Popup)**

<http://www.rddesigns.com/subs/197.html>

<http://www.seawolf-ssn575.com/ssn575/ss197.html>

<http://www.csp.navy.mil/ww2boats/seawolf.htm>

**214 (Note)**

Portions of this information were extracted from:

<http://www.michaelmcfadyenscuba.info/articles/coolvoya.htm>

**215 (Popup)**

From: Manila (Nihro)

To: Tokyo



August 4, 1941  
Purple  
#480

Intelligence of primary order.

1. Two destroyers sailed on the fourth. All the war ships at anchor have sailed. There are, however, several small destroyers in the neighborhood of Corregidor [a]. (This was observed by the crews of the Koden Maru and the Kaisoku Maru.)
2. About six-hundred American soldiers have arrived in Manila on the Coolidge. (This was learned from the crew of the Coolidge.)

ARMY 20634

Trans. 8/7/41 (6)

[a] An island in Cavite Province at the entrance of Manila Bay.

(EXHIBITS OF JOINT COMMITTEE , EXHIBIT NO. 2 JAPANESE MESSAGES CONCERNING  
MILITARY INSTALLATIONS, SHIP MOVEMENTS, ETC.)

**216 (Note)**

*National Geographic Magazine*, April 1988, p. 458-467.

**217 (Note)**

See [POSTCARD.NFO](#).

**218 (Note)**

See [POSTCARD.NFO](#)

**219 (Note)**

DN 764, serial #2277.